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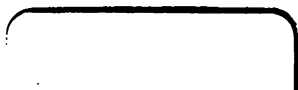
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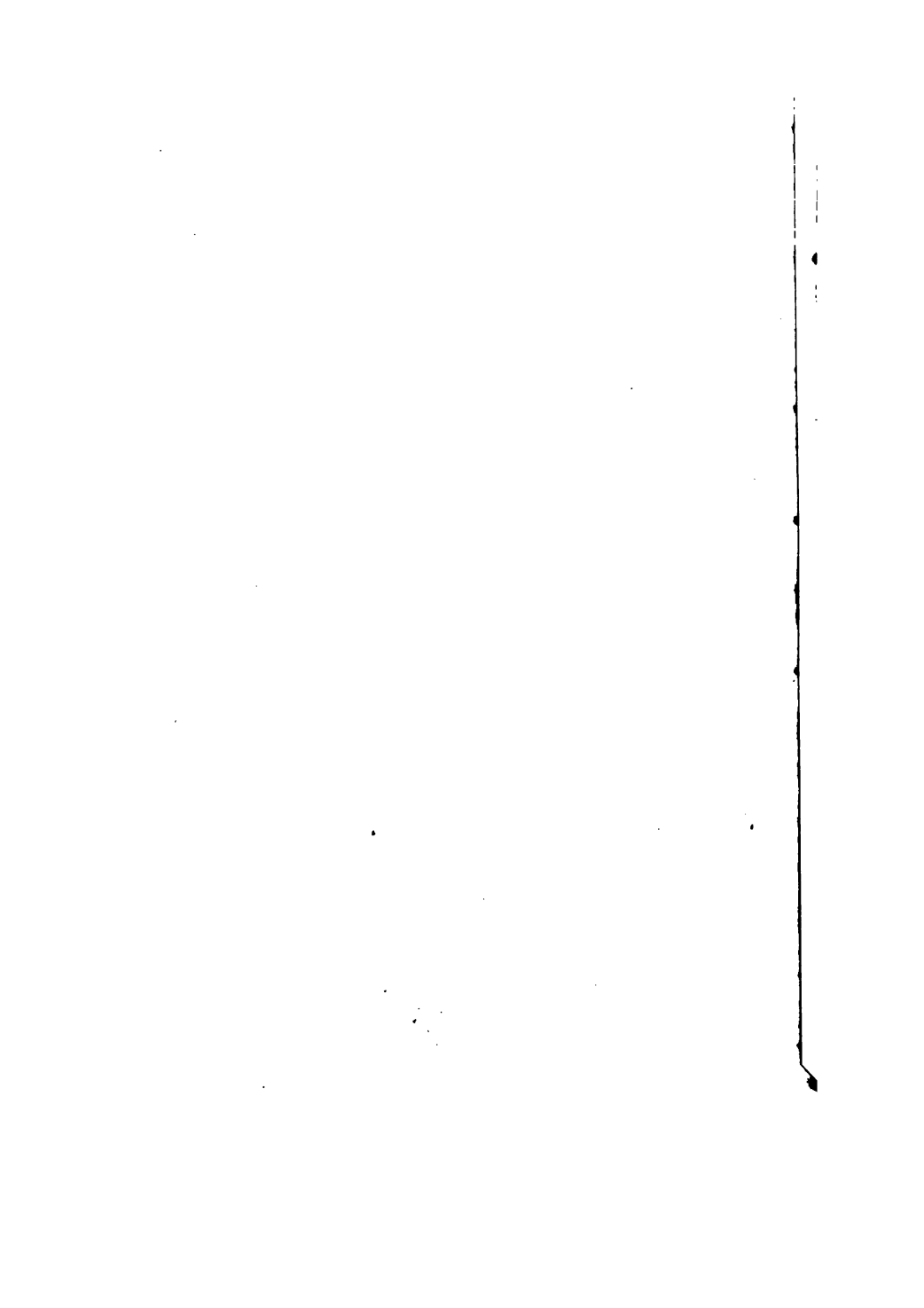


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New and Revised Edition

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HENRY IV., a monarch whose memory is cherished by the French with greater affection and enthusiasm than that of any other of their kings, and the history of whose reign connects itself in an intimate manner with that of Europe, was born at Pau, in the province of Béarn, in the south of France (now the department of the Lower Pyrenees), December 13, 1553. With regard to his parentage, and the prospects with which he was born, it is necessary to be somewhat particular.

In the year 1512, the ancient little kingdom of Navarre, situated on the south-eastern corner of the Bay of Biscay, between France and Spain, was divided into two parts by the fraud and violence of the Spanish king, Ferdinand. The largest portion of it, that lying

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south of the Pyrenees, and which alone at the present day retains the name of Navarre, he annexed to Spain, leaving the smaller portion lying north of the Pyrenees to the legitimate sovereign, Catharine de Foix, the wife of Jean d'Albret, a French noble. The kingdom of Navarre thus reduced, was inherited by her son, Henry d'Albret, who formed a matrimonial alliance with Margaret, the favourite sister of Francis I. king of France. The only issue of this marriage was a daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, a lady of great beauty, and possessed of extraordinary spirit and strength of character. When of age, the heiress of Navarre married Antony de Bourbon, a relation of the royal family of France, a frank and courageous soldier, but not distinguished by any uncommon abilities. The old king of Navarre, Henry d'Albret, looked anxiously for the fruit of this union, praying that God would send him a grandson to inherit his honours, and to avenge the family wrongs upon Spain. It appeared as if he would be disappointed, for two sons, to whom his daughter gave birth successively, died in infancy. At length, however, the long-desired grandson came into the world in our hero, Henry IV.

Some curious particulars are related respecting Henry's birth, The old king being desirous that the heir of Navarre should be born within the dominions to which he was to succeed, his daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, in compliance with his wishes, traversed the whole of France, and arrived at Pau only a few days before her son was born. As the time approached, her father made her promise that, in the hour of trial, she would sing him a song, in order, as he said, that the child she was to bring him might neither weep nor make wry faces. The princess had fortitude enough, in the midst of her pains, to keep her word, and sang a song in Bearnois, her own country language. As soon as Henry entered the chamber, the child came into the world without crying; and his grandfather immediately carried him to his own apartment, and there rubbed his little lips with a clove of garlic, and made him suck some wine out of a gold cup, with the notion that it would make his constitution strong and vigorous.

By his grandfather's directions, the young prince was removed to the castle of Coarraze, situated among rocks and mountains, that he might be brought up in the same hardy manner as the children of the peasants of Béarn. He was accustomed to run bare-headed and bare-footed among the hills, to climb up and down the rocks, to wrestle and run with the boys of his own age, and to live on the common fare of the peasants—brown bread, beef, cheese, and garlic—such being his grandfather's notion of the proper physical education for a prince who had to reconquer the kingdom of his ancestors. Before Henry was two years old, however, his grandfather died, and Antony de Bourbon, in the right of his wife, Jeanne d'Albret, succeeded to the title of king of Navarre.

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While Henry was still a boy, acquiring a robust constitution among the mountains of Béarn, some important movements took place in France, which greatly affected his future life. At this period—the latter part of the sixteenth century—almost every country in Europe was less or more agitated by religious distractions. The doctrines of the Reformation propagated by Luther, Calvin, and others, between the years 1520 and 1530, had already overthrown the ancient religious institutions of England and Scotland, and things seemed to have a similar tendency in France. In this latter country, the Protestants, locally known by the name of Huguenots, were very numerous; they had at their head many noble families, including the Prince of Condé, Admiral de Coligny, and the House of Navarre; and aspired to effect changes in the religion of the state similar to those which had been successfully achieved in the British Islands. Against this reforming party, the influence of the church, the royal family, and the most powerful nobles, among whom the House of Guise stood conspicuous, was brought to bear. It is exceedingly difficult for us, in the present age of mutual forbearance and toleration, to estimate the precise temper and tendencies of the parties to which we refer. On the one side, there seems to have been a disposition to maintain and enforce the continuance of the ancient form of faith, to the extent of a universal uniformity, at whatever sacrifice of life. On the other, there appears to have been an equally resolute determination not only to hold by the modes of faith newly adopted, but to propagate them unreservedly, although perishing in the struggle. As calm reason was not a feature of the age, and as mutual concessions would have been considered temporising and sinful, the whole question resolved itself into one of *force*—the law of the strongest over the weakest—a curious and melancholy instance of the manner in which the religion of peace and good-will may be perverted to purposes of aggression and bloodshed.

The mutual animosity of the contending parties was precipitated into an open war by the death of Francis II. (husband of Mary Queen of Scots) in December 1560. The crown was now assumed by Charles IX., the brother of Francis; but as Charles was only a boy of twelve years of age, the government was in reality conducted by his mother, Catharine de' Medici, a crafty and unscrupulous bigot. Aided and counselled by the Duke of Guise, Marshal Saint André, and, strange to say, the king of Navarre, who deserted his cause on the occasion, Catharine now commenced a war of extermination of the Protestants. Battles were fought, towns besieged, and scenes of cruelty and bloodshed occurred such as are never heard of except in those wars in which religious bigotry plays a principal part. One of the towns possessed by the Huguenots was Rouen, in Normandy. It was besieged by a Catholic army commanded by the king of Navarre: the town was taken, but at the

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expense of the king of Navarre's life. Having received a musket-ball in the shoulder, he desired to be removed to St Maur, near Paris; but died on the way, on the 17th of November 1562. His death was speedily followed by that of Marshal Saint André, who was killed at the battle of Dreux, on the 19th of December 1562; and the Duke of Guise, who was shot by an assassin while commanding at the siege of Orleans in February 1563. The loss of these three leaders, the last in particular, was a heavy blow to the Catholic party; and the queen-regent was glad to come to terms with the Huguenots. The result was the edict of Amboise, dated 19th March 1563, by which, with certain restrictions, which gave great dissatisfaction to Calvin, Beza, and other eminent Reformed ministers, the free exercise of their religion was secured to the Protestants. Thus, for a time at least, peace was restored to the country.

Meanwhile, the young Prince of Navarre and his mother, Jeanne d'Albret, were residing in Béarn, where the latter fully carried out the intentions of her deceased father with regard to the education of his grandson. Delighting to see him excel the young Basque peasants in their exercises of strength and agility, she employed herself in adding to those bodily accomplishments such mental training as his years fitted him to receive. Professing her attachment to Protestantism even more openly now in her widowhood, than when her husband was alive, she endeavoured to fill the mind of the young prince with her own religious ideas and feelings. She had secured as his preceptor La Gaucherie, a learned man, and a strict Protestant. This judicious person made it his aim to instruct his pupil not so much by the ordinary methods of grammar, as by hints and conversations. It was his practice also to make the boy commit to memory any fine passage which inculcated a noble or kingly sentiment; such, for instance, as the following:

Over their subjects princes bear the rule;
But God, more mighty, governs kings themselves.

After a few years' attendance on the young prince, La Gaucherie died, and was succeeded as tutor by Florent Chretien, a man of distinguished abilities, and as zealous a Protestant as his predecessor. Henry's studies under this master were of a kind suitable to his years and prospects. He wrote a translation, we are told, of the *Commentaries* of Cæsar, and read with avidity the *Lives* of Plutarch, a book which is celebrated as having kindled the enthusiasm of many heroic minds.

As was foreseen, the war between the Catholics and the Huguenots again broke out. It began in September 1567, and continued till March 1568, when a treaty was agreed to, somewhat favourable to the Protestants. Again cause for dissension was unhappily found, and a still more fierce war broke out in the winter of 1568-69. The

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town of Rochelle, on the west coast of France, was chosen as the head-quarters of the Protestants. Hither most of the leading Huguenots came, bringing supplies of men and money; among others the queen of Navarre, who offered her son, now arrived at an age when he was capable of bearing arms, as a gift to the Protestant cause. Condé and Coligny immediately acknowledged the prince as the natural chief of the Huguenots; but as he was too young to assume the command, they continued to act as generals-in-chief.

In this horrible civil war, the Prince of Condé was killed in a desperate battle, in which the Protestants were defeated. Coligny, with the remains of the army, retreated to Cognac. In order to prevent the murmurs which might arise among the Huguenot chiefs if he assumed the place of commander-in-chief, he resolved that the Prince of Navarre should be formally proclaimed leader of the Protestants. By his desire, the queen of Navarre left Rochelle, and appearing before the assembled army, accompanied by her son, then in his sixteenth year, and his cousin Henry, son of the deceased Condé, she delivered a touching address to the soldiers, and concluded by asking them to accept as their future leaders the two young princes. Amid the acclamations of the whole army, the officers, with Coligny at their head, swore to be faithful to the Prince of Béarn, who, on the other hand, took an oath of fidelity to the Protestant cause. In the meantime, however, the real direction of affairs remained in the hands of the great Coligny, whose responsibilities were increased by the death of his brother and adviser, D'Andelot.

A second battle which Coligny hazarded at Moncontour, in Poitou, was as unfortunate for the Protestants as that already fought. During this battle, Henry of Navarre and his cousin, the young Prince of Condé, were stationed on an eminence, under the protection of Louis of Nassau, with four thousand men, the admiral being fearful of exposing them to the enemy. At one point of the battle, when the Protestants were giving way, the prince, whose impetuosity could hardly be restrained, was eager that they should leave their post, and advance to assist their friends. The movement would probably have saved the day; but Louis of Nassau would not disobey the orders which he had received from the admiral. 'We lose our advantage, then,' said the prince, 'and the battle in consequence.'

The fortunes of the Protestants were now at their lowest ebb; and had the Catholic generals vigorously pursued their advantage, their triumph might have been complete. As it was, nothing effectual was done on either side, and on the 15th of August 1570, a peace was concluded at St Germain-en-Laye, the terms of which were, amnesty to the Protestants for past offences, liberty of worship in two towns of every province in France, the restoration of all confiscated property, and admissibility to the principal offices of state.

The long-harassed Huguenots were now, to all appearance, in a

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position which promised undisturbed tranquillity. Appearances, however, were deceitful ; and from the dreadful event which ensued, there is every reason to believe that the peace of St Germain-en-Laye was concluded with the treacherous purpose of throwing the Protestants off their guard, in order to procure their extermination by a way much shorter and more effectual than that of open battle. At all events, it was not long after the peace was concluded, before the diabolical scheme of exterminating the Protestants of France by a general massacre was agreed upon between the king, the queen-mother, the Duke of Anjou, and a few of the more bigoted Catholics about the court. With whom this horrible plot originated, cannot now be ascertained, but it appears probable that it was with Catharine de' Medici.

The confederates in this dreadful scheme kept it a profound secret, doing their best to ripen matters for its full execution. For this purpose, the king and queen-mother behaved with the utmost appearance of cordiality to the Protestant leaders, as if differences of religion were completely forgotten ; and in order, as it were, to betoken the friendly union of the two parties, a matrimonial alliance was proposed between Henry of Navarre and the king's sister Margaret. Deceived by the duplicity of the queen-mother, the Protestant leaders consented to the marriage, and flocked to Paris from all parts of the country to witness its celebration. The marriage was delayed by the death of Jeanne d'Albret, the bridegroom's mother, but took place on the 18th of August 1572—the ceremony being performed publicly in front of the cathédral of Notre-Dame.

For four days after the marriage, all Paris was occupied with festivities and amusements ; and it appears to have been during these that the precise method of putting the long-projected massacre in execution was resolved upon. The plan was as follows : The Admiral de Coligny was to be first assassinated—the assassination being so conducted that the Guises should appear to be the guilty parties ; in this case, the Huguenots would seek to take revenge, the city would be in an uproar, the Parisians would take part with the Guises, and, with the help of troops, it would be easy to manage the turmoil so as to secure the deaths of all such persons as it was desirable should not survive. 'I consent,' said the king, 'to the admiral's death ; but let there not remain one Huguenot to reproach me with it afterwards.'

On Friday the 22d of August 1572, the Admiral de Coligny, returning from the Louvre, was attacked and wounded, but not mortally. No time was now to be lost, as the alarmed Protestants were beginning to quit Paris. Accordingly, while pretending the utmost horror at the crime which had been committed, and their resolution to punish it, the king and the queen-mother were consulting what ought to be done. The following was the plan resolved upon on Saturday evening : To-morrow, Sunday, the 24th of August, was the feast of

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St Bartholomew, and with the earliest dawn of that day was to be commenced a general massacre of the Protestants, with the exception of the king of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, and one or two others ; the first victim to be Admiral de Coligny. The signal was to be the ringing of the great bell of St Germain l'Auxerrois. No sooner was the massacre resolved upon, than all the necessary arrangements were made for carrying it into effect.

On Sunday morning, as early as two o'clock, the appointed signal was made, and the massacre commenced. As had been agreed on, Admiral de Coligny, already wounded, was the first person attacked. The Duke of Guise, with a number of attendants, rushed to his house ; the doors were broken open, and two men entering the chamber of the admiral, who had been awakened by the noise, despatched him with many wounds. His body was thrown out at the window, that Guise and his companions might be convinced that the work was done. The duke wiped the blood from the dead man's face, the better to recognise him, and then ordered his head to be cut off. Meanwhile, in all parts of the city the work of blood was proceeding. The bells of all the churches were ringing in answer to that of St Germain l'Auxerrois, and the whole population was aroused. Musket and pistol shots were heard in every direction ; sometimes in continuous discharges, as if companies of soldiers were firing upon a crowd. Lights were placed in the windows of the houses in which Catholics resided ; and these so illumined the streets, that the fugitive Huguenots had no chance of escaping. Bands of murderers paraded the streets, with their right sleeves tucked up, and white crosses in their hats, butchering such Huguenots as they met, and breaking into every house in which a Huguenot was known or suspected to lodge. Priests carrying crucifixes were seen among the assassins, urging them on with fanatical exclamations, while Guise and other leaders rode along the streets, superintending the massacre, and ordering the mob not to spare their blows. The city resounded with howlings and cries, heard through the rattle of the firearms and the yellings of the populace, now drunk with blood. When daylight came, awful sights presented themselves—streets strewed with corpses, which men were busy dragging away to the river, walls and doors all besprent with blood, headless bodies hanging out at windows, and crowds of wretches swagging along the streets on the hunt for Huguenots.

For a whole week the massacre was continued, slackening, however, after the first three days—partly because most of the Huguenots had by that time been killed, partly because an order was then issued to desist. By the most moderate computation, upwards of sixty thousand persons were butchered, including those who were put to death in the provinces to which the massacre extended ; and among those sixty thousand were upwards of seven hundred of rank and distinction among the Huguenots. Some remarkable

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escapes were made during the massacre; and one of these we must relate, for the purpose of introducing to our readers a man whose name it is impossible to separate from that of Henry IV. One of the Protestant lords who had looked with most suspicion on the pretended reconciliation of the king and his mother with the Huguenot party, after the peace of St Germain-en-Laye, was Francis de Bethune, Baron de Rosny, a man of sagacity and influence. When the queen of Navarre, the admiral, and the rest of the Huguenots went to court at the solicitations of the king, the Baron de Rosny, although disapproving of the step, accompanied them, and took with him his second son, Maximilian, for the purpose of presenting him to Henry of Navarre, in whose service, as the chief of the Reformed party, he wished him to spend his life. The boy was about eleven years of age, having been born on the 13th of December 1560, exactly seven years after the prince whose friend and counsellor he was to be. While the preparations for Henry's marriage were in progress, young Maximilian de Bethune was employed in prosecuting his studies under the best masters in Paris, occasionally mingling in the society of the court, where, as an intelligent boy, he was taken favourable notice of by the warm-hearted prince. His father, in the meantime, was becoming more and more dissatisfied with the aspect of affairs; he frequently said, that if the nuptials of the prince were celebrated in Paris, 'the bridal favours would be crimson.' His warnings were disregarded; and, unwilling to seem more timid than the rest, he remained in Paris until the attempt was made to assassinate the admiral, when, with several others, he retired to the country. His son Maximilian was left in town, lodging with his tutor and a *valet-de-chambre* in a quarter remote from the court, and near the colleges. He thus describes what happened to him on the night of St Bartholomew: 'I was in bed, and awakened from sleep three hours after midnight by the sound of all the bells, and the confused cries of the populace. My tutor, St Julian, with my *valet-de-chambre*, went hastily out to know the cause; and I never afterwards heard of these two men, who without doubt were amongst the first that were sacrificed to the public fury. I continued alone in my chamber, dressing myself, when in a few moments I saw my landlord enter pale, and in the utmost agitation: he was of the Reformed religion, and having learned what the matter was, had consented to go to mass, to save his life, and preserve his house from being pillaged. He came to persuade me to do the same, and to take me with him. I did not think proper to follow him, but resolved to try if I could gain the college of Burgundy, where I had studied, though the great distance between the house where I then was and the college made the attempt very dangerous. Having disguised myself in a scholar's gown, I put a large prayer-book under my arm, and went into the street. I was seized with horror inexpressible at the sight of the furious

murderers, who, running from all parts, forced open the houses, and cried aloud : " Kill, kill ; massacre the Huguenots ! " The blood which I saw shed before my eyes doubled my terror. I fell into the midst of a body of guards ; they stopped me, interrogated me, and were beginning to use me ill, when, happily for me, the book which I carried was perceived, and served me for a passport. Twice after this I fell into the same danger, from which I extricated myself with the same good-fortune. At length I arrived at the college of Burgundy, where a still greater danger awaited me. The porter twice refused me admission, and I continued standing in the middle of the street, at the mercy of the furious murderers, whose numbers increased every moment, when it came into my head to ask for La Faye, the principal of the college, a good man, by whom I was tenderly beloved. The porter, prevailed upon by some small pieces of money which I put into his hand, admitted me ; and my friend carried me to his apartment, where two inhuman priests, whom I heard talk of the Sicilian vespers, wanted to force me from him, that they might cut me in pieces, saying the order was not to spare even infants at the breast. All the good man could do was to conduct me privately to a distant chamber, where he locked me up. Here I was confined three days, uncertain of my destiny, and saw no one but a servant of my friend's, who came from time to time and brought me food.' At the end of three days, the poor boy, known afterwards as the famous Duke of Sully, minister and bosom-friend of Henry IV., was released.

Henry of Navarre and his cousin, the Prince of Condé, were sleeping at the Louvre on the night of the massacre. They were awakened by a number of soldiers about two hours before day, and conveyed into the king's presence, passing over the dead bodies of many of their friends. ' The king,' says Sully, ' received them with a countenance and eyes in which fury was visibly painted ; he ordered them with oaths and blasphemies, which were familiar to him, to quit a religion which had been only taken up, he said, to serve as a cloak to their rebellion. He told them, in a fierce and angry tone, " that he would no longer be contradicted in his opinions by his subjects ; that they, by their example, should teach others to revere him as the image of God, and cease to be enemies to the image of his mother." ' He ended by declaring that if they did not go to mass, he would treat them as criminals guilty of treason against divine and human majesty. The manner in which these words were pronounced not suffering the princes to doubt their sincerity, they yielded to necessity, and performed what was required of them. Henry was even obliged to send an edict into his dominions, by which the exercise of any religion except that of Rome was forbidden.'

Such was the massacre of St Bartholomew, a deed which has been execrated, we believe, by every historian, whether Catholic or

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Protestant, and which men of all religious persuasions cannot fail to look back upon with loathing and detestation.

REIGN OF HENRY III.—CIVIL WARS IN FRANCE—ACCESSION OF HENRY IV.

After the massacre of St Bartholomew, our hero was detained a prisoner at the court of France, along with his cousin, the Prince of Condé. The French court was at this period the most profligate in Europe ; all kinds of criminality were openly practised, under the name of pleasure ; and it was part of the horrible policy of the queen-mother to maintain her power by surrounding those whose rivalry she feared by temptations likely to enervate and demoralise them. From this ordeal our hero did not escape altogether uninjured ; many of the blemishes and calamities of his after-life are to be traced to faults contracted at this period ; but, upon the whole, he passed the trial with honour, for his mind was too noble and masculine to be affected otherwise than with disgust by the fetid atmosphere which it breathed.

In the meantime, the court was following up the massacre of St Bartholomew by laying siege to such towns as were still in the hands of the Huguenots, and repressing every Huguenot symptom in the rest of the kingdom. These measures were interrupted by the death of Charles IX. on the 30th of May 1574, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. He was succeeded by his brother Henry, Duke of Anjou, who had gone to Poland several months before to assume the crown of that country, which had been voted him by the Diet ; but on receiving the news of his brother's death, he hastened to France, and was proclaimed king, with the title of Henry III. One of his first acts was to set the king of Navarre and the Prince of Condé at liberty. The latter immediately placed himself at the head of an army raised in Germany for the Huguenots, and which acted in co-operation with a force under Marshal Damville, second son of the late Constable, who had assumed arms not on account of religion, for he was a Catholic, but for political purposes. The king of Navarre still remained at court, but watching for a fit opportunity to make his escape, and begin the career to which duty called him.

The court of Henry III. was a scene of perpetual strife and discord. In the king himself, now become a luxurious and effeminate weakling, no one could recognise the once promising Duke of Anjou, the leader of the Catholic armies, and the conqueror of the Huguenots. Between him and his brother, the Duke of Alençon, now known by the title of *Monsieur*, there existed a profound antipathy, fostered by their mother Catharine for reasons of her own. This antipathy afforded to our hero an opportunity of shewing the generosity of his character. The king falling ill, and conceiving

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that he was poisoned by his brother, gave orders to the king of Navarre to procure his assassination ; but although the death of *Monsieur* would have made him next heir to the crown, Henry exhibited the utmost horror at the proposal, and prevailed on the king to abandon it. The mutual jealousy of the two brothers, however, still continued, and, afraid of the king's vengeance, the Duke of Alençon made his escape from court, and joined the mixed party of the Huguenots and Catholics, who had taken arms against the government. Extraordinary precautions were now used by the court for securing the king of Navarre ; but at length, early in the year 1576, he contrived to elude the vigilance of the spies who surrounded him, and proceeding to Tours, he publicly renounced the Catholic religion, declared his adherence to it during the last four years to have been compulsory, and announced himself once more the lawful chief of the Huguenots. The opposition to the court having now become formidable, and the king finding himself unable to carry on the war, a treaty was concluded in May 1576, containing numerous concessions to the Reformed party.

Thus ended the fifth of the civil wars in which religious differences had involved France. Every one foresaw that the peace would be transient ; the spirit of contention was too bitter to allow its long continuance. Scarcely was the treaty concluded, when the Protestants had reason to complain of the violation of its provisions. The Catholics, on their side, were eager for a renewal of the war ; and it was about this time that the famous Catholic association, known in history by the name of *the League*, took its rise. The idea of a general association among the Catholic nobles for the thorough extirpation of the Protestants, had been several times entertained already ; but the present seemed a more fit occasion than any that had yet occurred. The king, dividing his time between devotion and sensuality, half-priest and half-coquette in his manners, sleeping, as we are told, with gloves made of a peculiar kind of skin on his hands, to keep them white, and wearing cosmetic paste on his face, was not a man to put down such an association, although, with the instinct of a monarch, he might dislike it. Accordingly, the League was formed ; its original members being the Duke of Guise ; his brothers, the Duke of Mayenne and the Cardinal of Guise ; and his cousins, the Duc d'Aumale and the Marquis d'Elbœuf. They were soon joined by other Catholics of influence, and the party became powerful. The objects they had in view, and the manner in which they hoped to accomplish them, are thus stated in a paper which was to be submitted to the pope for his approbation. 'The Protestants having demanded the assembling of the states, let them be convoked at Blois, a town quite open. The chief of our party will take care to effect the election of deputies inviolably attached to the ancient religion and to the sovereign pontiff. Should any one oppose the resolutions which we shall cause to be taken in the states, if a

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prince of the blood, he shall be declared incapable of succeeding to the crown ; if of any other quality, he shall be punished with death ; or, if he cannot be laid hold of, a price shall be set on his head. The states will make a general profession of faith ; order the publication of the decrees of the Council of Trent ; place France under the immediate authority of the pope ; confirm the ordinances made for the destruction of heresy ; and revoke all contrary edicts. A time will be allowed for the Calvinists to return to the church, and during that interval, preparations can be made for destroying the more obstinate.' Such were the purposes of the League ; and accordingly, in the assembly of states held at Blois in December 1576, they carried all before them. It was resolved to renew the war against the Huguenots ; and the king, to preserve the appearance of being such, was forced to declare himself chief of the League. An unsuccessful attempt was also made to detach the king of Navarre from the Protestant party, and bring him back to the bosom of the Catholic Church.

We must hurry over the following eight years, the events of which it would be tiresome to narrate ; nor are they of much consequence in the history of our hero. The war against the Huguenots resolved upon by the League was continued, with occasional intervals of tranquillity, to the year 1580, when a circumstance occurred which brought it to a conclusion. This was the offer of the sovereignty of the Netherlands to *Monsieur*, the French king's brother, who had been selected by the Dutch as a prince of powerful connections, and likely, therefore, to assist them in their struggle against Philip II. of Spain, whose authority they had thrown off. The proposal being agreeable to the French court, was accepted ; the war in Flanders became the engrossing topic of interest ; and as it was desirable to enlist Protestants as well as Catholics in the expedition of Monsieur to the Netherlands, a peace, which promised to be more lasting than former ones, was agreed to between the court and the Huguenots. 'This peace,' says Péréfixe, 'caused almost as much mischief to the state as all the preceding wars. The two courts of the two kings, and the two kings themselves, rioted in pleasures ; with this difference always, that our Henry slept not so soundly in his pleasures, but that he paid some attention to business, being roused by the rebukes of the ministers of religion, and the reproaches of the old Huguenot captains, who used great liberties with him ; while, on the other hand, Henry III. sank more and more in indolence and effeminacy, so that his subjects only knew of his being still in the world by the perpetual imposition of new taxes to replenish the purses of his favourites.'

The expedition of Monsieur to the Netherlands was a failure. Returning in disgrace to France, after having betrayed the trust reposed in him by the Dutch, he died at the Château-Thierry on the 10th of June 1584. This was an event of considerable importance

to France and to our hero. The king was childless; and, by Monsieur's death, the king of Navarre became next heir in blood to the French throne. He had a formidable competitor, however, in the person of the Duke of Guise, a man of bold and enterprising views. Urged by some of his friends to begin a movement in France during the absence of Monsieur in the Netherlands, 'No, no,' replied the duke; 'I will do nothing openly so long as the king has a brother; but if ever I see the last of the Valois on the throne, I intend to go to work so vigorously, that if I do not get all the cake, I shall at least get a good piece of it.' Now that the last of the Valois was upon the throne, he redeemed his promise, and began to plot and intrigue for the succession. The claims of the king of Navarre occasioned him little fear. It was not likely, he thought, that a man whose title in blood was so remote, whose means were so insignificant, and who professed the Protestant religion, would be able to obtain the throne when opposed by the head of the Guises, the champion of the League, and the hope of all the Catholics of France. The king of Navarre, on his part, was not idle; residing at Guienne himself, he had trusty friends in Paris, from whom he received intelligence of what was passing there. His wife Margaret, for whom he had never entertained any affection, treating her always, as one of his biographers says, rather as the king's sister than as his own wife, and whom he permitted to live where and how she chose, was so far his friend, that it is probable she would have acquainted him with any movement hostile to his interests which might come to her knowledge. But the friend on whose services he especially relied was young Bethune—now, by the death of his father, Baron de Rosny—who, at the prince's request, had gone to reside in Paris, to watch and report the motions of the court-party—a duty which his marriage with a young wife did not prevent him from discharging with success and punctuality.

In the year 1585 the League burst forth, if we may use that expression, with a more threatening aspect than it had yet been able to assume. The Duke of Guise, concealing his own ambitious views, had gained round the king of Navarre's uncle, the Cardinal de Bourbon, a man of sixty years of age, by holding out hopes of the succession to *him*; and the cardinal had in consequence become the head of the League. Henry III., whose own inclinations were in favour of the succession of the king of Navarre, had made an attempt to persuade him to abandon the Protestant faith, and so remove the principal obstacle in the way; and as a report of the conference held with the king of Navarre for this purpose had been published by the Protestants, exhibiting the prince's firmness, the result had been to strengthen the influence of the League still more. Priests went about the country, inflaming the people with descriptions of the awful consequences which would arise if the king of Navarre were to occupy the throne of France. An immense

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increase of force was also given to the League by a treaty which was concluded between Philip II. of Spain and the Cardinal de Bourbon ; the Spanish monarch agreeing to supply the League with money ; and the cardinal, on the other hand, promising, when he should be king, the enforcement of the decrees of the Council of Trent in France, and the expulsion of all heretics from the kingdom. And, as if nothing were to be wanting to complete the triumph of the League, Pope Gregory XIII., who had all along refused to give his sanction to the association, died on the 10th of April 1585 ; and his successor, Sixtus V., fully made up for his indifference. Besides ratifying the League, and giving it his papal blessing, the new pontiff assisted it by fulminating terrible bulls of excommunication against the king of Navarre and the Prince of Condé, declaring them heretics and apostates, and absolving their subjects from all obedience to them.

Entangled in the meshes of so many parties and intrigues, the poor king of France knew not what to do. Although personally inclined to the king of Navarre, in preference to the Duke of Guise, he had felt himself compelled by his mother and the Guises, in whose hands he was a mere puppet, to consent to an edict by which all the Huguenots were required either to go to mass, or to leave the kingdom within six months. When the news of this famous edict, known by the name of the Edict of July, was brought to the king of Navarre, it is said that he fell into a profound reverie, with his chin leaning on his hand, and that, when he removed his hand, his moustaches and beard on that side had grown white. Shortly after the passing of this edict, however, Henry III., ashamed of his weakness, made an attempt to throw off the influence of the Guises, and act for himself ; but in this he signally failed.

Never had our hero greater need of that strength of mind with which he was gifted than at the present conjuncture. To the delight of his friends, he rose with the crisis, as if every new difficulty in his circumstances called forth a corresponding faculty in his nature. He brought into play those higher forces of genius which so frequently upset the calculations of what appears to be common sense. Two proceedings of his at this period were the astonishment of Europe. The first was the publication of an apology or declaration, drawn up at his instance by a gentleman named Plessis-Mornay, wherein he replied to the calumnies of the League, explained those points of his conduct which had been the subjects of attack, and challenged the Duke of Guise, as chief of the League, to decide their quarrel by private combat, one to one, two to two, ten to ten, or as the king might appoint. This challenge, appealing as it did to the chivalrous spirit of the age, produced a wonderful effect, although, as might have been anticipated, it was not accepted. The other proceeding referred to was of an equally uncommon character. Through certain friends in Rome, bold

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enough to incur risks in his behalf, he caused placards to be posted up in the streets of this papal city, and at the very gates of the papal palace, in which he and the Prince of Condé appealed the pope's sentence of excommunication to the Court of Peers of France; gave the lie to all who charged them with heresy, and offered to prove the contrary in a general council; and finally threatened the pope with bad consequences to himself and his successors, should he persist in meddling with their affairs. This action, which to some might have appeared a mere piece of theatrical daring, had an evident effect on Sixtus V.—himself a man of ability and resolute purpose—and he was heard to declare, that of all the monarchs in Christendom, there were only two to whom he would communicate the grand schemes he was revolving in his mind—Henry, king of Navarre, and Elizabeth, queen of England; but that, unfortunately, they were heretics.

The war between the Huguenots on the one side, and the League, in alliance with the French king, on the other, was carried on, with several intermissions, to the conclusion of the year 1587. It was with extreme reluctance, however, that Henry III. engaged in it; every day he saw the power of the League increasing, and his own authority diminishing. There had sprung up in Paris a faction called the *Sixteen*, because its affairs were managed by sixteen members, one for each division of Paris—a faction which pushed the doctrines of the League to an extreme length, and was ready to have recourse to the most desperate measures for preserving the supremacy of the Catholic religion. This formidable society had long wrought in secret, but it had become now incorporated with the League, whose counsels it directed. Gladly would the French monarch have formed an alliance with his cousin of Navarre, for the purpose of crushing these enemies to his person and government; but the refusal of the king of Navarre to change his religion, was an insuperable obstacle. In the winter of 1586—87, the queen-mother held many conferences with Henry, in which every means was tried to detach him from his party, and induce him to turn Catholic; but all without success. Henry mingled in the fêtes and balls which accompanied the queen-mother wherever she went, and seemed to enjoy the pleasures of her court as much as she desired; but whenever she attempted to extort a compromise from him, he was on his guard. Once, when she complained of his obstinacy, and said she sighed for nothing so much as peace—'Madame,' he replied, 'I am not the cause of it; it is not I who hinder you from sleeping in your bed, it is you that prevent me from resting in mine. The trouble you give yourself pleases and nourishes you: quiet is the greatest enemy of your life.' To the Duke de Nevers, who taunted him with the small authority he possessed over his party, saying that he could not even lay a tax on Rochelle if he wanted money—'Monsieur,' he said, 'I can

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do what I please at Rochelle, because I never please to do but what I ought.'

All negotiations having failed, hostilities recommenced; and after some months occupied in various military enterprises on both sides, the king's army, under Joyeuse, met that of the Huguenots at Coutras, in Perigord, on the 20th of October 1587, when our hero obtained a great victory, and earned golden opinions by his skill, his generosity, and his personal courage. In this battle, the loss of the Catholics amounted to 3000 men, including many persons of distinction, among whom was Joyeuse himself; the loss of the Huguenots, on the other hand, was trifling, and their booty great. This advantage, however, was counterbalanced by the total defeat of a German army of 40,000 men, which had entered France to assist the Protestants. Thus, at the beginning of the year 1588, the prospects of our hero were, if brighter than they had been two years before, still far from encouraging. Dim and vague forebodings attended the opening of this year in France. Astrologers had already named it the 'year of marvels;' foreseeing, they said, that such a number of astonishing events would happen in it, such confusion both in the elements of nature and in human society, that, if not the end of the world, it would certainly be its climacteric. These predictions were so far verified; indeed, it did not require astrology to make them. The first event of note, in connection with our history, was the death of the Prince of Condé on the 5th of March, under strong suspicion of having been poisoned by his wife. The death of this prince was deeply bewailed by the Protestants: when the event was announced to Henry, he gave expression to his grief in loud cries, and exclaimed that he had lost his right arm. The loss, however, which the Protestants sustained by the death of the Prince of Condé, was to be more than compensated by what befell their opponents.

The king had become a mere cipher in Paris: the League, the Guises, and the Sixteen were all-powerful. The Duke of Guise was the idol of the populace; wherever he appeared, he was received with cheers and acclamations; while the poor monarch was the subject of lampoons and jests. It was privately debated, among the most ardent members of the League, whether he ought not to be dethroned; and a scheme was formed by the Guises for seizing his person. Henry, being informed of his danger, resolved to be beforehand with his enemies; and ordering about six thousand troops, for the most part Swiss mercenaries, to enter Paris, he distributed them through the various quarters of the city, so as to overawe the League. The consequence was a terrible riot. The Parisians, instigated by the leaders of the Sixteen, rose in a mass, barricaded the streets, attacked and defeated the soldiers, murdered a number of the Swiss, and prepared to storm the Louvre. Henry, thus besieged in his own palace, fled to Chartres, leaving the

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League masters of Paris. A negotiation ensued between the monarch and his subjects, which terminated in an accommodation; Henry agreeing to overlook the past, to convene the States-general, in order to secure the succession of a Catholic prince to the throne, and to adopt measures for the extermination of the Protestants. The appearance of reconciliation, however, was hollow; the insults which he had suffered at the hands of the Guises and the League rankled in the heart of the king; and enraged beyond endurance by the haughty conduct of the Duke of Guise and his brother the cardinal at the States-general, which, in conformity with his promise, he had convened at Blois in the month of October, he caused them both to be assassinated, being unable, he said, to deal with such powerful criminals by the ordinary modes of justice. This event, which happened in the end of December 1588, produced a terrible sensation among the Catholics of France, who adored the Guises, and regarded them as the champions of the true faith. When the Duke of Parma heard of it, he said: 'Guise made a show of doing too much, while in reality he did too little; he ought to have remembered, that whoever draws his sword against his prince, ought that instant to throw away the scabbard.' Even the Huguenots, who benefited by the event, were shocked by it, saying that it too much resembled a St Bartholomew. The king of Navarre expressed his admiration of the great talents of his deceased rivals, and his horror at the mode of their punishment; though at the same time he could not but confess that their deaths had removed a formidable obstacle from his path.

The assassination of the Guises might have proved a death-blow to the League, had the king been possessed of sufficient audacity to follow it up by a course of vengeance against his other enemies. But Henry was overwhelmed by the consequences of his own act, and occupied himself not in following it up, but in defending it. The difficulty of his position was increased by the death of his mother, Catharine de' Medici, which happened on the 5th of January 1589, not many days after the assassination of the Guises. Had she survived, her spirit might have carried her son through the crisis; but, left to his own resources, he was helpless as a child. The League, awestruck at first by the loss of their leaders, began now to display their fury in the most violent manner. The name of Henry III. was publicly execrated in the streets—his arms were pulled down from the faces of buildings, and broken in pieces, his statues shattered, his portraits spit upon and torn. Young women and children marched in processions through the streets, carrying lighted tapers, which they suddenly extinguished, to denote that the race of the Valois should in like manner become extinct. Confessors would not grant absolution, unless the penitent renounced Henry as their sovereign; and the duty of assassinating bad kings was inculcated from almost every pulpit. The Duke of Mayenne, brother of the

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murdered Guises, was called to Paris, and formally invested with the dignity of 'Lieutenant-general of the state and crown of France'—a title the conferring of which on a subject was equivalent to declaring the throne vacant. It was left to be determined afterwards whether the Duke of Mayenne should assume the title of king. And, as if all these insults and misfortunes were not enough, the unhappy monarch learned that he had been excommunicated by Pope Sixtus V. for the murder of the Guises.

Rejected by the great majority of his subjects, without strength, without wisdom, without hope, Henry III. had no alternative but to throw himself into the arms of the king of Navarre, and implore his protection and assistance. A treaty was accordingly agreed to between the two princes, in which it was arranged that the Huguenots should act in concert with the king against the League, in return for which the king of Navarre was to be acknowledged the lawful heir to the crown. Shortly after the conclusion of this treaty, the king of Navarre set out for the town of Plessis-les-Tours, to have an interview with his royal ally. 'Still assailed,' says Sully, 'by some remains of distrust, which he could not repress, he stopped near a mill about two leagues from the castle, and would know the opinion of each of the gentlemen that composed his train upon the step he was going to take. Turning to me, the king said: "What are your thoughts of the matter?" I answered, in few words, that it was true the step he was taking was not without danger, because the troops of the king of France were superior to his, but that I looked upon the present as one of those conjunctures in which something ought to be left to chance. "Let us go on," said the prince, after pausing a few moments: "my resolution is fixed."'

The alliance with the king against the League proved fortunate for our hero. After many interviews, during which the king of Navarre's frankness and confidence gained the affection of the French monarch, as much as his courage and wisdom elevated his hopes, it was resolved that the allied Huguenot and royalist armies should lay siege to Paris, and, by gaining possession of it, crush, as a historian expresses it, the principal head of the hydra. Operations had already commenced; the king of France was in quarters at St Cloud, the king of Navarre at Meudon, and the League was beginning to tremble for the result of so powerful a conjunction of forces, when an event occurred which completely altered the state of affairs. This was the death of Henry III. by the hand of James Clement, a fanatical Dominican monk, who had been stirred up, by means of pretended revelations from Heaven, to commit the crime. After communicating his design to the Duke of Mayenne, the Duke d'Aumale, the Duchess de Montpensier, and others of the Sixteen, he procured access to his victim at St Cloud, and stabbed him with a knife in the belly. The assassin was immediately cut down by the gentlemen present, and the king conveyed to bed, where he died on

the following morning, the 2d of August 1589, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. The king of Navarre had hurried to St Cloud on receiving the information of Clement's attempt; and the dying monarch had embraced him, declared him his successor, and urged him to become a Catholic, without which, he said, he would never be able to reign over the kingdom of France.

The present was a critical moment in the life of our hero, and much depended on how he should improve it. 'It was not,' says Sully, 'the event of a paltry negotiation, the success of a battle, or the possession of a small kingdom such as Navarre, that employed his thoughts, but the greatest monarchy in Europe. But how many obstacles had he to surmount, how many labours to endure, ere he could hope to obtain it? All that he had hitherto done, was nothing in comparison to what remained to do. How crush a party so powerful, and in such high credit, that it had given fears to a prince established on the throne, and almost obliged him to descend from it? The king of Navarre was convinced that this was one of those moments on the good or bad use of which his destiny depended. Without suffering himself to be dazzled with the view of a throne, or oppressed by difficulties and useless grief, he calmly began to give orders for keeping every one at his duty, and preventing mutinies. After adopting precautions, so as to secure the troops in his favour, he applied himself to gain all the foreign powers on whose assistance he thought he might depend, and wrote or sent deputies to Germany, England, Flanders, Switzerland, and the republic of Venice, to inform them of the new event, and the claim which it gave him to the crown of France.'

These efforts were so far successful. Of the support of the Huguenots, Henry was of course secure; he had long been the hope of their party, and the prospect of his being king was to them peculiarly gratifying. Being, however, a minority of the nation, they would have been too weak alone to plant him on the throne; it was therefore with particular pleasure that Henry learned that the late king's army, consisting almost entirely of Catholics, was willing to acknowledge him as their sovereign. There remained, however, the Catholic nobility and the mass of the French people. Of the former, there were a number in the camp, who, being determined enemies to the League, were willing to accept Henry as their king, if he would abandon his Protestant opinions, and become Catholic. They represented to him that if he were to take this step, it was absolutely certain that all the Catholics of France, except a few attached to the League by personal considerations, would declare themselves on his side; while the Huguenots, though they might complain, would be obliged to submit. In short, let him but proclaim himself a Catholic, and the crown of France would be his, with hardly a struggle to obtain it. Henry saw the force of this reasoning; indeed, many of the Huguenots themselves were

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persuaded that it was impossible for any but a Catholic to be king of France under the existing circumstances, and contented themselves with the hope that, even under such a prince, supposing him not to be a bigot, Protestantism would be tolerated. It was contrary, however, to Henry's disposition to purchase an advantage by such a meanness as that which was proposed to him. All that he could promise was, that he would respect to the utmost the established rights of the Catholic faith in France, and that he would take the subject of his own change of creed into his earnest consideration. Some of the Catholic nobles, not satisfied with these concessions, withdrew; the majority, however, influenced probably by hatred to the League, and by the example of the Catholic soldiers, took the oath of allegiance to him on the 4th of August 1589. From that period he is known in history by the name of *Henri Quatre*—Henry the Fourth—of France.

We have thus traced the history of our hero from his birth, till, at the age of thirty-six years, he found himself, by an extraordinary series of events, called to a throne to which, according to the natural course of things, he could hardly have hoped to succeed. His life subsequently to this period divides itself into two parts. The first, extending from 1589 to 1598, is a period of struggle, during which all his energies were occupied in maintaining himself on the throne, and resisting and crushing those who sought to hurl him from it. The narrative of these eight or nine years consists of a series of battles and sieges undertaken against the League, interspersed with negotiations with foreign powers, and declarations of war against them. The second, extending from 1598 to Henry's death in 1610, is the period of his reign over France, properly so called—the period during which, all his enemies being conquered, and peace restored, he employed himself in the true work of government, and developed his great ideas for the glory of France, and the good of Europe in general.

THE WAR OF THE SUCCESSION—HENRY ABJURES PROTESTANTISM.

The death of Henry III. had caused the most lively demonstrations of joy in Paris. It was proposed by some of the chiefs of the League to proclaim the Duke of Mayenne his successor; but as public opinion seemed to be scarcely ripe for such a proposition, the old Cardinal de Bourbon, then a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, was declared king of France, under the designation of Charles X.—an appointment which, while it left all the real authority in the hands of the Duke of Mayenne, would not prevent him from assuming the royal title also, when the proper time for doing so arrived. The two parties, therefore, who were now contending for the mastery of France, were the League, consisting of all the most

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resolute Catholics of France, whether nobles or commons, with the Duke of Mayenne at their head; and a mixed party of Huguenots, and what may be termed moderate Catholics, with the king of Navarre, now Henry IV., at their head. There could not be a greater contrast between any two men than there was between the leaders of these two parties. Not to speak of the inherent powers of their minds, the appearance and personal habits of the two men were strikingly different. The Duke of Mayenne was a large, corpulent, and clumsy man, of dignified demeanour, but slow in all his movements, and requiring an immense quantity both of food and sleep. The king of Navarre, again, was all vivacity and activity: during a campaign, or when pressed by business, he allowed himself no more than a quarter of an hour at table, and two or three hours of sleep were sufficient to re-invigorate him after the greatest fatigues. It was a prognostication of the shrewd and candid Pope Sixtus V., that the Béarnese, as he called Henry, was sure to win, seeing that the time he lay in bed was not longer than that occupied by the Duke of Mayenne in taking his dinner.

As Paris was the stronghold of the League, Henry resolved to attack it; and after several months spent in preparations and military operations in other parts of the kingdom, especially in Normandy, he commenced his march to the capital. The Duke of Mayenne had gone out to oppose him; and after several preliminary engagements, the two armies met and fought a great battle on the plain of Ivry, on the 14th of March 1590. Writers have vied with each other in the description of this celebrated battle, and the bravery and generosity which our hero displayed in it; but no description equals that given by Lord Macaulay, in those spirit-stirring verses in which he supposes a Huguenot soldier to pour out his feelings:

The king is come to marshal us, all in his armour drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout: 'God save our lord the king!'
'And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre.'

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife and steed, and trump and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;

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And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours ! Mayenne hath turned his rein ;
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter ; the Flemish Count is slain ;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale ;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
'Remember St Bartholomew !' was passed from man to man ;
But out spake gentle Henry : 'No Frenchman is my foe :
Down, down with every foreigner ; but let your brethren go.'
Oh ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre !

The battle of Ivry was followed up by the siege of Paris, which was commanded by the Duke de Nemours, Mayenne having gone to join his forces with those of the Duke of Parma, who had orders from his sovereign, the king of Spain, to co-operate with the League against Henry. The siege was conducted in the most horrible of all forms, that of blockade. Commenced in May, it lasted four months, during which the citizens endured the most dreadful sufferings from famine. Horses, dogs, asses, cats, birds, and even rats, were ravenously eaten. The Duchess of Montpensier refused gold and jewellery to the value of 2000 crowns for a favourite dog, saying she would reserve it for herself when her stores were exhausted. Upwards of 13,000 persons are calculated to have died of hunger during the blockade ; and the numbers would have been greater but for the generosity of Henry, who, with a tenderness of heart unusual in great military heroes, and even hostile to his own interests at the time, permitted provisions to be smuggled into the city, and opened a free passage for such of the starving inhabitants as chose to depart. 'I am their father and their king,' he said, 'and I cannot bear the thought of their sufferings.' At length, just as the garrison was on the point of surrendering, Henry was compelled to raise the siege by a clever manœuvre of the Duke of Parma, who, hearing of the distress of the Parisians, had come to their assistance. This took place in September 1590.

For three years the war continued, and France was desolated by the sword of civil and religious strife. In vain was battle after battle fought, town after town besieged, truce after truce concluded. The radical impediment to a lasting peace still remained—the king of France professed a form of faith differing from that of the great majority of his subjects. So long as this was the case, there was no hope of a reconciliation ; Henry must either become a Catholic, or relinquish his struggle for the crown. Ever since the death of Henry III., he had been meditating on this subject ; he had listened to theological arguments and controversies, permitted himself to be instructed by Catholic priests, and weighed all that was said on

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both sides ; but he had shewn a decided reluctance to come to a final declaration. At length, however, in July 1593, he announced his intention of making a public profession of the Catholic faith. Accordingly, on the 25th of that month, he entered the church of St Denis, where Renauld de Jamblançai, Archbishop of Bourges, and a number of the Catholic clergy, were assembled.

‘Who are you?’ asked the archbishop.

‘I am the king,’ was the reply.

‘What is your request?’

‘To be received into the pale of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church.’

‘Do you desire this?’ said the prelate.

‘I do,’ replied the king. Then kneeling down, he pronounced these words: ‘I protest and swear, in the presence of Almighty God, to live and die in the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion ; to protect and defend it against all its enemies at the hazard of my blood and life, renouncing all heresies contrary to it.’ He then placed a copy of the same confession in writing into the archbishop’s hands, who gave him absolution, while a *Te Deum* was sung.

This act of Henry’s life has naturally become the subject of much discussion among historians, some giving it their approval, and others their condemnation. The following are Sully’s remarks on the king’s abjuration: ‘I should betray the cause of truth, if I suffered it even to be suspected that policy, the threats of the Catholics, the fatigue of labour, the desire of rest, and of freeing himself from the tyranny of foreigners, or even the good of the people, had entirely influenced the king’s resolution. As far as I am able to judge of the heart of this prince, which I believe I know better than any other person, it was indeed these considerations which first hinted to him the necessity of his conversion ; but in the end, he became convinced in his own mind that the Catholic religion was the safest.’ By whatever casuistry Henry attained this conviction, we can have no hesitation in saying that his abjuration of Protestantism has all the appearance of having been done for the sake of being made undisputed king of France. Now, as there was no absolute necessity for his attaining this honour, as he might have enjoyed all reasonable happiness as sovereign of his small kingdom of Navarre, we can by no means approve of what was so clearly a sacrifice of conscience to worldly distinction.

The only vestige of excuse for his abjuration was the hope which he perhaps entertained of securing the Protestants generally from oppression ; and if this were the case, it must be allowed his aim was accomplished. The announcement of his change of religion almost immediately put an end to the civil war ; all parties seemed less or more pleased ; and his coronation was formally celebrated at Chartres on the 27th of February 1594. By this event, Navarre became attached to the French monarchy, from which it has never

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since been dissevered. The House of Valois had also terminated, and been succeeded by that of Bourbon. Before the end of 1595, Henry was acknowledged by the pope and every other power as the lawful sovereign of France.

Still, Henry's anxieties were not yet over. Since his profession of the Catholic faith, two unsuccessful attempts had been made upon his life, one by a waterman named Barriere, the other by John Chatel, a student in the college of the Jesuits; both of whom had paid the penalty of their crime. In consequence of these attempts, it was judged expedient to expel the Jesuits from the kingdom, their hostility to Henry's government being so well known that it was deemed unsafe to have them for subjects, and their number not yet being so great as to render their expulsion impossible. All that remained to be done was to inflict such chastisement upon Spain as would put a stop to her interference. Before the end of the year 1597, this also was effectually accomplished; and the beginning of the following year witnessed the ratification of two treaties memorable in the history of France. The one was the famous Edict of Nantes, dated the 30th of April 1598, by which ample liberty of conscience, the privilege, with certain restrictions, of worship after their own forms, and perfect freedom from civil disabilities, were secured to the Protestants; the other the Peace of Vervins, dated the 2d of May 1598, by which the war with Spain was very advantageously concluded.

FRANCE UNDER HENRY IV.—HIS GREAT POLITICAL DESIGNS.

Enjoying now a profound peace both internally and externally, France called upon her sovereign to display his genius, not for war, but for the grander occupation of government. Trained from his boyhood in the camp, the hero of more than a hundred fights and two hundred sieges, how would he act in the cabinet, how would he fulfil the duties of a statesman? As we have already said, Henry, in this new capacity, more than answered the highest expectations that could have been formed of him; and the history of the last twelve years of his life, during which he was employed almost exclusively in the affairs of government, entitles him to be regarded as one of the greatest sovereigns that ever sat upon a throne.

In the first place, Henry was possessed of that indispensable qualification of a great statesman, a generous heart—an earnest and yearning desire for the good of his species. His philanthropy was almost chivalrous; and, like his temperament, it was hopeful and sanguine. His love of France was no mere pretence or delusion; it was an intense glowing passion. Witness his memorable prayer before beginning a great battle: 'O Lord! if this day thou meanest to punish me for my sins, I bow my head to the stroke of thy justice; spare not the guilty; but, Lord, by thy holy mercy, have

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pity on this poor realm, and strike not the flock for the faults of the shepherd.' Every one has heard of his famous saying, that if God granted him the ordinary term of human life, he hoped to see France in such a condition that 'every peasant in it should be able to have a fowl in the pot upon Sundays.'

These philanthropic aspirations were resolutely followed up by a course of laborious efforts to realise them. Immediately after the Peace of Vervins, Henry disbanded a great part of his forces, and strove, by introducing a strict system of economy into the administration of the revenues, as well as by setting an example of frugality to his subjects, especially the proprietors of land, to remedy the evils which war had produced, alleviate the distress of the people, and give an impulse to commerce and manufactures. Surrounding himself with the ablest men in the kingdom, both Catholics and Protestants, he was continually occupied with some scheme or other for the advantage of the country. Eventually, however, the Baron de Rosny, better known by the title of Duke of Sully, which he conferred on him, became his sole confidant; and with him all his designs were discussed and matured. Without Sully for a minister, Henry would have been a grand but visionary genius; without Henry for a master, Sully's sagacity would have never been employed on such high objects. Henry inspired Sully, and Sully instructed Henry.

The great object of Sully and Henry's joint efforts was a thorough reform in the revenue. Henry on his accession to the throne found the finances in a deplorable state—the people groaning under a load of taxes, and yet the royal exchequer almost empty. How was he to proceed? The state debts were so large (amounting to 330 millions of livres), and there were so many demands for outlay, that it seemed necessary to impose new taxes, while at the same time the country had been so impoverished by the war, that the people were unable to pay the taxes already imposed. Sully devoted his best energies to the settlement of this question. In the first place, with a noble pity for the wretchedness of the people, he remitted above twenty millions of livres which they still owed the king: the loss was serious; but, by submitting to it, the king gave his subjects time to breathe again. After this he made a laborious and searching investigation, in order to discover where the cause of the national misery lay. The amount of revenue annually paid into the royal treasury was thirty millions; but 'I was strongly persuaded,' he says, that 'it could not be the raising of this sum from so rich and large a kingdom as France which reduced it to the condition I saw it in; and that the sums made up of extortions and false expenses must certainly infinitely exceed those which were brought into his majesty's coffers. I took the pen, and resolved to make this immense calculation. I found with horror, that for these thirty millions that were given to his majesty, there were drawn from the

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purses of the subjects—I almost blush to say it—150 millions. After this I was no longer ignorant whence the misery of the people proceeded. I then applied my cares to the authors of this oppression, who were the governors and other officers of the army, as well as the civil magistrates and officers of the revenue; who all, even to the meanest, abused in an enormous manner the authority their employments gave them over the people; and I caused an *arrêt* of council to be drawn up, by which they were forbidden, under great penalties, to exact anything from the people, under any title whatever, without a warrant in form, beyond what they were obliged to on account of their share of the tallies and other subsidies settled by the king.'

This vigorous measure drew down upon Sully a storm of abuse from all those who were engaged in the collection of the revenues; but perseverance, and the co-operation of the king in his views, accomplished his object. The hungry courtiers, cut out by this and other economical reforms of Sully from their usual sources of income, fell upon methods to make up for the loss. One of these was to prevail upon the king to grant them monopolies in particular departments of trade. 'When this trick was once found out,' says Sully, 'there was nothing that promised profit which did not get into the brain of one or other of those who thought they had a right to some favour from the king: interest gave every man invention, and the kingdom began to swarm with petty monopolies, which, though singly of little consequence, yet all together were very detrimental to the public.' Sully's earnest and frequent representations to the king put a stop to this vicious practice. The following is an account of what occurred in one instance in which the king had granted such a monopoly. The Count de Soissons petitioned the king for a grant of fifteenpence, as duty on every bale of goods exported—a toll which he assured the king would not amount to more than 30,000 livres a year. The king, in Sully's absence, granted it; but, entertaining doubts of the propriety of what he had done, wrote to ask Sully's advice. Sully, on calculating, found that the toll given to the count would amount to no less than 300,000 crowns; besides which he was convinced it would be the ruin of the hemp and linen trade in Brittany, Normandy, and Picardy. The difficulty now was, how to recall the grant; but Sully's ingenuity suggested a way to effect it without compromising the king. This gave mortal offence to De Soissons, who not only abused Sully himself, but sent the Marchioness de Verneuil, who had also petitioned for a similar monopoly, to abuse him too. 'Truly,' said the Marchioness to Sully, 'the king will be a fool to take your advice, and offend so many great people. On whom, pray, would you have the king to confer favours, if not on his cousins and his friends?' 'What you say,' replied Sully, 'would be reasonable enough if his majesty took the money all out of his own purse; but to make a

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new levy on the merchants, artisans, labourers, and country-people, will never do ; it is by them that the king and all of us are supported, and it is enough that they provide for a master, without having to maintain his cousins and his friends.'

By methods like these, the efficacy of which did not suffer much from one or two more questionable measures which the false political economy of Sully's time did not permit him to see the folly of—by methods like these, persevered in for a number of years, prosperity was restored to France. 'Both foreign and domestic payments were regularly made,' says Sully, 'without any hardship to the people, though the king still continued to lay out very large sums in rebuilding, furnishing, and adorning his palaces; repairing the old fortifications, and raising new ones; and erecting many other public works.' The following account of the mode by which Henry digested and arranged the huge mass of miscellaneous business which occupied him, will give an idea of the extent and variety of his schemes for the improvement of France, as well as of the zeal with which he prosecuted them.

When Sully became his minister, he made him procure 'a great desk or cabinet, contrived full of drawers and holes, each with a lock and key, and all lined with crimson satin.' In this cabinet were to be deposited all kinds of views, memorials, charts, and papers having 'any relation, either near or distant, to the revenue, to war, to artillery, to the navy, to commerce, to diplomacy, to money, to mines, to the church;' in short, to any department of state affairs. A separate compartment in the great cabinet was to be allotted to each subject; and the arrangement was to be such, that all the contents of a compartment could be seen at a single glance. In the finance compartment 'was a collection of regulations, memorials of operations, accounts of changes made or to be made, of sums to be received or paid; a quantity almost incalculable of views, memoirs, abstracts, and summaries more or less compendious.' In the military compartment, 'besides the accounts, lists, and memoirs, which were to shew the present state of the forces, there were all the regulations and papers of state, books treating of the arrangement of armies, plans, charts, geographical and hydrographical, both of France and of different parts of the world.' (An extension of this military compartment, to contain articles too bulky to be placed in the cabinet, suggested the idea of a museum of 'models of whatever was most curious in machinery relating to war, arts, trades, and all sorts of occupations—a silent school, in which all who aspired to perfection in such occupations might improve themselves without trouble.') Among the papers in the ecclesiastical compartment, 'the most curious were a list of all the benefices in the kingdom, with the qualifications which they required; and a view of all the ecclesiastical orders, secular and regular, from the highest prelate to the lowest clergyman, with the distinction of natives and foreigners, of both

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religions. This work was to be imitated in another relating to the temporal order, in which the king was to see, to a single man, the number of gentlemen throughout the kingdom, divided into classes, and specified according to the differences of title and estate.' A large part of the cabinet was set aside expressly to contain projects and schemes of all sorts. In the schemes for the discipline of the army, methods were laid down suitable not only for times of war, but also for times of peace, and calculated to 'preserve the persons of the trader, manufacturer, shepherd, and husbandman from the violence of the soldiers. These four professions, by which the state may truly be said to be supported, were to be completely secured, by another regulation, from all the outrages of the nobility.' The general scope of the propositions with regard to the clergy, was to 'engage all of them to make such use as the canons require of revenues which, properly speaking, are not their own; to forbid them to hold joint livings of the yearly value of six hundred livres, or to hold any single one producing more than ten thousand livres; and, upon the whole, to acquit themselves worthily of their employments, and to consider it as their first duty to set a good example.'

We need not proceed further in the detail of Henry's plans of internal reform. Suffice it to say, that although the actual execution fell far short of the grandeur of the intentions, partly because they may have been too sanguine, partly because their author was cut off in the midst of his labours, yet the reforms which he effected in the condition of France were such as to entitle him to the fond veneration with which Frenchmen have ever regarded him.

The grandest of Henry's schemes was his proposal to unite all the states of Europe into one vast Christian republic. The following is an outline of this extraordinary scheme.

Struck with the deplorable condition of Europe, divided into a number of nations, all selfishly occupied with their own interests, and incessantly carrying on wars with each other for the slightest reasons and the meanest purposes, thus retarding the progress of general civilisation, Henry's design was to procure the erection of one immense European commonwealth, to consist of fifteen states, some of which, according to circumstances, were to be monarchical, and others republican. The size of the different states was to be rendered as uniform as possible, and each was to send representatives to a general congress. While the local affairs of each state were to be administered by its own government, all questions of intercommunication, commerce, and mutual wrong were to be referred to the central representative body. So far, Henry's plan was little else than a foreshadowing, on a grander scale, of the constitution which now binds the various free and independent states of North America in a harmonious union. What follows is interestingly characteristic of the barbarous policy of the period. To put down all quarrels about religion, Henry proposed that in every state where

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circumstances had conclusively established one form of faith as the national one, that form and no other should be tolerated. In Roman Catholic countries, there were to be none but Catholics ; in Protestant countries, none but Protestants. The minority, however, were not to be exterminated, but only sent out of the country into a state where their form of religion was generally professed. Finally, all pagans and Mohammedans were to be driven out of Europe into Asia.

To carry this vast project into execution, Henry of course proposed to employ force. The force necessary was to be contributed by the various states, and to amount to 270,000 infantry, 50,000 cavalry, 200 cannon, and 120 ships of war, manned and equipped. It was about the year 1601 that the scheme assumed a distinct shape in Henry's mind ; and the first person to whom he communicated it was Sully ; and even from him he had concealed it long, from feelings of shame, lest it should seem ridiculous. Sully paid no attention to it at first, treating the idea of a 'system by which all Europe might be regulated and governed as one great family' as a mere conversational flourish. The king dropped the subject at that time ; but, renewing it shortly after, Sully perceived that he was in earnest. Conceiving the scheme to be chimerical, he stated as strongly as possible the objections to it, but was surprised to hear them all discussed and answered by the king in a manner which shewed that he had anticipated them. The result was, that, after studying the subject in all its bearings, Sully became convinced that the scheme was no mere confused aspiration, but a solid and feasible project ; for that, 'however disproportionate the means might appear to the effect, a course of years, during which everything should as much as possible be made subservient to the great object in view, would surmount many difficulties.' The first step was to secure the co-operation of one or two of the most powerful princes of Europe ; the agreement of one or two such would be equivalent almost to success. The sovereigns whose co-operation Henry principally desired were those of England, Sweden, and Denmark ; it does not appear, however, that he ever broached the subject distinctly, except to Elizabeth of England and her successor James. From the latter, to whom the scheme was expounded by Sully in a personal interview in 1603, he exacted an oath that he would not divulge it. After hearing the scheme described, James protested that he would not for any consideration have remained ignorant of it, and was eager to proceed immediately to put it into execution. It was proposed to break the matter by degrees to the rest of Europe, as opinion ripened, and the progress of affairs rendered the favourable reception of the scheme more likely ; and as a specific course of action, leading directly to the point aimed at, the powers of Europe were in the meantime to be cunningly inveigled into a conjunct war upon Austria. The House of Austria once humbled, and its territories dismembered, the

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plan might be safely published to the world, and little would remain to be done. It is almost needless pronouncing any opinion on this design of Henry IV. It was the dream of a great, benevolently disposed, but ill-instructed mind. The mutual jealousies and respective selfishnesses of the existing states were far too uncompromising to admit of so easy a mode of union. Even in the present advanced age, the project would be hopeless ; certainly any proposal to render religious belief uniform by compulsion, would be as mad as it would be useless. And yet the idea of a European international confederacy to settle differences, is one of the things that we can venture to say is not altogether chimerical, and may at some future period of greater enlightenment be carried into effect. Perfect freedom in commercial and personal intercourse among nations seems to all appearance to be the means, under Providence, by which this great object is to be satisfactorily accomplished.

DEATH OF HENRY IV.—HIS CHARACTER.

The history of Henry IV. during the twelve years in which he was maturing the scheme which we have just described, contains few incidents deserving special notice. In the year 1600 he was divorced from his wife Margaret, and contracted a second marriage with Mary de' Medici, daughter of the late Grand-duke of Tuscany, by whom he had a son (Louis XIII.), who succeeded him on the throne.

In the year 1610, Henry was full of enthusiasm regarding his great political scheme, the time for developing which had now, he thought, almost arrived. Extensive military preparations were in progress, which Sully imagined had reference to it. In the midst of these, however, Henry was cut off by the hand of an assassin. The occasion selected for striking the blow was the coronation of the queen—a ceremony which had been long delayed, but which was at length fixed for the 13th of May 1610. The king, according to Sully, had a presentiment that the ceremony would be fatal to him, founded on an astrological prediction that he should die in a coach during some great festivity. He often exclaimed : 'O that detestable coronation ; it will be the cause of my death,' and even endeavoured to obtain the queen's consent to have it postponed. The queen, however, refused, saying it was very hard that she should be the only queen of France who had never been crowned. The ceremony was therefore performed on the day appointed : the festivities were to last for several days. Next day, the 14th of May 1610, the king set out from the Louvre about four o'clock in the afternoon, to visit Sully, who was lying at the arsenal indisposed. He was seated in the back part of the coach, and, as the day was fine, the curtains were drawn up, that he might see the preparations making in the city for the queen's public entry, which was to take place on the 16th. The Duke of Epemon sat on his right ; the Duke of Montbazan and the

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Marquis de la Force on his left ; and there were several other gentlemen in other parts of the coach. He was attended by a smaller body of guards than usual. When the coach was turning out of the Rue St Honoré into the Rue Ferronnerie, the entrance to which was very narrow, owing to a number of small shops being erected against the wall of the churchyard of St Innocent, it was stopped by two carts, one loaded with wine, the other with hay, which were blocking up the street. While the coach stopped, the attendants, with the exception of two, went on before ; one of these two advanced to clear the way, the other stooped to fasten his garter. At that instant a wild-faced red-haired man in a cloak, who had followed the coach from the Louvre, approached the side where the king sat, as if endeavouring to push his way, like other passengers, between the coach and the shops. Suddenly putting one foot on a spoke of the wheel, he drew a knife, and struck the king, who was reading a letter, between the second and third rib, a little above the heart. ' I am wounded,' cried the king as the assassin, perceiving that the stroke had not been effectual, repeated it. The second blow went directly to the heart ; the blood gushed from the wound and from his mouth, and death was almost instantaneous. A third blow which the assassin aimed at his victim was received by the Duke of Epemon in the sleeve.

The assassin's name was Francis Ravallac, a native of Angoumois, who had been a solicitor in the courts of law. Whether the crime was prompted solely by his own imagination, or whether he was the instrument of any deep-laid conspiracy, was never clearly ascertained, though the latter was the general supposition. His punishment was that accorded by the savage spirit of the times to regicides. After undergoing the most horrible tortures, during which he confessed nothing of importance, he was taken in a tumbril to the Place de Grève on the 27th of May, and there, in the terms of his sentence, the flesh was torn with red-hot pincers from his breasts, arms, thighs, and the calves of his legs ; his right hand, holding the knife with which he committed the crime, was scorched and burned with flaming brimstone ; on the places where the flesh had been torn by the pincers, were poured melted lead, boiling oil, scalding pitch with wax and brimstone melted together ; after which he was torn in pieces by four horses, and his limbs burned to ashes. The performance of that part of his sentence which consisted in his being torn by the horses occupied an hour, and was only ended by the mob rushing up and cutting the body with knives.

Henry IV. was of middling stature, well formed, and of a strong constitution. The surgeons who examined his body believed that he might have lived, in the natural course of things, for thirty years longer. His forehead was broad, his eyes quick and animated, his nose aquiline, his complexion ruddy, and his expression sweet and majestic. His hair, which was short, thick, and of a light-brown

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shade, had begun to grizzle when he was thirty-five years of age. 'It was,' he said, 'the wind of adversity constantly blowing in his face that had done it.' He was remarkable for the keenness of his sight and hearing. His character, with which our readers must be already somewhat familiar, we shall sum up in the words of Sully. 'He loved all his subjects as a father, and the whole state as the head of a family. There were no conditions, employments, or professions to which his reflections did not extend, and that with such clearness and penetration, that the changes he projected could not be overthrown by the death of their author. His was a mind in which the ideas of what is great, uncommon, and beautiful seemed to rise of themselves; hence it was that he looked upon adversity as a transitory evil, and prosperity as his natural state.' His great fault, says the same authority, was his propensity to all kinds of pleasure. One of the most remarkable peculiarities of his character was his Fatalism, his belief in Destiny—a peculiarity in which he resembles Napoleon. In conversation he had no rival; and of his *bons-mots*, his jests, and his profound sayings on all subjects, there is a sufficient number still extant to form a volume. Once, on being solicited to do something which he thought unjust—'I have,' he said, 'but two eyes and two feet; in what respect, then, should I be different from the rest of my subjects, if I wanted strength and justice in my disposition?' To a person asking him to pardon his nephew, who had committed an assassination—'I am sorry,' he replied, 'that I cannot grant your request; it becomes you well to act the uncle, and it becomes me well to act the king. I excuse your petition; do you excuse my refusal.' 'If faith,' he said, 'were lost in all the world besides, it should still be found in the mouths of kings.' When pressed by public affairs, and forced to absent himself from public worship, he excused his absence by saying: 'When I labour for the public good, it seems to me that it is only to forsake God for the sake of God.' An eminent physician having changed his religion, and become a Catholic, the king said jestingly to Sully, with whom he often argued on the subject, but without any effect on his calm and strong mind: 'Don't you see how ill your religion is; the doctors have given it over?' To ability of all sorts, military, civil, or literary, he was a zealous patron. In speaking of his enemies, he was candid and generous; and of libels against himself, he was sufficiently magnanimous never to take any notice.

Such was *Henri Quatre*, a name which one never hears mentioned in France without respect, and whose remembrance is preserved by numerous pictures, dramas, and public monuments; and one can only lament that a man so universally beloved, and whose life promised so many benefits to his country, should have perished ingloriously by the mean blow of an assassin.



ANECDOTES OF SERPENTS.

ALMOST all persons regard serpents with a certain amount of dread, while the majority of mankind actually loath and fear them. Nor is this horror of the serpent confined to the peoples of civilised countries; it exists in equal strength amongst savages in every part of the world. The North and North-western American Red Indians look upon serpents with the utmost fear, and employ the skins of the rattle-snake as a most powerful 'medicine' or charm. A rattle-snake's skin is always affixed with a glue made from the skin of the white salmon to the backs of their bows, under the impression that it imparts to the arrow a more deadly power. The Egyptian 'fellah' seldom fails to kill a serpent whenever he may chance to meet with one; to him it is an object of actual abhorrence, and never, except it be by the professional 'serpent-charmer,' is a serpent touched by the hand. One result of the universal dread of the serpent tribes has been to prompt nearly everybody either to avoid, or to persecute and destroy them; hence, as a consequence, great ignorance, as a rule, prevails concerning the habits alike of the harmless and most deadly of this branch of the reptile family. It is therefore the object of the present Tract to give a popular account of their general structure, habits, and history, in order to assist in dispelling the absurd and unworthy prejudices entertained against nearly every species of the class.

We may broadly define *Reptiles* to be vertebrated animals, breathing by lungs, having red but cold blood (or, in other words, not

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generating sufficient caloric to raise their temperature above that of the atmosphere), destitute of hairs, feathers, and mammary glands, but, instead, having bodies, as a rule, covered with scales. These are divided into three orders : Ophidians, comprehending the snakes ; Saurians, the lizards and crocodiles ; Chelonians, the turtles and tortoises.

It is with the Ophidians or snakes that we have now exclusively to deal. Commencing at the head : snakes proper have the bones of the mouth loosely connected to one another, being joined by a tissue so beautifully elastic that it can be stretched like india-rubber, so that they can swallow their prey whole, although generally the prey is larger than the animal itself. Snakes are provided with most formidable teeth. In the boas and pythons, the teeth are slender, but somewhat hooked, and, bending backwards, are peculiarly well fitted for holding any animal they seize. In the greater part of the smaller non-venomous serpents, the teeth are arranged in two rows along the roof of the mouth. All venomous serpents, in addition to their ordinary holding-teeth, are provided with poison teeth or fangs, which present a most remarkable structure.



Serpent's Head, shewing poison fangs.

These poison-fangs are considerably hooked or recurved, and contain a canal, opening at both ends on the front or convex aspect of the fang—the upper opening being close to the gum ; the lower one, a short distance from the point of the tooth. The secretion, or venom, formed by the poison-glands, which are situated at the side of the head, is conveyed by small ducts into the upper openings in the fangs. Into these openings the poison is forced by a set of muscles, which tighten round the gland capsules, and in that way squeeze or compress the gland. The poison thus forced out of the glands finds its way first through the poison-ducts, next into the fangs, and from thence is injected into any wound made by them. The fangs are firmly united by osseous or bony union to the upper jawbones ; but these bones are readily movable, so that the fangs, when not in use, can be laid flat upon the gums, or, at the will of the serpent, be brought into a vertical position. The fangs are as sharp as needles, and in many of the more deadly varieties quite as fine ; no serpent has more than two of them in use at a time. The poison fangs are extremely liable to get broken off in the act of striking ; hence, there is always a pair immediately behind the others, ready to supply the deficiency ; these spare teeth, generally three or four on each side of the mouth, are partly hidden in the gums, the two nearest the fangs in

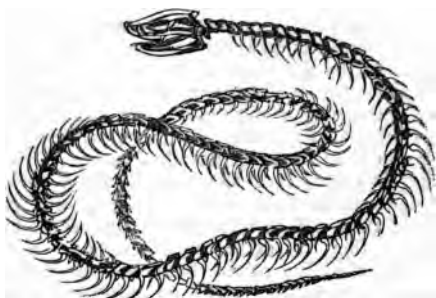
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use being the more developed. Even should no accident occur to damage the fangs, they are shed at stated intervals, and replaced by a new pair. The keepers at the London Zoological Gardens frequently find the shed fangs in cleaning out the cages in which the venomous serpents are confined.

All the non-venomous serpents are entirely destitute of fangs or glands for the secretion of poison, but they have salivary glands, which are very largely developed, so that, in the process of swallowing an animal, they smear it over with a lubricating fluid, which renders deglutition much more easy. A curious instance occurred not very long ago in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens of London, as illustrating the power serpents have of holding on to their prey with their hook-like teeth. Two serpents in the same cage fixed at the same time upon a small guinea-pig, the one at its head, the other at its tail; the serpent having possession of the head gradually swallowed the little animal, the other serpent all the time resolutely keeping his hold, until he too was sucked in with the guinea-pig, killed, and finally ejected from the throat of his comrade.

The general structure of the serpent family is (like every part of nature's handiwork) admirably fitted to their modes of existence.

They are true vertebrated or backboned animals; but the usual distinction of vertebræ of the neck, back, and loins does not hold in their case; all the bones being similar, and only diminishing in size towards the tail. The total want of feet implies the absence of a breast-bone and pelvis; so that a snake, from head to tail, is a mere succession of rib and backbone.



Skeleton of a Serpent.

The vertebræ are strongly built and numerous—those of the trunk sometimes amounting to three hundred, and those of the tail to more than half that number. They play freely upon each other by an admirable arrangement of a cup-and-ball joint; hence the litheness and agility of body peculiar to the order. Each vertebra has its own pair of ribs; and the large scales of the belly, by which locomotion is performed, always correspond to the ribs, which are their levers. The ribs, acted on by the muscles, put in motion the abdominal plates, and these maintain the impulses which are successively communicated to them. The speed of these animals depends in a great degree on the nature of the

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body over which they move : they proceed with difficulty over a polished surface, but escape with celerity on sandy ground, or on a surface covered with dry vegetation. Their speed, however, is never so rapid that a man cannot easily escape from them. The other movements which this peculiar structure of body enables these reptiles to perform are also perfect in their kind. They can roll themselves into a spiral form, with the head slightly elevated in the centre ; they can erect themselves almost perpendicularly, resting on the tail ; can raise themselves about one-third of their length ; suspend themselves from a tree ; or stretch in easy undulations along the ground. In water serpents, the tail, which is slightly flattened in a vertical direction, acts as an oar in propelling the body ; in tree-serpents, the same organ is capable of coiling itself around branches ; in burrowing-snakes, it is short and conical, so as to secure and direct the movements of the trunk, and perhaps to dig into the earth ; while in most of the land species, it is so formed as to support the weight of the body when the animal rears itself erect. Several species throw themselves on their prey with vigorous bounds, and seize it generally with the mouth ; others secure it by twisting the tail around it ; and the boas also embrace and crush it with the convolutions of their trunk.

To obey these various movements, the external covering is divided into numerous compartments or scales, which form so many jointings parallel to the parts they cover. The whole body is thus lithe and flexible, the naked space of skin between the scales being capable of extraordinary expansion and contraction. The scales are always symmetrically arranged ; those covering the head and belly being larger than those of the other parts. This epidermis or outer covering is cast off or sloughed at fixed periods—the old integument, which is as thin as silver-paper, being replaced by one of greater brilliancy. With reference to the coloured markings of the respective races, they are extremely diversified. Some have the body striped longitudinally ; others have it barred transversely ; many are irregularly speckled ; while as many are zigzagged and marbled. In general, there is a close analogy between the colours of snakes and the places which they inhabit—a circumstance wisely ordered by nature for their better protection from their numerous enemies.

The appendages of serpents, though few, are by no means uncommon. There are some species where the tail terminates in a simple conical scale, more or less pointed or hooked, while in others it is furnished with a *rattle*, often very large, although it is but a simple production of the epidermis. The male boas have a pair of hooks situated at the extremity of the abdomen, which are for sexual purposes ; and in other species, the frontal scale is turned up in the form of a hook or spur. The horned Cerastes, or 'Cleopatra's Asp,' has a singular appendage, of extreme flexibility, placed over each eye. Beyond these simple appendages, snakes are entirely naked ; the

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forked wings, tails, and barbs with which the ancients equipped them, being the invention of fable or imposture. Serpents have no external ear, and the internal organ is one of the simplest construction; which accounts for the fact, that they have the sense of hearing in a lower degree than any other class of reptiles. The same may be said of their sense of smell, which is by no means delicate. The eye of the serpent presents nothing remarkable, unless it be that it is covered by the exterior integument which envelops the whole body—the portion protecting the eye being of course transparent, but sloughing at intervals with the rest of the skin. The best informed naturalists reject altogether the stories told respecting the *fascination* of this organ; to which we shall return. Again, the tongue has none of those barbed and spear-like appendages with which fable has armed it. It is certainly divided into two slender filaments at its point, and is capable of being protruded with more or less velocity, but beyond this it is a mere organ of touch, and simply assists either in taste or in swallowing.

Serpents are oviparous (egg-producing) animals; the eggs of some being hatched internally (when they are said to be ovoviviparous), those of some almost immediately after they are dropped, and those of others requiring several weeks of incubation. They are of slow growth, and, like other reptiles, are said to be long-lived. Many travellers, and especially those of a remote age, speak of snakes of an enormous size, which they say they have encountered in their wanderings in intertropical countries; but naturalists discredit such statements, and affirm that the most gigantic rarely exceed thirty feet in length. In Europe, the largest known species attains, when full grown, a length of not more than six or eight feet.

Modern writers on serpents divide the Ophidians into five groups: *Burrowing-snakes*.—A subordinate group, which mainly live under ground. They are characterised by having stiff round bodies, short tails, narrow heads and mouths, feebly developed teeth, and extremely weak ventral scales; and in some species there are no ventral scales at all; and without an exception, the members of this group are non-venomous. *Ground-snakes*.—These pass their time upon the surface of the earth, and by far the greater number of snakes are included in this group. They have large well-developed ventral shields, fitting them for rapid progression. *Tree-snakes*.—Most tree-snakes pass their time almost exclusively on trees and in bushes, the trunks and branches of which they traverse with astonishing ease and rapidity. Many of the species have prehensile tails, and peculiarly arranged ventral shields. Most of them are beautifully coloured with different shades of green. *Fresh-water Snakes*.—The members of this group are distinguished by the peculiar position of the nostrils, which are placed on the upper part of the nose, the tail often tapering to a whip-like point. They swim and dive like eels, and are not as a rule poisonous. *Sea-snakes*.—The nostrils in

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this group are likewise placed on the upper part of the snout, but the tail is flattened. They live in the sea, and are mostly venomous.

As we have not space to point out in detail the peculiarities of the various species of serpents which together make up the five groups, it will better serve our purpose to consider them under three heads: Firstly, snakes that are not provided with poison-fangs, but which are nevertheless capable of inflicting very severe wounds, and are mostly spiteful and vicious; secondly, snakes which, although provided with poison-fangs, yet do not necessarily inflict a wound which is deadly; thirdly, those whose bite is of such a deadly nature that recovery under any form of treatment is hopeless.

NON-VENOMOUS, YET DANGEROUS, SNAKES.

We may select as types of what we include under the first head, the larger descriptions of snakes—such as the Guinea-snake; the West



Port Natal Python.

African Python, or Rock-snake; the South African Boa Constrictor, as well as the boas that are found in the southern parts of India and Ceylon; the Anaconda, from tropical America; and the Bull-snakes, which are common on both sides of the Rocky Mountains. All these snakes are by nature bold and vicious; and although they are unprovided with poison-fangs, nevertheless, the injury they are capable of inflicting with their sharp-pointed, recurved teeth is by no means of trifling moment. Wounds inflicted by these snakes are always difficult to heal, inasmuch as they are lacerated as well as punctured. Regarding the powers possessed by the formidable boa constrictors and anaconda, most exaggerated ideas are entertained; that they do occasionally destroy very large and powerful animals, there is no denying; but that tigers and buffaloes constitute their usual prey, is a statement not strictly true, although there exist several well-authenticated instances of men having been killed by these terrible reptiles. Happily, the appetite of these gigantic snakes bears no proportion to their means of gratifying it, as a full meal is succeeded by a state of torpor, which frequently lasts for a month or six weeks, or, during the cold season, even for a longer period. In killing its prey, the boa does not merely wreathe itself

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around the body, but places fold over fold, as if desirous of adding as much weight as possible to the muscular effort ; these folds are then gradually tightened, with such immense force as to crush the ribs and smaller bones, and thus not only to destroy the animal's life, but to bring its carcass into a state the most easy for its being swallowed. So soon as the carcass has been sufficiently crushed, the boa proceeds slowly and gradually to swallow it entire. In the German *Ephemerides*, we have an account of a combat between an enormous serpent and a buffalo, related by a person who assures us that he was himself a spectator. The serpent had for some time been waiting near the brink of a pool, in expectation of its prey, when a buffalo was the first that offered. Having darted upon the affrighted animal, it instantly began to wrap it round with its voluminous twistings ; and at every twist the bones of the buffalo were heard to crack. It was in vain that the poor animal struggled



and bellowed ; its enormous enemy entwined it too closely to get free ; till at length, all its bones being mashed to pieces, like those of a malefactor on the wheel, and the whole body reduced to one uniform mass, the serpent untwined its folds to swallow its prey at leisure. To prepare for this, and in order to make the body slip down the throat more glibly, it was seen to lick the whole body over, and thus cover it with its mucus. It then began to swallow it at that end that offered least resistance, while its length of body was dilated to receive its prey, and thus took in at once a morsel three times its own thickness.

As the boas and other large serpents are generally on the outlook for prey in the most frequented places, it sometimes happens that man becomes their victim. In the *Bombay Courier* of August 31, 1799, we have the following : 'A Malay proa was making for the port of Amboyna ; but the pilot, finding she could not enter it before dark, brought her to anchor for the night close under the island of Celebes. One of the crew went on shore in quest of betel-nuts in the woods, and on his return lay down, as it is supposed, to sleep on the beach. In the course of the night he was heard by his comrades to scream out for assistance. They immediately went on shore ; but it was too late, for an immense snake of this species had crushed

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him to death. The attention of the monster being entirely occupied by his prey, the people went boldly up to it, cut off its head, and took both it and the body of the man on board their boat. The snake had seized the poor fellow by the right wrist, where the marks of the fangs were very distinct; and the mangled corpse bore signs of being crushed by the monster's twisting itself round the neck, head, breast, and thigh. The length of the snake was about thirty feet; its thickness equal to that of a moderate-sized man; and on extending its jaws, they were found wide enough to admit at once a body of the size of a man's head.'

The following anecdote, related of one kept in the Tower of London, shews that a man is scarcely match for a very ordinary boa constrictor: 'Some years ago, when the keeper was offering a fowl to one of these serpents, the animal being almost blind from the approaching change of its skin, missing the fowl, seized upon the keeper's thumb instead, around which and its own head it instantaneously threw two coils, and then, as if surprised at the unexpected resistance, cast an additional fold round the keeper's neck, and fixed itself by its tail to one of the posts of the cage in such a manner as nearly to throttle him. His own exertions, however, aided by those of the under-keepers, at length disengaged him from his perilous situation; but so determined was the attack of the snake, that it could not be compelled to relinquish its hold until two of its teeth had been broken off and left in the thumb.'

There are several other innocuous serpents which attack their prey in the same manner as the boas, but none of these exceed twelve or sixteen feet in length, and of course are barely a match for a sheep or a goat.

There is on record an instance of one of the boas in the London Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, abstaining from food for the space of twenty-two months, and yet it exhibited no appearance of ill-health or wasting of substance. One of the finest boas the Zoological Society ever possessed was a female, which was brought from Ceylon, having been captured whilst in a torpid condition after a heavy feed. It rapidly improved in health and condition after its arrival at the Gardens, and eventually attained the length of nearly thirty feet, the body being about fifteen or perhaps more inches in circumference at its largest part. The keepers named her 'Bess.' But the lady was never to be trusted: she once struck at her keeper as he was sweeping out her cage, and with such violence as to knock him away from the opening, and had he not been quick in slamming to the cage-door, would doubtless have followed him. Poor Bess died, as some of our readers will probably recollect, from the effects of devouring her own blanket. The event happened at the time when Bess was changing her skin, and as all snakes are, whilst the process is going on, she was to some extent blind. Several live rabbits were placed in her cage, one of which she caught, crushed,

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and swallowed. The other rabbits were not to be so easily captured; they dodged her most effectually, her defective eyesight preventing any precision of aim. At last the infuriated snake, in striking wildly at a rabbit, missed as usual the little animal, but instead fastened upon the blanket in which she was usually wrapped. Winding her ponderous body round and round the woolly rug, she crushed and twisted until she was satisfied, and then commenced to gorge it, a feat she most effectually accomplished. With her stomach filled with blanket, a dinner not easily digested, she soon became torpid, and so remained for about a week or ten days, when she disgorged, not alone the blanket, but the rabbit she had swallowed just before. No food after this was taken for more than a month, and, to the astonishment of everybody, she coiled herself round in a kind of heap, and deposited about seventy eggs. Ill as she evidently felt, Bess nevertheless tried her best to hatch the eggs, but without avail; they all turned bad, and were eventually removed from under her; and for a time this remarkable lady was certainly the most popular character in the metropolis, for in no previous instance had a boa ever been known to lay eggs in confinement. Repeated notices appeared in the papers as to how Bess and her incubation were progressing. She never rallied after the gastronomic performance of bolting a blanket, but refused the most tempting food, grew more and more irritable and vicious, and at last died.

A great many boas are captured alive, and brought to England for sale, but the greater part of them die from a very peculiar kind of fungoid disease that affects the gums and roof of the mouth; this, however, may be sometimes cured by applying nitrate of silver.

Although it is never wise or safe, as a rule, to trust any of the larger serpents, still there are exceptions to this as to other general rules. Not long ago we were in a small room, on the floor of which six large boas were at large, writhing over one another like as many earth-worms. Any one of them could have crushed the life out of a man; but we were assured there was no danger; they allowed their mouths, one after the other, to be pulled open and inspected for the disease called 'canker,' without shewing the smallest sign of displeasure, or making any attempt to strike. This unusual placidity may be in a great measure accounted for by the fact that the snakes were in a semi-torpid state, from being kept at a low temperature. The same thing may be witnessed in travelling-caravans, where the showman twists the boa round his neck and places its mouth against his cheek. There are also one or two of the boas in the Zoological Gardens that are perfectly docile, and will come at the keeper's call to the door of the cage.

We may not quit this part of our subject without referring to that most dangerous python, the Anaconda (*Eunectes murinus*), native of tropical America. This terrible serpent has been often made to figure prominently in sensational tales as having the power

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of *fascinating* its victim. This power, said to be possessed by serpents, of holding their prey spell-bound by fixing their eyes on it, is purely imaginary. What has been popularly believed to be some effect or power that, for want of a better name, has been styled 'mesmeric,' is nothing more or less than the influence of intense fear. The terror manifests itself in animals by a general trembling and convulsive spasms. The sudden appearance of a venomous snake may, and sometimes does, render its victim for the moment paralysed, a condition in which it permits the snake to seize it without offering any resistance. The anaconda is of a rich brownish tint, with a double series of colours extending from the head to the tail; the sides are covered with round dots, white in the centre, but with blackish rings round. When coiled up, it resembles a piece of beautifully painted oil-cloth. Although non-venomous, it is terribly dreaded by the natives, who never venture to bathe or even approach water near which it is known to lurk. Its usual haunt is in the midst of tropical jungles, or close to swamps, lakes, or rivers. Animals which come to drink constitute its usual prey, although fish are said to be sometimes devoured by it. The monster lurks stealthily under cover of the water, and whilst the poor unsuspecting beast is drinking, the serpent strikes at its nose, and burying its recurved teeth firmly like grappling-hooks in the flesh, holds on like a bull-dog. Then flinging and writhing its lissom body round its victim, it crushes out its life, and breaks its bones into fragments. The anaconda sometimes adopts another system of capturing its prey, by suspending itself by its tail from the limb of a tree over the path or trail made by animals in going to drink, and then seizing its victim as it walks along, crushes and swallows it. It is said of anacondas that they usually, if not invariably, hunt in pairs. Waterton says as much; and many persons we conversed with about the habits of these reptiles whilst we were in the tropical parts of America, concurred in stating that when the male anaconda was seen, the female was certain to be close at hand.

The following adventure is narrated by the late Mr Waterton, in his *Wanderings* in Demerara and the adjacent parts of South America. 'I was sitting,' says he, 'with a Horace in my hand, when a negro and his little dog came down the hill in haste, and I was soon informed that a snake had been discovered; but it was a young one, called the bushmaster, a rare and poisonous snake. I instantly rose, and laying hold of the eight-foot lance which was close by me—"Well, then, Daddy," said I, "we'll go and have a look at the snake." I was barefoot, with an old hat, check-shirt, and trousers on, and a pair of braces to keep them up. The negro had his cutlass; and we ascended the hill; another negro, armed with a cutlass, joined us, judging from our pace that there was something to do. The little dog came along with us; and when

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we had got about half a mile in the forest, the negro stopped, and pointed to a fallen tree : all was still and silent. I told the negroes not to stir from the spot where they were, and keep the little dog in, and I would go and reconnoitre. I advanced up to the place slowly and cautiously. The snake was well concealed, but at last I made him out. It was a coulacanara, not poisonous, but large enough to have crushed any of us to death. On measuring him afterwards, he was something more than fourteen feet long. This species of snake is very rare, and much thicker, in proportion to his length, than any other snake in the forest. A coulacanara of fourteen feet in length is as thick as a common boa of twenty-four. After skinning this animal, I could easily get my head into its mouth, as the singular formation of the jaws admits of wonderful distention.

‘On ascertaining the size of the game we had to encounter, I retired slowly the way I came, and promised four dollars to the negro who had shewn it to me, and one to the other who had joined us. Aware that the day was on the decline, and that the approach of night would be detrimental to the dissection, a thought struck me that I could take him alive. I imagined, if I could strike him with the lance behind the head, and pin him to the ground, I might succeed in capturing him. When I told this to the negroes, they begged and entreated me to let them go for a gun, and bring more force, as they were sure the snake would kill some of us ; but I had been in search of a large serpent for years, and now having come up with one, it did not become me to turn soft. So, taking a cutlass from one of the negroes, and then ranging both the sable slaves behind me, I told them to follow me, and that I would cut them down if they offered to flee. I smiled as I said this ; but they shook their heads in silence, and seemed to have but a bad heart of it. When we came to the place, the serpent had not stirred ; but I could see nothing of his head, and I judged by the folds of his body that it must be at the farthest side of his den. A species of woodbine had formed a complete mantle over the branches of the fallen tree, almost impervious to the rain or the rays of the sun. Probably he had resorted to this sequestered place for a length of time, as it bore the marks of an ancient settlement. I now took my knife, determining to cut away the woodbine, and break the twigs in the gentlest manner possible, till I could get a view of his head. One negro stood guard close behind me with the lance, and near him the other with a cutlass. The cutlass which I had taken from the first negro was on the ground close by me, in case of need. After working in dead silence for a quarter of an hour, with one knee all the time on the ground, I had cleared away enough to see his head. It appeared coming out between the first and second coil of his body, and was flat on the ground. This was the very position I wished it to be in. I rose in silence, and retreated very slowly, making a sign to the negroes to do the same. We were at this time

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about twenty yards from the snake's den. I now ranged them behind me, and told him who stood next to me to lay hold of the lance the moment I struck the snake, and that the other must attend my movements. It now only remained to take their cutlasses from them; for I was sure if I did not do this, they would be tempted to strike the snake in time of danger, and thus for ever spoil his skin. On disarming them, if I might judge from their physiognomy, they seemed to consider it as a most intolerable act of tyranny in me. Probably nothing kept them from bolting but the consolation that I was to be between them and the snake. Indeed, my own heart, in spite of all I could do, beat quicker than usual; and I felt those sensations which one has on board a merchant-vessel in war-time, when the captain orders all hands on deck to prepare for action, while a strange vessel is approaching under suspicious colours.

'We went slowly on in silence, without moving our arms or heads, in order to prevent alarm as much as possible, lest the snake should glide off, or attack us in self-defence. I carried the lance perpendicularly before me, with the point about a foot from the ground. The snake had not moved; and on getting up to him, I struck him with the lance on the near side, just behind the neck, and pinned him to the ground. That moment, the negro next to me seized the weapon, and held it firm in its place, while I dashed head foremost into the den to grapple with the snake, and to get hold of his tail before he could do any mischief. On pinning him to the ground, he gave a tremendous loud hiss, and the little dog ran away, howling as he went. We had a sharp fray in the den, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for superiority. I called out to the second negro to throw himself upon me, as I found I was not heavy enough. He did so, and the additional weight was of great service. I had now got firm hold of his tail; and after a violent struggle or two, he gave in, finding himself overpowered. This was the moment to secure him. So, while the first negro continued to hold the lance firm to the ground, and the other was helping me, I contrived to unloose my braces, and with them tied up the snake's mouth. The snake, now finding himself in an unpleasant situation, tried to better himself, and set resolutely to work; but we overpowered him. We contrived to make him twist himself round the shaft of the lance, and then prepared to convey him out of the forest. I stood at his head, and held it firm under my arm, one negro supporting the belly, and the other the tail. In this order we began to move slowly towards home, and reached it after resting ten times; for the snake was too heavy for us to support him without stopping to recruit our strength. As we proceeded onwards, he fought hard for freedom, but it was all in vain. The day was now too far spent to think of dissecting him; so, after securing afresh his mouth, that he could not open it, he was forced into a large bag, and left to his fate till morning.'

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In the eastern parts of Minnesota, a very large snake is frequently met with—not venomous, as it is destitute of poison-fangs, but spiteful and vicious beyond almost any other non-venomous snake. To the trapper it is known as the ‘bull-snake;’ to the naturalist, as *Pituophis Sayi*. It frequently reaches from eleven to twelve feet in length; the ground colour is reddish yellow blotched with brown and black, the latter colour predominating near the head. A bull-snake has been known to fasten on the throat of a dog while hunting; and not before a cord with a noose was slipped round the snake’s neck, and hauled upon until strangulation took place, would it relinquish its hold. The bull-snake is extremely fond of water, and may very frequently be observed swimming about with its head raised above the surface in a stream or pool. It feeds on mice, lizards, quails, and the young chicks of the prairie-hen. A similar habit is common to the bull-snake as we have alluded to when speaking of the anaconda, that of hunting in couples: there are almost invariably two of them together or very near each other. Once we carried a large bull-snake alive to our camp, and fastened it up in an empty flour-cask, in order to observe its mode of feeding. To our surprise, on the following morning, a second bull-snake lay coiled up close to the cask in which the first was imprisoned. Whether number two had followed upon the scent of its captured comrade—and if so, it must have travelled at least six miles—or whether some bull-snake that lived in the immediate neighbourhood of the camp had been attracted by the scent of the one in the cask, must ever remain a mystery. Our impression, however, is, that the other had followed along our trail in quest of its companion, probably guided by the scent.

We could readily recite many such modern adventures, but our limits forbid, and we therefore finish our anecdotes of the non-venomous boas and pythons with the celebrated encounter which the Roman army, under Regulus, had with a gigantic serpent in North Africa. Valerius Maximus thus mentions it from Livy, in one of the lost books of whose History it was related more at large: ‘And since we are on the subject of uncommon phenomena, we may here mention the serpent so eloquently and accurately recorded by Livy; who says, that near the river Bagradas, in Africa, a snake was seen of so enormous a magnitude as to prevent the army of Atilius Regulus from the use of the river; and after snatching up several soldiers with his enormous mouth, and devouring them, and killing several more by striking and squeezing them with the spires of its tail, was at length destroyed by assailing it with all the force of military engines and showers of stones, after it had withstood the attack of their spears and darts; that it was regarded by the whole army as a more formidable enemy than even Carthage itself; and that the whole adjacent region being tainted with the pestilential effluvia proceeding from its remains, and the waters with its blood,

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the Roman army was obliged to remove its station. He also adds, that the skin of the monster, measuring 120 feet in length, was sent to Rome as a trophy.' Pliny and other later writers mention the existence of this trophy; but our own opinion is that this was a bit of the sensational writing of the period.

BRITISH SNAKES.

In Great Britain, the non-venomous snakes are represented by three species. The most familiar is the common Ringed Snake (*Coluber natrix*). It is found in all parts of England, selecting as its favourite haunts damp woods, grassy meadows, and weedy hedgerows, particularly if in the vicinity of water; and its food consists of mice, frogs, young birds, or any small quadrupeds that may chance to come in its way. From oft-repeated experiments, we feel sure that it is impossible, by any amount of provocation, to induce the ringed snake to strike or make any attempt to bite. When the breeding-time arrives, the snake lays its eggs in dung-heaps, hot-beds, or heaps of leaves and decaying vegetable matter, where they are hatched by the heat produced during the fermentation of the mass, aided, perhaps, by the heat of the sun. When winter sets in, the snakes retire into holes in hedges, under the roots of trees, or any other sheltered place secure against the effects of frost, where they become torpid, and undergo a state of quasi-hibernation, until the genial warmth of spring restores them again to an active condition. Numbers of them often seek the same hiding-place, and coil up together into a very mass of snakes.

The *Coronella lævis*, second in the category of non-venomous British snakes, has only a few years been added to our fauna. The first specimens were taken in Hampshire, near Ringwood, although the species had for a pretty long time been well known in Germany and France, but under the name *Austriaca*. Its size is about that of the ordinary ring-snake. How it is distinguished from the ring-snake, as well as the marks of distinction between both and the viper, will be noticed afterwards. The coronella is extremely spiteful, and strikes readily and viciously at the hand if touched or meddled with; and when it has fastened on the hand, holds on firmly. Its favourite haunts are dry, hot, sandy situations; and its food consists almost entirely of lizards, although it occasionally devours grasshoppers. Its great peculiarity, as separating it from the harmless ring-snake, and approximating to the poisonous viper, is, that it is ovoviviparous, or, in other words, the eggs are hatched inside the mother, and the young are produced alive, generally five or six at a birth. Mr Frank Buckland thus quaintly describes the advent of a brood of young coronellas in the *Field* newspaper for 1862: 'On Tuesday morning last, in her glass-house in the *Field* window, Mrs Coronella Lævis of six children. The young coronellas are

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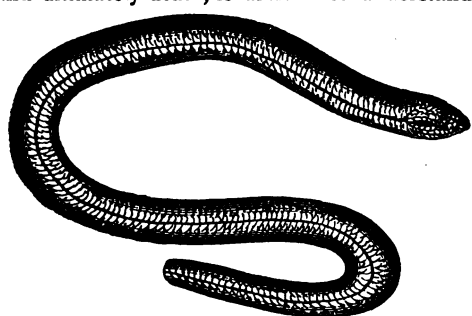
beautiful little things. They will not eat anything; meal, worms, bits of meat, gentles, and flies, I have tried; but they are very fond of water. Two or three have shed their skins, and their colours about the head especially are most beautiful. Folks may say what they please, but I am convinced they have some affection for their mother; they are never found far away from her, but always close to her somewhere about in the moss. I have more than once discovered mother and three babies coiled up snug together; and a very pretty family picture they make, basking in the bright morning sun.

The third upon the list is the Blind or 'Slow' Worm (*Anguis fragilis*), the smallest of our British snakes, and quite as harmless as the ringed snake. Why this gentle and useful little reptile should be branded as a murderer, and, whenever met with, subjected to the most cruel torture, and ultimately death, is difficult to understand.

In Wales it is called 'Neidr Ddefaid,' or sheep-snake, and is deemed extremely poisonous. There is also a stupid belief prevalent amongst the peasantry, that the 'deaf-adder' cannot die until the sun sets. It feeds principally upon earth-worms, slugs, and insects of any kind it can catch.

The movements of this reptile are so slow that it cannot get out of the way of danger, and thus it has been rashly and ignorantly assumed that it is either deaf or blind, or both. Hence the popular names of 'blind-worm' and 'deaf-adder.' It has eyes, nevertheless, and sharp ones too, although they are somewhat small; and its organs of hearing are as good as those of the lizards. It is, in fact, the most gentle and harmless of all created reptiles.

Although the Viper, or Adder, comes properly into our second section, under the head of poisonous snakes, yet we think it expedient to describe it here, inasmuch as it will the better enable our readers to understand the external differences or markings which distinguish the viper (the only indigenous reptile in England armed with poison-fangs) from the non-poisonous ring-snake and coronella. The viper seldom exceeds two and a half feet in length, is slender in make, with a bluntish tail. The illustration on page 2 shews how the fangs are erected when the viper is about to strike its victim. It is rather tardy in its movements, and man,

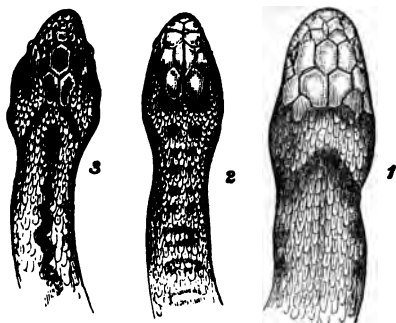


Blind-worm (*Anguis fragilis*).

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unless taken unawares, has little to fear from it, as he can readily make his escape. The female brings forth her young alive; in other words, the eggs, which generally number from ten to eighteen, are hatched internally. Vipers are easily taken or destroyed; we ourselves have been instrumental in the capture of a dozen or two, with no other instrument than a forked stick, by which the head of the reptile was pinioned to the ground, till it was secured beyond means of doing harm. With respect to its dangerous properties, Mr Bell remarks: 'In this country, I have never seen a case which terminated in death, nor have I been able to trace to an authentic source any of the numerous reports of such a termination. At the same time, the symptoms are frequently so threatening, that I cannot but conclude that in very hot weather, and when not only the reptile is in full activity and power, but the constitution of the victim in a state of great irritability and diminished power, a bite from the common viper would very probably prove fatal. The poisonous fluid is perfectly innocuous when swallowed. Dr Mead and others have made this experiment, and never experienced the slightest ill effects from it. It is, however, clear that there would be danger in swallowing it were any part of the mouth, the throat, or the œsophagus in a state of ulceration, or having an abraded surface.' The viper feeds principally upon field-mice, frogs, and young birds. It is most to be dreaded when partially blind, a condition it is in just prior to changing its skin; it then strikes savagely at anything or anybody that comes near it.

That our readers may be readily able to make out the differences



1. The Common Ringed Snake (*Coluber natrix*);
2. The Small-crowned Smooth Snake (*Coronella
lævis*); 3. The Common Viper or Adder (*Petias
berus*).

between the three species of indigenous snakes we have just described, and thus perhaps be saved from the danger that might accrue from handling or incautiously approaching a viper, mistaking it for the harmless ring-snake or coronella, we give an illustration and brief description of the heads of the three species.

1. The common ringed snake has a somewhat almond-shaped head, covered with broad plates or shields. It has invariably a yellow collar at the back of the head, the yellow colour

being made more apparent by a jet-black collar behind it. This black collar does not in every case extend right across the neck,

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but varies in different specimens. The eye is rather prominent, of a hazel colour. The prevailing colour of the back and sides is dusky brown. The centre line of the back is marked with a double row of small black spots, which extend from the head to the tail, and from these rows, lines made up of similar dots stripe the sides.

2. The head of *Coronella lævis*, it will be at once evident, is exceedingly small, compared with the other two; moreover, it is rounder, and more like the head of a lizard, and carried in a more erect position than the head of the ring-snake. The plating on the top of the head is very like that of the ring-snake, but the lateral plates differ from those of the viper. One marked peculiarity in the head of *Coronella lævis* is that it is beautifully iridescent, and of bronze green colour. There is but a very imperfect V-mark—not at all distinct, like the brand on the viper, being broken or imperfect at the sharp terminal angles, while that on the viper is complete. The general colour of the skin is brown; and it is remarkable for its almost polished smoothness, which gives the reptile its name, *lævis*. Two rows of dark spots run along the sides of the back, which at once distinguish it from the viper, with its zigzag marking. The belly is a brightish orange colour.

3. The head of the viper, it will be observed, is not shaped like the head of the snake: it is perfectly flat. The viper has no collar encircling the neck, but instead, the letter V distinctly marked on the back part of the head, as will be more plainly seen by reversing the illustration. It really would almost appear that nature had branded this, the only poisonous reptile inhabiting our land, so that people might the more easily recognise and avoid it, with V, the first letter in the name viper. Continuing from this V-marking, a diamond-shaped pattern of a dark colour extends along the whole line of the back. The general colour of the body is extremely variable, being influenced by local conditions.

VENOMOUS, BUT NOT NECESSARILY DEADLY, SERPENTS. TREATMENT OF WOUNDS.

We come now to the second part of our subject—the consideration of serpents whose bites, although a few of them are frightfully dangerous, do not necessarily in every instance cause death. In this category may be classed the Rattlesnake of America, the British Viper (already described), the Australian 'Tiger'-snake, and the Black Vipers of Asia Minor and Southern Europe.

In case of a person being bitten by a serpent, it is all-important, in the first place, to be able to say at once whether the bite is that of a snake with poison-fangs or not. As a general rule, if the bite is that of a poisonous snake, two solitary spots, made by the poison-fangs, mark the place of injury. If, on the other hand, two *rows* of pricks or punctures are discernible, then you may make pretty

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certain the wound is caused by a harmless snake. Having had a good deal of rough and ready practice, both in the Old and New World, in the treatment of snake-bites, particularly of rattlesnake bites, and as the same plan and principle of treatment more or less applies to all snake-bites, we shall perhaps best help to prepare our readers for treating a snake-bite in case of any sudden emergency, if we give our experiences of rattlesnake bites.

The rattlesnake of America is one of the most dangerous of its family, its bite, when properly inflicted, generally causing the death of the largest animal. It is totally unknown in the Old World, and



Rattlesnake.

is readily distinguished by its *rattle*, an instrument situated at the tail extremity, and consisting of several horny membranous cells, which rattle upon each other when agitated by the animal. The rattlesnake is of a tawny and black colour above, and ash-coloured beneath; has a short and rather rounded head; a large protecting scale over each eye, and long sharp-pointed fangs. It is slow

in its motions, inactive in its habits, and not readily disturbed—features which luckily tend to lessen the mischief which otherwise it would be capable of inflicting. The effects of the poison of course depend much upon the season of the year, the age and strength of the reptile, and the part struck; hence, numerous cases are on record of individuals recovering in a few weeks from the bite of a rattlesnake. It is also found by experiment, that if a venomous serpent be made repeatedly to inflict wounds, without allowing sufficiently long intervals for it to recover its powers, each successive bite becomes less and less dangerous. 'A gentleman of my acquaintance,' says the author of *British Reptiles*, 'had some years ago received a living rattlesnake from America. Intending to try the effects of its bite upon some rats, he introduced one of these animals into the cage with the serpent; it immediately struck the rat, which died in two minutes. Another rat was then placed in the cage; it ran to the part farthest from the serpent, uttering cries of distress. The snake did not immediately attack it; but after half an hour, and on being irritated, it struck the rat, which did not exhibit any symptoms of being poisoned for several minutes, and died twenty minutes after the bite. A third and remarkably large rat was then introduced. It exhibited no signs of terror at its dangerous companion, which, on its part, appeared to take no

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notice of the rat. After watching for the rest of the evening, my friend retired, leaving the serpent and the rat together. On rising early the next morning to ascertain the fate of his two heterogeneous prisoners, he found the snake dead, and the muscular part of its back eaten by the rat. I do not remember at what time of the year this circumstance took place, but I believe it was not during very hot weather.

We know of no place where rattlesnakes are found in greater numbers than on the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains. Coiled up upon the warm granite boulders, or stretched at full length upon the sand, under shadow of a wild sage bush, or basking upon the flower-decked bank of a pool or rivulet, rattlesnakes might be seen by the score on any bright and sunny day. We have often tried, but in vain, to so provoke a rattlesnake by poking it with a stick as to make it attack. All they ever did was to bite at the stick, try to escape from their tormentor, and hiss and rattle violently. The danger of being bitten nearly always arises from treading upon them, or touching them unawares with the hand. The 'rattle' is a most useful warning to the prairie hunter at night, when it would be utterly impossible to make out the whereabouts of a rattlesnake except by the noise of the rattle as the reptile winds its way amidst the rank herbage.

The first thing a trapper does, if alone, when he finds he has been bitten by a rattlesnake, is to tie a leather thong or piece of cord tightly round the wounded limb, a little distance above the punctures; thrust a piece of stick underneath the ligature, and heave it up like a capstan with all his might. If a comrade be near, of course he does it; the cord must be tightened until it nearly cuts into the flesh. The upper ligature securely fastened, a second is adjusted below the wound, and twisted up similarly to the one above. If the man's lips are free from chaps or abrasions, he or his companion sucks at the puncture with all his might for a few seconds, and then with his knife scoops out a little ring of flesh from each puncture. The next proceeding is to shake some gunpowder upon the wounds, and to rub it in with considerable force, and, lastly, to pile up a good-sized heap of gunpowder upon the part hurt between the two thongs, and to touch it off with a light. Of course, this severely burns all the tissues, and completely blisters a large surface of skin. So far, the external treatment is accomplished, except that of opening the bladders produced by the gunpowder.

The bitten man has now to swallow copious doses of raw whisky, and *keep moving*; on no condition must he remain still, even though he should have to be rolled down a steep incline, as a last alternative. If once torpor and sleep come on, the end is nearly sure to be fatal. It is perfectly astounding the quantity of whisky or other powerful stimulant a person under the influence of snake-poison can drink, and yet feel no symptom of intoxication. As a

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general rule, in about thirteen or fourteen hours after the treatment described has been adopted, the bad symptoms abate; but should the least sign of torpor shew itself, more moving and more stimulant must be resorted to. The patient soon recovers after the wounds begin to heal, although very frequently nasty boils break out all over him. This remedy is one also adopted by the Red Men, who employ, in the absence of gunpowder, a brand made of burning pitch-pine; and a drink made from herbs in lieu of whisky. We feel certain that what chiefly conduces towards the success of this treatment is great promptness of action in applying the remedies, aided by the patient's having a vigorous and healthy constitution. We have little or no trust in the application of any system of cauterisation short of actual fire; it is better by far than the strongest ammonia or lunar caustic. A writer in *Tinsley's Magazine* gives a signal proof of this. The brother of the writer, an eminent clergyman in South Australia, was bitten in the wrist by the brown snake, said to be most deadly. An experienced bushman happening fortunately to be staying at the station near which the accident happened, immediately adopted the remedies we have just described, and with signal success; whereas one of the policemen resident at the same station died from the bite of a brown snake; but in his case a good hour had elapsed before he could reach his comrades to obtain the requisite help, and then it was impossible to keep him from falling into the fatal torpor—sure precursor of death.

The injection of ammonia into the veins near the wound, as practised by Dr Halford, has been much discussed lately as a remedy for snake-bites; and several cases have been reported from South Australia, where the bites of serpents hitherto considered deadly were said to be successfully treated in this way—repeated doses of sal-volatile mixed with strong spirit being at the same time administered internally. Now there is nothing novel in the administration of ammonia internally as an antidote to snake-poison; and if a skilled surgeon be at hand, and can at once inject ammonia into the veins, it may, from all accounts, prove a successful mode of treatment. But as instantaneous application is essential, and as few, if any, but a medical man could perform the operation, it is evident that the cases where the injection cure could be brought to bear must be rare. The case of the keeper at the London Zoological Gardens is a melancholy example of the deadly effect of the cobra's bite: although the man was in the very lap of learning, and everything was done that could be done, nevertheless he died within an hour after being driven to the University College Hospital, and ninety minutes after being bitten.

Dr Fayren has tried in India a long series of most interesting experiments, in the humane endeavour to discover an antidote to the bite of the terrible cobra; but, so far as we can learn, without success. A sheep was placed so that a cobra might strike it, and

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it died in half an hour ; a second sheep was taken, and some of the blood of the sheep killed by the cobra was injected into its veins ; the poison proved equally fatal, although its action was less rapid. Mr Frank Buckland himself told us that he felt the effects of the poison of the cobra coming over him, in the shape of stupor and dizziness. The skin had been slightly separated from the nail of one of his fingers whilst dissecting a rat that had died from the cobra's bite : being a medical man, he went at once and swallowed large doses of sal-volatile, which soon relieved him. A horse bitten by a cobra survived it only seventy-five minutes.

It is always well to know what is the best mode of proceeding in any sudden emergency ; and as it may very possibly happen that a viper bite may be inflicted on a person distant from medical help, it will not be out of place to give a few succinct directions as to what had best be done at once. We have already endeavoured to shew that the success of any remedial measures, in case of deadly snake bites, depends upon prompt action, with a sound constitution in the patient. If away from a surgeon, immediately suck the wound, or get some one else to do it, and, if oil is procurable, fill the mouth with it whilst sucking. The application of a cupping-glass is of great value if it can be obtained. Tie a ligature very tightly above the wound, and, after the sucking, apply ammonia to the bites, and give the patient large doses of sal-volatile, say a tea-spoonful in a wine-glassful of water every five minutes. Brandy and champagne may be also administered with advantage, and by all means prevent the patient from falling asleep until the acute symptoms are passed. A powerful purgative had better be administered as soon as the sufferer has sufficiently rallied to take it. These measures, if resorted to with promptness, will, as a rule, prove successful in the cure of bites from our common British viper. The application of nitrate of silver in the after-treatment of the wound may be tried with advantage.

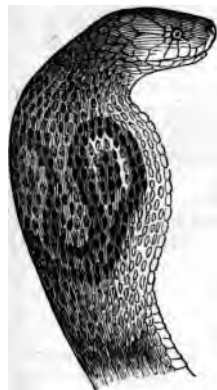
It is a curious fact that one poisonous serpent does not appear to be able to injure another of like nature, and yet if a venomous snake bite a non-venomous one, it always, or nearly so, proves as fatal as it would to a guinea-pig or a rabbit. Snake-poison is perfectly innocuous if swallowed even by man, so long as there is no abraded spot upon the lips, or in the mouth or œsophagus ; the poison must get directly into the blood to produce its deadly effect. Still, it is an experiment no one, we should think, would be rash enough to try. It has been lately stated that snakes, both non-venomous and venomous, are rapidly killed by introducing a small quantity of carbolic acid into their mouths, and that if the wood-work of houses be smeared over with the acid, snakes will never come into them—an experiment well worth trying in hot countries where these death-dealers are so plentiful.

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INVARIABLY DEADLY SERPENTS.

We have lastly to refer to the serpents whose bites are invariably fatal, and, so far as we at present know, are beyond the power of man to cure.

The Cobras (*Naja*) are well and widely known, alike from the deadly nature of their bite, and the remarkable hood on the nape of the neck. The one from Southern Asia (*Naja tripudians*) grows to the length of about five feet, and has been the subject of enough fabulous stories to fill a large volume. Strict Hindus object to kill a cobra, but coax it into an earthen pot, and carry it to the opposite bank of the stream, to be set at liberty. When resting, the cobra's neck is no bigger than the diameter of the head; but under the influence of passion, the neck dilates, while at the same time the reptile raises the front part of its body vertically, making himself as stiff as a rod of steel.—The Egyptian Cobra (*Naja haje*) is even



Head of Cobra: *a*, under side of jaw.

more spiteful and vicious than his brother from Asia. These serpents constantly destroy themselves in the Zoological Gardens by striking savagely at the glass, if any one looks in at them. Their bite is always fatal. We have seen the Egyptian cobra, or haje, glide from under a bush as noiselessly as a shadow, and, with no apparent touch, strike a wounded quail we may almost say dead. They never seem to spare anything they have a chance of killing. An enraged cobra is the very embodiment of everything devilish and deadly. By some persons, this cobra is supposed to represent the asp used by Cleopatra; our own opinion is, how-

ever, that the asp has its representative in the horned cerastes.—In Martinique and Santa Lucia, we have the terrible *Fer de lance*. Its venom is certainly fatal, though not immediately so; animals have been known to survive the bite of this snake from three to thirteen hours. The negroes often get bitten by it whilst working among the sugar-canes; the bite is rapidly followed by swelling, then the body becomes icy cold, the respiration grows low, insensibility supervenes, with acute paralysis, followed by an agonising death.

The White Lady, or *la dama blanca*, is terribly dreaded by settlers and the natives of Central America; fortunately, its extremely active habits enabling it to bolt through the reeds or under brush like a

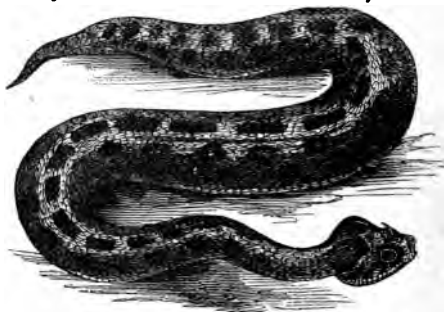
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gleam of silvery light, greatly lessen the chances of getting bitten by it. Its habit is to frequent the river-banks, and it is sometimes seen swimming with its head raised above the water; but the least noise alarms it, when it betakes itself to the reeds or long grass. Stupor is said to come on in about fifteen minutes after the bite is inflicted, death following immediately.

The bite of the *Colebra de Sangre* causes the blood to exude in a deadly kind of sweat from the pores of the skin, and a person has been rarely, if ever, known to survive its bite over twenty minutes. It is found in tropical America, and is seldom more than eighteen inches in length, but of a uniform crimson colour; hence its ghastly name, 'blood-snake.'

The beautiful *Corale*, or Coral-snake, also found in Central America, does not often exceed three feet in length; and yet its bite kills to a fearful certainty in half an hour at the most, and in this case, the blood coagulates or solidifies. Though deadly, it is an extremely beautiful snake; rings of three colours surround its body—black, white, and red. We find the following story of its fatal power in *Belgravia*.

The writer says: 'The coral-snake is greatly dreaded in Central America, and the deaths it causes in those regions are probably equal in number to the deaths caused by cobras in India, and which, as far as can be estimated in such a country, are supposed to amount to several hundreds in the year. I personally know the particulars only in one case of death from the bite of a coral-snake, and this occurred in Southern Demerara. The victim was a M. Flament, a wealthy planter. His wife had been dangerously ill, and been visited daily by two physicians. While out late in the afternoon, strolling with his little daughter near the house, he was told by a servant that the doctors had come. He immediately hurried home by the shortest way, crossing a wide patch of grass. When nearly through this, and close to his own door, he was bitten by a small coral-snake, on which he trod while the reptile was vainly attempting to wriggle away. He rushed into his house, where the physicians were, and with trembling lips—for he knew his danger—told them hastily what had befallen him. Yet, though he had the benefit of their best advice and assistance



Horned Cerastes.

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within a minute after he was bitten, nothing served to check the fatal action of the poison, and he died in three-quarters of an hour. The shock of this terrible calamity was fatal also to Madame Flament, who died the following evening.'

The horned cerastes, or asp, common in Egypt; the river jack and puff-adder, as well as the many deadly snakes common to Australia, all illustrate the family from whose bite there is no result but inevitable death. So far, human skill has proved of no avail to cure a patient fairly bitten by these deadly serpents. What may be accomplished, no one can predict.

TAMING AND CHARMING OF SERPENTS.

Several of the non-venomous species of serpents are capable of being domesticated, and may be made to distinguish those who feed and caress them. We shall now recount several instances of this. 'I had,' says the author of *British Reptiles*, 'a common snake, many years since, which knew me from all other persons; and when let out of his box, would immediately come to me, and crawl under the sleeve of my coat, where he was fond of lying perfectly still, and enjoying the warmth. He was accustomed to come to my hand for a draught of milk every morning at breakfast, which he always did of his own accord; but he would flee from strangers, and hiss if they meddled with him.' Mr White, in his *Natural History of Selborne*, states that he knew a gentleman who had one in his house quite tame. Though this was usually as sweet in its person as any other animal, yet, whenever a stranger, or a dog or cat entered, it would begin to hiss, and soon filled the room with an effluvium so nauseous as to render it almost insupportable. 'An intimate friend of mine,' says Mr Sheppard, 'had a common snake in his rooms at Cambridge, which became so familiar as to lie in a serpentine form on the upper bar of his chair. It would crawl through his fingers if held at a little distance before its head, or lie at full length upon his table, while he was writing or reading, for an hour or more at a time. When first brought into the room, it used to hiss and dart out its tongue; but in no instance emitted any unpleasant odour. It was in all its actions remarkably cleanly. Sometimes it was indulged with a run upon the grass in the court of the college; and sometimes with a swim in a large basin of water, which it seemed to enjoy very much.' In the *Dictionnaire d'Histoire Naturelle*, there is related an instance of a snake which had been so completely tamed by a lady as to come to her whenever she called it, to follow her in her walks, writhe itself round her arms, and sleep in her bosom. One day, when she went in a boat to some distance up a large river, she threw the snake into the water, imagining that its fidelity would lead it to follow her, and that, by swimming, it would readily overtake the boat. The poor animal exerted all its efforts; but the current

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proving at that juncture unusually strong, owing to the advance of the tide, in spite of all its struggling it was borne down the stream, and was unfortunately drowned. We have ourselves known the common ringed snake of our heaths so tamed by a herd-boy as to coil and uncoil itself at his desire, to follow even in the fields for a short distance, and to retreat to the box in which it was usually kept, on his giving a peculiar signal. This specimen was the largest of its kind we have ever seen, being more than two and a half feet in length. It lived for several summers, and died, we believe, from being over-fed, and not being allowed the necessary duration of torpidity during winter. The boas of our zoological gardens and travelling menageries might also be instanced as evidences of the degree of tameness to which serpents may be brought by kind and gentle treatment. It is true that the boas exhibited are more frequently dull and lethargic than lively and tractable, but this is owing to the coldness of our climate, in which they could not exist, were it not for the artificial temperature which is always kept up around them.

Even the most venomous serpents, it would seem, are capable of being tamed, if once deprived of their fangs. Hector St John says that he once saw a rattlesnake in America as gentle as it is possible to conceive a reptile to be. It went to the water and swam whenever it pleased; and when the boys to whom it belonged called it back, their summons was readily obeyed. It had been deprived of its fangs. They often stroked it with a soft brush; and this friction seemed to cause the most pleasing sensations, for it would turn on its back to enjoy it, as a cat does before the fire. In India, the hooded snake is carried about in a basket, to be publicly exhibited as a show, being first deprived of its fangs, to secure the men from the danger of its bite. At the sound of a flageolet, it is taught to assume a kind of dancing attitude and motions, which it continues as long as its master continues his music. According to Catesby, the black snake is found to be extremely useful in America in clearing houses of rats, which it pursues with wonderful agility, even to the very roofs of barns and outhouses; for which good services it is cherished by the generality of the Americans, who are at great pains to preserve and multiply the breed. All the mischief this species does is to the farmers' wives, in skimming the milk-pans of the cream, and robbing the hen-roosts of their eggs. It is not uncommon to find it coiled up in a nest under a sitting-hen. It has even been seen taking milk out of the same dish with children, without biting them, though they often gave it blows with their spoons upon the head, when it was too greedy.

Seeing that many of the serpent family, whether venomous or non-venomous, are tamable to a certain degree, we shall be better prepared to comprehend the so-called 'art of charming,' about which so much has been said and gainsaid in almost every country. 23

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art is peculiar to the East, having been practised in India, Syria, and Egypt, by a race of half-mendicant vagrants from time immemorial. To charm a serpent is, in other words, to possess some mysterious power over the reptile, by which it may be called forth at pleasure, be made to submit to any experiment, and, if venomous, to forego its noxious nature, and become mild and tractable. More than this, the charmer professes to be proof against the fangs of the most venomous, without having recourse to any medicine, and merely by the potency of the spell he possesses. Such a power is utterly denied by the majority of naturalists, who believe that the so-called charmers act only upon tamed serpents, or upon such as have their fangs extracted; on the other hand, some less sceptical entertain the modified belief, that while the charmers may thus often impose upon the public, they sometimes perform very wonderful feats, partly through hardihood, and partly from their superior skill in handling the reptiles so as not to irritate them. Be this as it may, some of their performances are certainly very curious and entertaining.

Having heard, while in Egypt, wonderful accounts of the feats of these professional snake-charmers, we were anxious to test what truth there is in them. We may state that the profession—for so it may be called—is divided into two classes, the Riffārey, or snake-charmers proper, and Sa-adee, who do not ‘charm,’ but only shew their powers by devouring living reptiles, and obtain a livelihood by travelling about the country, for the purpose of coaxing or charming snakes from out the houses. If it is discovered, or only imagined, that a snake has taken up its quarters in a dwelling-house, whether of the rich or the poor, a ‘serpent-charmer’ is immediately sent for; and if successful in coaxing out the unwelcome intruder, he is rewarded; if good luck does not attend his charming, he gets no remuneration.

One of our friends, Mr Foster, who resided at Shoobra, about four miles out of Cairo, and from whom we received a great deal of information concerning these serpent-charmers, most kindly volunteered to send to the head ‘sheik’ (we believe the word strictly means in Arabic, ‘old man’), and make arrangements with him to meet us at Shoobra, so that we might have an opportunity to judge for ourselves. Everything was satisfactorily arranged, and we had the good fortune to meet the head snake-charmer (as he is said to be in Cairo), together with two of his suite. He had a large leathern bag suspended round his neck by an embroidered strap, and into this cavernous receptacle, when we turned towards him, he thrust his hand, and in a few seconds drew forth a writhing snake. He held it very cautiously, and when we attempted to take it, drew back, making signs that it was dangerous to touch it; and then one of his inferiors, styled Serpent Jack, chimed in, and pointed out to us that it had poison-fangs.

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Knowing this to be untrue, and that it was a perfectly harmless snake, we insisted on having it given to us, when we opened its mouth, and demonstrated that it had no poison-fangs. Soon a second snake was produced from the bag, which was much more cautiously dealt with than the first; this was a very light gray coloured snake, and had just over each eye a horn. The snake, as the charmer held it, appeared so much like the horned viper or cerastes, commonly called Cleopatra's asp, that at first we imagined it to be really one of these most poisonous and deadly reptiles. But luckily we had, only a week before, caught a horned viper, and studied it minutely; and on looking more closely at the reptile, now in the hands of the charmer, we saw that the head was narrower, and not so flat as that of the asp. We wanted to examine the snake in our own hand, but the charmer objected, saying, in Arabic, that it would bite and kill us; nevertheless, we persevered, and at last took the serpent from him. Once having possession, we examined it minutely, and found *the horns were artificial*, and the snake merely a common non-poisonous variety. The artificial horns were most ingeniously managed, and would, we venture to say, deceive any one as to their being fictitious, unless a very close scrutiny was instituted. We at once exposed the deception, and opened the snake's mouth, to prove to the charmer that it had no poison-fangs.

The next performance was to be the display of the man's power as a serpent-charmer, and here let me state that he did not select his own localities in which to search for snakes, but they were chosen for him, and he simply went whithersoever he was directed. Being quite determined that he should not have an opportunity of concealing snakes about him, we had him stripped naked even to his head-gear and slippers, and we are positive he had no snake in his possession when he commenced work. First of all, he tried the hedge on one side of the garden, and his mode of proceeding was somewhat as follows. Walking up and down, and striking the bushes with his cane, he kept repeating in a loud tone in Arabic (so translated to us): 'I adjure you, by the great God, if ye be above, or if ye be below, or wherever ye may be, to come forth. You are only a snake, and God is greater than all snakes—obey this call, and come forth;' and very much more to the same effect. However, he soon said there were no snakes at this place. Next, he was taken to a small enclosure made for keeping fowls, quite on the other side of the garden. Various things were scattered about inside this tiny bamboo kind of house, amongst which were several logs of wood; no fowls had been there for some time. We kept close to the charmer, and entered the fowl-house together, we looking carefully upon the ground, but seeing nothing in the shape of a snake. The charmer again began his incantation, and rapped about with the cane as before. It might have been a minute, certainly not longer, after he commenced, when, to our astonishment, we saw a snake

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wriggling itself from underneath one of the logs ; and stooping, the charmer took the snake by the tail, and held it aloft in triumph. Of course the attendants and the charmer's companions ran off, pretending the snake was venomous and vicious ; but seeing us take it in our hand and open its mouth, they readily came back. This snake was a common Egyptian species, but we do not know its name. After it was consigned to the bag, which was strictly guarded by an attendant, the next place decided on for a search was the stable. The door was unlocked, but the charmer said he did not think it likely any snakes would be found there, as they objected to the smell ; at anyrate, he again commenced, and we kept close beside him as before. There was a small room adjoining the stable, littered with straw, and roofed with a kind of bamboo thatch. Hardly had we entered this inner apartment, than out crawled a second snake from a crevice in the wall. It turned out to be a non-poisonous species, but a different species to the one previously caught : although Serpent Jack asserted to the contrary, and said if they did not then and there make us a sheik, we should surely be killed. We saw his motive : if we were made a charmer, then they could say the gift or power bestowed on us was the reason why the snakes did not bite or harm us. Seeing no objection to his proposal, we thought we would comply. We still had snake number two in our hand ; and as we were to be made invulnerable to snake-poison, the charmers thought it wise to try if we had courage to support our opinion by actual proof, in order to shew the snake was harmless, before bestowing on us a charmed life. 'Will you let the snake bite you, now that you are not a sheik?' said Jack tauntingly. We handed him the snake, and said : 'Yes ; we are not afraid.' Then he opened the snake's mouth, and it immediately fastened on our hand. As the reptile's teeth went deeply into the fleshy part of our hand, it was rather sharp practice to bear it without wincing, still we would rather have died, we believe, than exhibit any symptom of fear, or shew that we flinched from the pain. Nevertheless, we bore it ; and, with the dangling and twisting snake fixed to our hand, we were made to repeat something in Arabic, word for word, as dictated by the charmer ; and what we may have committed ourselves to, in our ignorance of what we were saying, we shall probably never know. The incantation finished, the snake was, so to speak, choked off our hand, and the blood flowed freely from the punctures made by the teeth. Next, the charmer spat upon the bleeding place three times, saying something in Arabic ; and after each prayer, or whatever it was, rubbed the wound with his hand. We were now pronounced a grand sheik ; but not, as we were informed, a serpent-charmer of any very great power. It was boldly asserted by the charmer that had we been bitten under ordinary circumstances, and had we not been made a sheik, it would have gone hard with us, even if we had not died outright. We certainly accomplished our purpose, which

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was to shew these worthies we were fully prepared to support by test the harmless nature of the snakes.

We are quite ready to admit that we are sorely puzzled about this so-called snake-charming. That we were somehow deceived, we feel sure, yet cannot for the life of us tell how. As the charmers were at Mr Foster's some time prior to our arrival, we were at first disposed to think the snakes had been placed in the situations where we saw them taken. But Mr Foster positively assured us that the men could not by any possibility have gained access to either of the localities where the snakes were discovered. Again, the charmers did not go where they willed, but simply searched where they were directed. We have sometimes thought it probable the Arab might have had about his stick or his person some strong odour attractive to snakes; if so, and we are rather inclined to this opinion, it was imperceptible to our olfactory organs.

Most persons with whom we have conversed in Egypt believe the snake-charmers have power to compel snakes to quit their hiding-places. We were talking with an Englishman of education and position a short time ago about snake-charming. He has been about eleven years resident in Egypt, and he tells us that he quite believes in the power of snake-charmers, and related an instance of their power which he witnessed; it was as follows. A small steam-vessel, employed for transport up and down the Nile, became so infested with snakes that the sailors and stokers refused to work in her. The reptiles were lodged in the coal-bunkers, in the hold, in the cabin, and, indeed, no place in the ship was free from them. A pasha, to whom she belonged, sent for the snake-charmers. Four of them came; and they were placed on the steamer's deck, stripped naked, and told if they cleared the steamer of all the snakes, they should be amply rewarded; if they failed to do so, they would be considered impostors, and handed over to the tender mercies of the kaidee. They were eminently successful. How many snakes they brought out of the steamer, I am unable to state—at anyrate, a goodly number; and from that time the steamer has been free from snakes.

We often used to watch the snake-charmers performing in the bazaar at Cairo with the hooded snake (*Naja haje*). One provokes the snake by flapping its face with a rag, torturing it with a stick, and generally worrying it until he provokes it to raise its hood and erect its body; then holding out his hand, he permits the snake to strike at it: immediately the rascal goes through some form of incantation, rubs his hand with a charm, and the wondering crowd throw in the coveted 'backshish.' Another, during this performance, keeps up a perpetual droning kind of music, produced from a kind of rude reed instrument, also now and then rattling a tambourine. They also cause the snake to become as stiff and rigid as an iron bar by somehow pressing on the nape of its neck; a good

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shaking, however, soon brings it round again. We determined to obtain one of the hooded snakes whilst the 'charmers' were actually using it, feeling certain that the reptile was rendered harmless. Gold did it. We seized the snake there and then, and bore him away in triumph. We found, on examining the wretched animal, that its fangs had been first of all extracted, and its mouth afterwards cleverly and neatly stitched together. We have this cobra now in a bottle of spirits. Here was another case of gross imposition bowled out and exposed.

Casaubon says that he knew a man who could at any time summon a hundred serpents together, and draw them into the fire. Upon a certain occasion, when one of them, larger than the rest, would not be brought in, he only repeated his charm, and it came forward, like the others, to submit to the flames. Philostratus describes particularly how the Indians charm serpents. 'They take a scarlet robe, embroidered with golden letters, and spread it before a serpent's hole. The golden letters have a fascinating power, and, by looking steadfastly, the serpent's eyes are overcome and laid asleep.' In India, as in Egypt, snake-charming is still extensively practised by a class of itinerants, who live by it as a profession. A large portion of the community, Europeans as well as natives, believe that these charmers have strange powers over the snake-tribe.

'In Madras, however,' says a correspondent, 'while I was there, this belief received a sad shock by a circumstance which occurred. One of the most noted serpent-charmers about the district chanced one morning to get hold of a cobra of considerable size, which he got conveyed to his home. He was occupied abroad all day, and had not time to get the dangerous fang extracted from the serpent's mouth. This at least is the probable solution of the matter. In the evening, he returned to his dwelling, considerably excited with liquor, and began to exhibit tricks with his snakes to various persons who were around him at the time. The newly-caught cobra was brought out with the others, and the man, spirit-valiant, commenced to handle the stranger like the rest. But the cobra darted at his chin, and bit it, making two marks like pin-points. The poor juggler was sobered in an instant. "I am a dead man," he exclaimed. The prospect of immediate death made the maintenance of his professional mysticism a thing of no moment. "Let the creature alone," said he to those about him, who would have killed the cobra; "it may be of service to others of my trade. To me it can be of no more use. Nothing can save me." His professional knowledge was but too accurate. In two hours he was a corpse! I saw him a short time after he died. His friends and brother-jugglers had gathered around him, and had him placed on a chair in a sitting position. Seeing the detriment likely to result to their trade and interests from such a notion, they vehemently asserted that it was

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not the envenomed bite which had killed him. "No, no; he only forgot one little word—one small portion of the charm." In fact, they declared that he was not dead at all, but only in a sort of swoon, from which, according to the rules of the cabalistic art, he would recover in seven days. But the officers of the barracks, close to which the deceased had lived, interfered in the matter. They put a guard of one or two men on the house, declaring that they would allow the body to remain unburied for seven days, but would not permit any trickery. Of course the poor serpent-charmer never came to life again. His death and the manner of it gave a severe blow, as has been already hinted, to the art and practice of snake-charming in Madras.

The American Indians pretend to the same secret power, as do also the Arabs and many of the wild African tribes. In Egypt and Nubia, its exhibition is of daily occurrence, and Bruce, who often witnessed these performances, affirms that there can be no doubt of its reality.

We have given our own experience of the ease with which persons may be deceived by a little dexterity on the part of charmers. Had we not taken the imitation cerastes in our own hands, we should never have discovered the deception we have previously described.

Notwithstanding the aversion with which serpents are viewed both by man and the lower animals, they are abundantly used by the latter, and occasionally by the former, as food, whilst in many countries they are held as valuable in *materia medica*. Thus, the wild hog, hedgehog, ichneumon, buzzard, &c. prey upon them where they can be obtained, apparently regardless whether the species be venomous or non-venomous. The ibis was held sacred by the Egyptians for its real or supposed services in destroying offensive and poisonous reptiles, and its body was embalmed, and deposited in the catacombs along with the other objects of their veneration. The ibis is a wader, or stilt-bird, and its bill is certainly not well adapted for the destruction of large serpents; but as the young both of water and land reptiles must have abounded in the plain of the Nile, the bird may have performed the more efficient service of ridding the country of these pests before they reached a state of dangerous maturity. The ichneumon, another inhabitant of Egypt, has scarcely been less celebrated than the ibis for its services in destroying serpents, lizards, and crocodiles. Though too timid and weak for the successful attack of these animals in their adult state, it is nevertheless one of the main checks to their increase, as it is continually on the search for their eggs and young, upon which it preys with avidity. Stories are sometimes told by travellers of encounters between the ichneumon and serpents, in which the former, though frequently bitten, is always ultimately successful, as it instinctively seeks the remedy of some herb as soon as it feels the effect of the poison.

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But it is not alone the lower animals that feast on the serpent race. According to Hector St John, the American Indians often regale on the rattlesnake. When they find one asleep, they thrust a forked stick over its neck, which they keep immovably fixed to the ground, giving the snake a piece of leather to bite; and this they pull back several times with great force, until they observe that the poisonous fangs are torn out. They then cut off the head, skin the body, and cook it as we do eels; and the flesh is said to be extremely white and good. The Doko, a wild pigmy race inhabiting Southern Abyssinia, destroy numbers of serpents which inhabit the bamboo jungles of their country; cook and eat them, esteeming them a very savory morsel. In Stedman's account of Surinam, the natives are described as partial to the flesh of the boa—the oil or fat of which they also employ for medicinal purposes. The flesh of the common viper was formerly of high esteem in Europe as a remedy for various diseases, but particularly as a restorative. It has now, however, lost much of its ancient credit, and is very rarely prescribed by modern practitioners. Dr Mead cites from Pliny, Galen, and other ancients, several proofs of its efficacy in the cure of ulcers, elephantiasis, and other complaints; and affirms that he himself has seen good effects from it in obstinate leprosy. The ancients prescribed it boiled, and to be eaten like fish; for when fresh, the medicine was much more likely to take effect than when dried, and given in the form of a powder. Mr Keysler relates that Sir K. Digby used to feed his wife, who was a most beautiful woman, with capons fattened with the flesh of vipers.

In conclusion, we would observe that the utility of serpents in the scheme of creation may be somewhat puzzling to those who take a narrow view of external relations, and look upon everything as destined merely to subserve the purposes of man. To such, however, as extend their views beyond this selfish limit, the serpent family will appear quite as necessary to the general harmony, as the most innocent and most directly serviceable of the lower animals. Even though the enlightened and diligent might fail to detect a single useful property in these animals, analogy would warrant the conclusion that nothing has been made in vain; and our general ignorance of creative design should teach us caution in pronouncing upon the intentions of Him of whom we are the handiworks. As it is, we see the serpent tribe accomplishing certain purposes steadily and harmoniously. They keep in check slugs, worms, insects, smaller reptiles, and such-like fast-breeding beasts, and, in turn, become the food of other creatures. They occupy waste places, as heaths, pestilent marshes, moist jungles, and savannahs—situations but partially occupied by other existence—and therefore fulfil the great law, that every region should be replete with its own peculiar life and enjoyment.



STORY OF ALEXANDER ANDRAYNE.

ALEXANDER ANDRAYNE was a young Frenchman, who, by the sudden fall of Napoleon in 1815, was thrown out of employment; and being now exposed to various contaminating influences, he heedlessly plunged into a course of Parisian dissipation. From this discreditable condition he, by a vigorous effort, succeeded in extricating himself, and voluntarily exchanged the follies of Paris for a course of persevering and self-denying study at Geneva. Here his disbursements for a whole year scarcely exceeded a fortnight's previous idle expenditure in the French capital. Besides being economical, Andrayne acquired a great love for literary pursuits, in comparison with which he felt that all former pleasures were worthless. With such sentiments, and with habits of diligence, a career of usefulness would doubtless have gradually unfolded itself to him, but for one false step which he unfortunately took. Benevolent and liberal in his feelings, he was not sufficiently aware that, without a reasonable degree of *prudence*, no man can expect to go through the world without being exposed to almost certain misery.

While resident in Geneva, he contracted an acquaintance with several Italians, who had fled from Italy in consequence of political causes. That these men had struggled nobly for the emancipation of their native country from the iron rule of Austria, is extremely probable; nor was their condition as exiles in all likelihood unworthy

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of kindly commiseration. It is one thing, however, to pity, and another to assist in the plans of such persons. Andrayne, fresh from the study of ancient history, and fired with a love of liberty, not only sympathised with his Italian acquaintances, but most imprudently allowed himself to become entangled in their designs. Having signified to them his intention of making a journey through Italy, for the sake of improvement, they induced him, with little persuasion, to take charge of certain papers, which had for their object the stirring up of a movement against the Austrian dominion in Lombardy. There was something like cruelty in thus involving a young and unsuspecting foreigner in their plans. The correspondence to be committed to his care was of a highly dangerous nature, and was calculated not only to compromise its bearer, but some of the noblest men of the unhappy country which its restless exiles vainly strove to liberate. A moment's reflection might have suggested to the mind of Andrayne that there was scarcely a possibility of his escaping detection. Austria was known to have spies in Switzerland and France, who reported all they saw or heard respecting the movements of the Italian exiles and their associates; and therefore any young enthusiast, like our unfortunate hero, was almost certain to be watched.

Blind to the dangers which menaced him, and in spite of the entreaties of several friends, particularly his sister, Andrayne set out on his journey from Switzerland into Italy on the 18th of December 1822. At this inclement season he encountered great difficulties in crossing the Alpine passes. The snow was so deep on the road, that four guides had the greatest difficulty to open a path for the sledge which carried his luggage. More than once did the traveller owe his life to the intrepid dexterity of these courageous mountaineers: they also exerted themselves, on several occasions, to prevent his luggage from being lost in the ravines which bordered on the path. At one time, when his writing-case was precipitated over the rocks, and was caught on a thorn, a guide insisted on being suspended over an abyss by a rope tied round his body, and thus was able to recover what might otherwise have been given up as lost.

After a toilsome journey, the mountains were passed, and the open plains of Lombardy made their appearance. Without encountering any impediment, Andrayne arrived in Milan, where he took up his residence at a hotel. Here he had an interview with several persons connected with the exiles at Geneva, and the more he heard and saw, the more was he assured of the hopelessness of the projected movement. A sense of his own danger now appears to have for the first time affected him, and he became exceedingly anxious to get rid of the obnoxious packet. In a state of feverish alarm, he called several times at the house of a person whom he wished to carry back the papers to Geneva; but this intended messenger was on each occasion absent, and he was left to find some other method

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of disposing of them. On looking over the packet, he found that certain documents compromised individuals in Milan from whom he had received a kind reception ; and these he considerably burnt. The others, he was informed, would be called for by the proposed messenger next morning at nine or ten o'clock. The destruction of some, and the expectation of being speedily relieved of all the others, set his mind at ease, and he went in the evening to La Scala, one of the most magnificent theatres in Italy. At this place of amusement he saw Lablache, the celebrated singer, whom he invited to visit him in the morning, with the view of having his advice on the subject of taking instructions in music in different parts of Italy. What ensued may best be described in his own words.*

MY ARREST.

After seeing and speaking to Lablache at the theatre, I retired home to the hotel, anticipating in imagination the happy days I was going to enjoy in the fair and genial south. The *Life of Alfieri*, which I had for some days been reading with increasing interest, had in no small degree contributed to hasten my determination. I took it up. The example of a man who at seven-and-twenty hardly knew his native tongue, and at forty was the first dramatist of Italy, revived all my longing after literary fame. I thought that if I was not possessed of his genius, I had a tenacity of purpose, a craving to rise above mediocrity, and a confidence of success, not at all inferior to his own. As I fell asleep, my last thought—I still remember it—was, that, being only twenty-four years of age, I had before me a long futurity of studies and hopes ; and the dreams I had in my sleep were dreams of happiness and glory.

When I awoke on the 18th of January, it was late ; later than it appeared by the light ; for it snowed, and the weather was wintry and gloomy. I eagerly spread the map of Italy before me. I found out Florence and Naples. I thought of the delightful days I should pass there—of the rambles, the excursions I should make in Tuscany, the Papal States, Sicily, and Calabria.

A clock in the neighbourhood struck nine ; the person who was to come for the papers might be expected every moment ; I therefore hurriedly drew the parcel from its hiding-place, and put it under one of the cushions of my sofa, ready to my hand when my friend came. The door-bell rang. 'Tis he !' said I to myself. It was only a servant from an acquaintance to know if I should be at home at noon. Shortly after, the bell was rung again. 'If this is not he, surely it must be Lablache, with his rich voice and hearty merriment.' No ; it was not Lablache, but a gentleman in a brown coat, of a sinister and cadaverous visage, followed by several gendarmes. I

* What follows is a translation from the original narrative of Andrayne. We have, however, found it necessary to abridge many passages.

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shuddered ; a thought struck me like a thunderbolt : ' It is all over with me ! '—a moment of intense agony, which, however, I mastered sufficiently to assume a polite and unconcerned air, and ask to what I owed the honour of his visit.

' Excuse me,' he replied ; ' I am sent by the customs to search for contraband goods.'

' I am not a merchant ; the customs ought to be aware of that.'

' I trust you will pardon me, but it is my duty,' and so saying, he and his myrmidons entered the room. A sudden thought, a glimpse of safety shot through my mind. The fire was blazing in the chimney ; to throw my papers into it, whilst I confused these pretended custom-house officers by engaging them in a scuffle, was worth attempting. I rapidly strode two or three steps towards the sofa ; but I found I had to do with a man who was no novice. Two of his alguazils had immediately stationed themselves in front of the fireplace. I should, however, have proceeded in my design, relying on my own strength, but that it occurred to me the papers were contained in a leathern case, and would not therefore at once catch fire.

A last resource struck me : to gain possession of the writing-case, and hurl it on the roofs of the neighbouring houses, then covered with snow ; whilst, profiting by the surprise of my visitors, I should throw myself out into the streets. It was a desperate measure, which would have availed me nothing, and which the next moment rendered impracticable. Several of the police were already, in the course of their search, arrived at the sofa, towards which, as if by instinct, the commissary, Count Bolza, an old blood-hound, well versed in the art and mystery of arrests, all at once advanced. The first cushion he lifted discovered the case ; he eagerly clutched it, and held it up. A mortal chill ran through my veins ; I felt that my fate was about to be decided !

The evil was without remedy ; and I had now only to brace myself for whatever might happen, and bear it with becoming fortitude. With this view I preserved an air of perfect assurance and politeness towards the agents of police, which prevented their losing for an instant the respect due to me. On leaving the room with Bolza, who loaded me with marks of deference, the staircase, the court, and the door, at which a coach was in waiting, were all guarded by soldiers, placed ready to prevent any attempt at escape.

' I have taken every precaution, you see,' said the prudent commissary with a self-satisfied air. ' I knew with whom I had to deal ; and, to tell the truth, I would not have undertaken your arrest if they had not given me a strong force.'

' I see you understand your business,' answered I.

In a few minutes we arrived at the head-office of police, where I was introduced into the cabinet of the director. The case, sealed up at my lodgings by Bolza, was handed over to him. He took it, tore

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off the envelope, opened it, and desiring Bolza to examine its contents, and make a list of them, sat himself down again to his desk, and continued his employment.

The silence which prevailed in the room, only broken by the rustling of the parchments as the commissary drew them from the case, and the scratching of the pen of the director as he wrote, left me entirely to myself, and I began more clearly to fathom the abyss into which I had fallen. No chance of saving myself occurred to my mind. 'I am in the power of the Austrians! I am lost! I see it—I feel it!' These were my only thoughts.

Sometimes a glimmer of hope enlivened my spirits, and I said to myself: 'After all, what have I done to warrant my arrest? They can only send me, with a good escort, to the frontier.' Already I had traversed the Alps; I had gained Switzerland; I was at Geneva! A momentary illusion, which the director very soon dispelled, by requesting that I would look over and check the list; adding, that he was sorry it was his duty to place me in confinement.

On being conducted into another chamber, they undressed me from head to foot; the first of the long series of annoyances which were continued to the very last moment of my captivity. After undergoing the scrutiny of the jailer, who was half-inclined, in his disappointment at finding nothing, to peer under my very eyelids for concealed dispatches, they conducted me to a lower apartment, where Bolza was waiting to lead me to the prisons of the police.

IMPRISONMENT AT MILAN.

Passing through a low and dark corridor, which looked out upon a small court surrounded by a high wall, the jailer opened a little door studded with iron, on which my eyes had been from the first presagingly fixed. 'May I trouble you to enter?' said Bolza. I entered, and the door closed behind me with a hollow sound. May God recompense one day or other the intense anguish which fell upon my heart at that moment!

The last bolt was hardly drawn when the aspect of my cell, rendered more miserable by the sudden disappearance of the light, made me turn briskly towards the door. I gazed upon it—nerveless, overwhelmed, motionless—with an anguish which no pen can depict, and which no man could sustain for an hour without losing his reason. I had no thoughts, no volition. I was overcome by an acute sense of suffering—a suffering which relieved itself by these words alone: 'O God!—O God!' which my lips murmured incessantly, without attaching any distinct meaning to them. The closing of that door, from which I never took my eyes, had deprived me of all the presence of mind I had till then kept up. My fortitude abandoned me all at once; I felt nothing but an indefinable desire,

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a horrible craving after the blessed light of the sun, and an awful temptation to dash out my brains against the walls of my dungeon.

I know not how long this fearful stupor continued; I only remember grasping the bars of the door with my hands; and, as I tugged at them in the wildness of my despair, my legs failed me, and my head fell violently against the thick boards. The quick step of the sentinel, attracted by the noise, and his challenge, brought me to myself. Mechanically I put myself in motion. I walked, I paced hurriedly from the window to the door, from the door to the window, backwards and forwards, and quicker and quicker.

I passed nearly an hour in this manner; it was an occupation suggested by instinct. Gradually my spirits grew more composed. I collected my ideas; I began to see what my prison really was. A grated window, nearly blinded with boards, let in a dim light, which was now still more intercepted by the snow-laden branches of a tree. Its only furniture was a stove; its whole extent three paces wide by five in length. I saw this in all its stern reality: and it was here that I was henceforth to live, to sigh out many and many a day, to undergo many a bitter hardship! All that I had left, all that I had lost—my country, my family, my dear sister, my studies, my hopes of the future—alone occupied my thoughts. Italy, Milan, all I had expected, all was vanished—lost! Sometimes wearied, distracted by this continual pacing to and fro in a space so confined, I stopped; I looked for a chair, a bed, anything to sit down upon—there was none! This trifling circumstance did more than anything else towards plunging me into a state of utter prostration, mental and physical; a state during which, had the inquisitorial judge come to me, and offered liberty at the price of honour, of the revelation of my secret, I believe I might have accepted it. Thank God, I was not to die with such a weight of infamy on my head!

My first visitors were the jailer and his underlings bringing me a bed, a chair, a chest of drawers, and a table. As this humble furniture was arrayed around me, the wildness of my excitement subsided. The few sticks, scarce deserving the name, did away with the bareness of the prison; and, making me feel that I was to be treated like a rational being, revived my shattered spirits. Even so little a thing—can ye conceive it, ye that are free?—is enough to cheer the poor prisoner who feels himself abandoned by all, and doomed to every hardship.

I paced a step or two, threw myself on my bed, and covered myself with my cloak: it was a kind of refreshment to my feelings. But hardly had I shut my eyes, weighed down with fatigue, than I started up with the impression that my imprisonment could not be real, that it was only a dream. But no; the prison bars too bitterly undeceived me. Again I closed my eyes, and reflected on all I might have done to avoid my arrest, and how coolly I should have

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received the police if the papers had no longer been in my possession. How different would have been my situation could I but have gained ten minutes! I might have fortified myself in my room, and burnt the papers while they battered at the door. Oh, how happy I should have been!—what joy, what triumph! The scene stood vividly before me: I pictured their astonishment—the ludicrousness of their disappointment. I fancied myself receiving them with mock ceremony, pointing to the embers of the writing-case, and saying: ‘Gentlemen, one minute sooner, what a prize you would have had! Now, do your worst!’ Then again my imagination wandered further. I thought I had escaped. I was scrambling over the roof of a neighbouring house. I was at St Gothard, at last freed from the pursuit of the police. Illusions, miserable illusions! but which yet had their charm, and consoled the being who indulged in them.

I was half asleep, when the sound of the clock striking the hour awoke me. What a heart-breaking sensation came over me when I recognised where I was! I wept: I had not wept till then. I leant my head against the wall in bitter anguish, and wept—oh, how I wept! The misery which would be felt in my family, the grief which my arrest would cause my good old father, all overwhelmed me at once; then the idea of my desolate situation arose, adding sorrow to sorrow. Who will, who can intercede for me? No one; alas, no one! I am alone. My prison is my fate; and my deliverance will perhaps be a scaffold. Oh, bitter, very bitter is that despondency which weighs down the poor captive, on reflecting that he has no one to take up his cause, and that henceforth his only society with his fellow-men will be that of the accused with the judge, the condemned with the executioner.

In this sadness of soul my thoughts turned to the Almighty. It was but a mere impulse—the first cry of a wretch towards Him from whom all proceeds—both the wound and the healing; but it sufficed, nevertheless, to keep me from a second excess of dejection and despair. Some moments after, when the commissary Bolza came into my prison to inquire if I had need of anything, he found me as cool and composed in my conversation as in the morning. My tears had ceased, and my manner was that of a man alive to the difficulties of his situation, but not overwhelmed by them. On asking him if he would allow me to have some books, he replied that he would immediately speak to the director of police, on whom it depended, and left the apartment.

Night came; all was still. The dread of passing the rest of my existence in such darkness came over my thoughts like a pall. The thought struck me that, on the preceding night, at that self-same hour, I was preparing to go to the theatre. I was then free, could depart, could escape: and now—the idea maddened me. I clutched my forehead with my hands, and grasped it as though I could have

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torn the fatal reality out of my brain. In this position the turnkeys who brought my dinner found me.

They departed ; but they left me a light, which somewhat lessened my solitude. From this time my days were divided into two distinct parts, both in duration and affliction. During daylight, not an instant passed without bringing its burden of woe to my heart ; but in the evening I could sometimes, with my lamp and my books, forget myself into the former occupations of my existence.

I tried to find some respite to my sufferings, on this my first night of captivity, by betaking myself to bed ; but I could not sleep. If I closed my eyes but for an instant, a confused dreaminess of my wretched situation forced me to open them. I was lost in some such drowsiness—in that state wherein the mind, though we are apparently asleep, is still a prey both to its real and imaginary miseries—when the clank of chains startled my feverish slumber. I half-opened my eyes, and beheld two men cautiously enter, and, advancing towards the window, try the grating. In departing, they turned the light of the dark-lantern on my eyes. This strange visitation alarmed me. I started from my couch, with my eyes staring in astonishment, and cried : ‘What do you want ? I am here—I am coming !’

‘Do not let us disturb you,’ said one of them ; ‘we are only making the nightly rounds.’ So saying he left the room, adding as he departed, in a low voice to his companion : ‘There, now ; that is a fellow who will lead more than one neck into a noose besides his own !’

The meaning of these words, which at first I had hardly noticed, opened upon my mind in all its dreadful impressiveness. I arose, with naked feet and in my shirt, with an agitation, a delirium more vehement than any I had yet experienced. I recommenced my continuous march. All that I had brought upon myself stood vividly before me. I became aware of the duties I had to fulfil—duties I had never as yet thought of, so paralysing had been my stupor in this my first day of captivity. I had looked only to my personal position ; the individuals compromised by the papers taken with me, the investigation which must ensue, the snares and traps I had to avoid, the torment I was liable to, had escaped my mind. All I had been told of the Austrian system of inquisition, and the arbitrary acts of her police, revived in my memory, and I trembled to think that not only my own safety, but that of my friends, depended on my deportment. The idea, that through me any one of them might possibly be arrested, overcame me ; and in my anxiety to save others, I forgot the perils of my own situation.

In the bitterness of my emotion I fell on my knees and poured out my spirit to God. I besought Him, though even it were at the price of my liberty, of life itself, to give me strength to avoid involving any one in my ruin. In Him I placed my hope. And I arose

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more strengthened, feeling I had a line of action. I was perhaps more agitated than before, but this agitation did not unnerve me. My suffering, though perhaps equally poignant, was no longer merely passive ; and my mind, in again exercising its energies, regained its healthy tone. I felt able to face the trial I had to undergo. I was prepared.

[The anticipations of the poor prisoner did not deceive him. His trial was protracted during several months—if such a name can be given to a torturing series of interrogatories before the Austrian commission, in which the sole object of its chief inquisitor, Salvotti, was, by the most brutal menaces on the one hand, and the most seducing promises of instant liberation on the other, to induce his victim to criminate the Italian patriots, none of whom he had seen above once or twice ; while some with whom he was accused of conspiring were not even known to him by name. Yet to the safety of these strangers, and his own sense of honour in guarding it, did this heroic young man persevere to the last in sacrificing liberty, in spite of insidious assurances (which he had no means of disproving) that those in whose behalf he was forfeiting freedom were already in custody, or had confessed more than his utmost communicativeness could fasten upon them. Nay, his ferocious and cowardly tormentor, as a last resource for sapping the constancy of his unhappy victim, scrupled not to hint that all this heroism of self-immolation would probably be quite thrown away, as, the examinations being strictly private, it was in the power of the police to represent him as having in reality betrayed his trust both to his friends and to the world.

If anything could enhance the gratitude of citizens of our free country for its glorious institutions, it would be the sneering effrontery with which the Austrian commissioner met the indignant appeals of even a French subject for a public trial, the power of calling witnesses, and, in default of legal counsel, of defending himself ; all of which this minion of despotism evidently regarded as democratic devices, suited only to the soil of republican France.

But despotism, however powerful, is not omniscient ; and little was its wily agent aware how, even in the solitude of a dungeon, that purpose was thwarted, and the firmness of his victim strengthened by intercourse of the most unexpected kind with fellow-sufferers. The desire, vain as Andrayne supposed it at the time, for such possible communication, first arose from the misery he endured on recognising, amidst the bustle of bringing in a prisoner, the voice of a young Italian named G—, with whom he had become acquainted, and whom it was worse than death to him to imagine as having been brought, through his means, into his present jeopardy. His horror at the thought can only be expressed in his own words.]

The groans of a brother, slain under my eyes, would not have

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affected me with greater anguish. Alas ! it was indeed G—; I could not doubt it. 'Poor fellow !' I exclaimed ; 'what will become of him ? How will he sustain the trials he has to go through ? Separated from his young wife—ruined—and by me ! How he must curse me for having implicated him in this affair !' No torments could be greater than what I suffered at this moment.

Gradually I became more composed, and began to reflect on the charges that might be brought against him. I had mentioned to no living soul what had passed between us ; and I thought I might possibly save him by taking all the blame upon myself. This idea soothed my anxiety for a time ; it was a faint hope, a glimmer of light to the night-wildered traveller. I clung to it fondly. It relieved me ; it made my heart lighter ; and I thanked God for the inspiration. 'Grant, O God of mercy !' I prayed, 'that when I die, I may have only my own sins to answer for, not the misfortunes of others. Thou knowest that I have never wilfully caused any of my fellow-creatures a pang : do not doom me, then, to this gnawing remorse : take my life, if Thou wilt, but let me be the sole victim !' Never did an unfortunate wretch pour forth his soul more fervently than I did in this prayer. When I had uttered it, my confidence revived, and my agitation subsided.

At last I went to sleep, trusting that I should succeed in restoring to liberty him whom I believed to be confined a few yards from me ; but twenty times ere morning I awoke, and, despite of myself, felt convinced that my project for saving him was impracticable. All I could determine on was, that, if he should make any disclosures, I should reply that fright had turned his brain ; that he was mad ; and that I had not the honour of his acquaintance. Thus ended a night the most harassing I had yet experienced.

After some days of suspense—during which it would have been a positive relief to be summoned to be confronted with my friend, and with whom I had spent many vain efforts to establish a communication, by tapping on the wall on the side of my cell next his supposed prison—my mind was relieved of much of its weight by the implied admission, on the part of Counsellor Minghini, the indulgent and very different colleague of the astute Salvotti, that no one had as yet been imprisoned on my account.

When I was left alone I began dancing round my cell. He was not arrested after all ; it was a false alarm ! 'God be thanked !' I said ; 'my heart is free again.' I forgot my imprisonment, everything, in the excess of my joy that this dreadful responsibility for the fate of another no longer oppressed my conscience. This was the first alleviation of my misery—the first consolation I had yet been blessed with. I revelled in it with a sort of intoxication of delight ; and had any one seen me at that moment, he could only have supposed that I had received tidings of my speedy release.

Relieved by the words of the counsellor, I tried the experiment

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of tapping the wall on the opposite side to that I had tapped before. What was my astonishment, my joy, when I thought I heard the signal answered! I placed my ear to the wall. It was; but so gently, that I could hardly catch the sound of the blows. One, two, three—a pause; the third letter of the alphabet was certainly meant; it was C. Still listening—one, two, three, four, eight blows—it was H. Slowly, but distinctly, tap, tap—nine blows were given: this must mean the letter I. At this moment I was so bewildered, so overcome by my emotions, that I scarce knew what I heard. But two other blows, which followed the others, had puzzled me; and my neighbour had ceased tapping. What could be the meaning of the word *chib*? There was none such in Italian; but all at once it struck me the two quick taps might mean that the word was finished. It must be so! I detached the *b* from *chib*. There remained '*Chi*?' the Italian for 'Who?' I question whether Champollion, when he got his first hint of the secret of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, was more transported than I at this discovery of this mode of conversing by taps. The craving for intercourse with a heart the prey to the same anxiety and tedium with our own, is so overpowering, so gnawing, in a place like that in which I then was, that no other, perhaps, can be put in competition with it. And thus, when the cup of our bitterness is too full, and our grievance too heavy, God, in the goodness of His mercy, ever sends some unforeseen solace.

This solace, however, was not to be immediately, or at least fully enjoyed. From a difference in the number and arrangement of the Italian alphabet, a hitch occurred in the conversation after its first leading word, which threatened to prove fatal. The unknown prisoner lost patience, and I lost hope; and when the clue was so far recovered as to enable me to renew the attempt by the counter-question: 'Who art thou?' the utter silence of my neighbour led to the bitter conclusion, either that we had been overheard, or that my neighbour had been removed. The discovery which, a short time before, I had deemed a harbinger of hope and of joy, now only appeared a cruel deception of fate—an illusion raised by the Spirit of Evil to inspire me for an instant, and then replunge me in deeper despair.

The subject, however, was for a time effectually driven from my mind by my first formidable examination before the commissioner Salvotti, when the methods already alluded to of insidious flattery, and far less politic threats of the executioner, gave me enough to do in parrying the one and repelling the other. In the exhaustion which followed it and succeeding ones, I might perhaps have altogether neglected the endeavour to renew intercourse with my fellow-prisoners, had not the desire to do so been sharpened by a casual intimation let fall by the jailer, that the same prison, nay, perhaps a closely adjoining cell in it, contained the Count

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Confalonieri, the hero of Italian liberty, of whom I had heard before entering Italy, and still more during my short residence at Milan. This gentleman, I was told, had established a title to the gratitude of Italy, by originating the system of mutual instruction, illumination with gas, steam navigation on the Po, and other solid national benefits. I was taught to admire the energy of his character, the force of his eloquence, and the unparalleled fortitude with which, though dangerously ill, he sustained, in his long and difficult trial, the fury of the commission and the weakness of his accomplices. He was especially an object of the deepest interest to his fair countrywomen; of one of whom, the Signora L—, I had asked, at the close of a long and glowing panegyric, if he were likely to be condemned?

'Alas!' replied she, 'there can be no doubt of it. He is lost! They will never loosen their grasp of him; they fear him too much. Besides, they have made him suffer so much, that they would be afraid of his revealing the infamy of their proceedings. Could you believe it, that, ill as he is, they drag him before the commission, and oblige him to undergo examinations eight and ten hours long? Poor fellow! they will take their revenge upon him; but he is immovable as a rock. . . . You must have a sad opinion of our country,' she continued, addressing me. 'The men of energy are either in exile or in prison, and we have no resolution left but in women. If you knew the Countesses Confalonieri, Freccavalli, and Dunbowsky, I am sure you would esteem and admire them: the unhappy Theresa especially—that angel of virtue and goodness, who bears her misfortune with no less dignity than Confalonieri himself. How beautiful and noble she looks in the mourning weeds she has worn ever since the imprisonment of her husband! With what respect and veneration she inspires the whole city! On this point we must do justice to the Milanese; they have at least felt that such a calamity, supported so nobly, is a kind of royalty to which every heart should do homage.'

It will not be wondered if, with such praises—listened to while yet mingling freely in society—the bare hope of establishing intercourse with such a man should have sharpened to the utmost my curiosity and ingenuity. It was indeed a disappointment when, on a fresh attempt at communicating with my neighbour, I learned by his signals that he was not Confalonieri, but Confortinati—a poor mountebank, who had been taken up on suspicion. It was only after long and tedious labour that I gathered from this unfortunate man who he was, and what were his prospects. 'Four years,' said he, through the tiresome process of tapping, 'have now worn away, and I am still in suspense as to my fate. Even should I, after all, regain my liberty, what would it avail me? My livelihood is lost, my health broken, and but for my family, I would pray God to let me end my days in prison, and that soon; but His will be done.'

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The dejection I felt, on a comparison of my own far worse political position with that of this poor man, was considerably alleviated about this time by the restoration of some of my beloved books. This indulgence, as usual, I owed to the sympathy of Counsellor Minghini ; and on the strength of it I, for the first time since my imprisonment, yielded to the importunities of my good-natured *bon vivant* jailer, Riboni, by ordering a good dinner from the famous cook who exercised his calling within the walls of the police prison of Milan. Meantime I found a higher though melancholy gratification in kissing one by one the precious volumes, consisting of the *Life of Alfieri*, a *Petrarch*, a *La Bruyère*, a volume of *Dante*, and a little French and Italian dictionary.

These were my treasures. I stood and gazed on them. They had arrived at the very moment when my heart was weighed down ; and now that they were in my possession, I could not bring myself to open them. The last time they had been in my hands I was free. At length I took up *Alfieri*, and happened to open it at the very passage which had so struck me on the day of my arrest, in which he says : 'The flame of glory, kindling before my eyes, electrified my soul.'

This train of thought was next day superseded by the delight I anticipated from my books, and I was wholly absorbed in *Petrarch* when Minghini entered. 'What ! already at your books ? I assure you it was with difficulty I obtained them. Salvotti was very averse to it, and is not aware that you will receive them for several days.'

I warmly acknowledged this proof of his kindness. 'My poor friend,' said he, 'I am very glad to have it thus far in my power to alleviate your misfortunes.'

Supplied, through his continued goodness, with a tolerable quantity of books, I resolved to resume my studies, as the only means of relieving the tediousness of my captivity, and the uneasiness which preyed on my mind. I devoted the mornings to Italian authors, intending to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the language, history, and literature of the country in whose cause I seemed destined to perish. I wished to die an Italian.

The man in affliction must have some vent for his feelings ; and when in prison, without a friend, he will write them on the walls of his cell, like Tasso ; or on a table, like Pellico. I wrote mine with the point of a pin on the margin of my *Life of Jacopo Ottis*.* Little did I think that the book would be taken away and preserved by my sister ; and that, after many long years of captivity, it would help me to recall to mind a multitude of sensations which I never could, without such assistance, have recollected in all their vivid reality !

The days were becoming longer, the weather was less showery, the skies less cloudy. Spring was at hand. In spite of bolts and

* An Italian patriot and exile.

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bars, I felt its influence, and opened my window to inhale the breeze, which was still chilly, though tempered by a March sun. My attention was drawn to the branches of the willow-tree fronting my window, which was now beginning to bud; and then an inexpressible pang shivered through my frame, on thinking that the beauties wherewith the Almighty covers the earth at the return of spring were never again to bless my eyes. The birds, singing on the house-tops and trees, announced the glad days which were coming; but, alas! they sang not for me; they affected not my soul in the least. Absorbed in grief, the bright earth was to me as nothing. I turned away from it, and with downcast feelings gazed around my prison. And this, then, thought I, is all the place which is allotted to me—this is my world until the time when I shall be released from life and absorbed into eternity!

But at four-and-twenty, a very slight circumstance is sufficient to revive our attachment to the world. The sound of a female voice, and some light and quick steps which I heard, attracted my attention, and induced me to try to gain a sight of her who was in the yard. I clambered softly to the top of the window, lest I should alarm the sentry, and stood on tiptoe for a while; but the boards with which it was blinded reached above my head. I remained as long as I could in this fatiguing position, and was about to descend, when a bunch of violets, adroitly thrown, fell at my feet. To drop from the bars by which I clung, and leap on the floor, was the work of an instant. It was well I happened to be so agile, for I had scarce time to conceal my violets before the keeper entered my room.

Hardly was I alone, when I took out the pretty bouquet, addressing in my heart warm thanks to the compassionate girl who had taken pity on an ill-fated foreigner; for I had no doubt she was the charitable being who had thrown me the flowers. My spirits revived; my dejection was overcome. A fondness, a love for life reawoke within me. I returned to the window: I again clambered up, with the violets on my lips. I listened eagerly. The sentinel's ironshod foot tramping the court was the only sound. The young girl was gone, but her vision stood before my eyes; and my soul, reanimated and full of gratitude, thanked God for the delightful sensations the incident had produced—raising my eyes with confidence and love towards the brightness of the blue heavens, and almost fancying He had made them thus brilliant to give me an omen that ere long better days were in store for me.

The following day I reopened my window, in the hope of another nosegay; but the day passed over without any step being heard save that of the sentinel and jailer. 'She will not come,' said I with a sigh, closing the window, which despite of the cold breeze that chilled me, I had kept open nearly the whole day. 'To-morrow, perhaps, I shall be more fortunate.' But day after day wore over, and she returned not.

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On the 18th of March, Riboni brought me, as I had requested, an enormous bunch of violets. They were beautiful, odoriferous; but the heart that gave a sentiment to the others was wanting. I laid them by coldly, without even smelling them. I was sad, overcome by the memory of the past, when the flowers and presents which my relations usually showered on me on that day filled me with delight. I wrote in my book: 'Never, never more shall I look forward with joy to my birthday! No more kind surprises, no more unexpected trifles, no more of those effusions of friendship which reunite hearts. Ah me! when this anniversary next recurs, the grass will be green on my grave, and oblivion have effaced my name from the recollection of the living.'

In vain did I strive against the sadness and depression produced by the conviction, that none of the friends dear to my heart would be present during my last moments. Vainly did I attempt to fix my thoughts solely on my Creator and on a future existence. I did not, it is true, murmur against God; indeed I invoked Him. I called upon Him to succour me; but these outbursts, these appeals to His mercy, did little towards imbuing my heart with that submission to His decrees which a true Christian only can attain. I was not yet taught that in this world our lot is that of suffering, but a suffering which becomes a species of joy, when it is supported by reliance on the love of a God whose word and whose promises are not of to-day or yesterday, but for ever.

One morning, it was the 2d of April, I opened my window, and enjoyed the glow shed by the sun over the vault of heaven. The tree, which I had not observed for several days, was now clothed with leaves, and I delighted to gaze on its fresh green—the harbinger of spring—to observe the graceful movement of its slender branches, as the wind blew it to and fro. Its young foliage presented to my soul an emblem of hope—a celestial message, bringing light to my heart in the depth of its gloom. My feelings assumed a healthier tone; and, looking at the renewal of nature after the long and dismal winter, I said to myself: 'Who knows but that God, who preserves the vital germ of the plants under the cold snow, may not also rescue me from the tomb, to restore me to life and happiness?'

The next morning the door of my prison opened quickly, and Minghini, with a smiling and eager countenance, entered with a letter in his hand. 'Read, read!' said he abruptly. I took the letter; but I had scarcely begun to read it, ere I fell on my knees, crying: 'My God, my God! I thank thee!' Minghini, respecting this outburst of gratitude, allowed me without interruption to read the letter, which was from my sister, announcing her arrival with her husband and daughter.

'They are arrived!' repeated I, sobbing; 'but is it true?—is it quite certain?'

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'Your sister herself,' said Minghini, 'wrote this note ; I have this instant seen and spoken with her.'

'May I see them soon?—immediately?'

'To-day, or to-morrow at latest, if it were in my power. But you are in the hands of Salvotti ; to him you must address yourself ; and I fear the result.'

'What! can he have the barbarity to deny me an interview with my family, who have travelled six hundred miles, braving the dangers of the Alps at this season, to comfort me? No ; I will never believe it : such cruelty belongs not to this age.'

'I wish it were so ; but I advise you to see Salvotti immediately, to prevent his sending back your relations.'

'Send them back!—it would be infamous. He has not the power.'

'Do not trust to that ; whatever he does is sanctioned by the emperor. Your fate is in his hands ; and I repeat to you, that if you wish to see your family at all, you must apply to Salvotti this day. But do not indulge the hope of seeing your friends immediately—days, even weeks may elapse. Meantime, rejoice that they are here. I could hardly have hoped they would have obtained passports. Farewell : I am glad to have been of some comfort to you. But I forgot : here is a letter from your father ; keep it, as well as your sister's, and return them in an hour's time by the jailer.'

My heart was so full of joy and gratitude, that the thought of God and prayer alone relieved it. I threw myself on my knees, on the same spot where I had so often shed scalding tears. 'O merciful and powerful God, I thank thee! I was alone, and forsaken ; Thou hast sent my sister—my guardian angel!'

Salvotti, whose arrival at the prison followed closely on that of the herald of good tidings, was not one to lose sight of, or undervalue, the new engine of torture which now presented itself. With a semblance of compassionate good-will, more difficult a thousand times to withstand than his former harshness, did he set before me all the array of motives, so powerfully seconded by the best feelings of nature, which might influence me to yield to the wishes of the emperor, by putting him in possession of the names of parties implicated in the projected movement. But all attempts to procure these disclosures failed. At the risk of having my beloved sister sent back to France, without even the sad comfort of an interview, and with death, in its most ignominious aspect, as the inevitable alternative, I recoiled from violating a trust reposed in me.

Astonished that his proposals should admit of any hesitation, Salvotti now threw in the cruel hint, formerly alluded to, that all this heroism before a private tribunal, which had it in its power to give what turn it might think proper to the prisoner's disclosures, was in all probability wasted. Concluding one of his harangues, he abruptly asked : 'Do you not understand me?'

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'But too well,' said I, repressing with the greatest difficulty my painful indignation. 'To point out to the unfortunate man who is drowning a saving branch which he cannot reach, is only to increase his despair at the fatal moment.'

'You then continue deaf to my counsels?' he resumed with his wonted tone of irony; 'you refuse your life, your liberty, and all that his majesty would in his generosity do for you? Like a madman, like a wretch without feeling, you will condemn your relations to see you die on the scaffold?'

'In the name of Heaven say no more, sir—say no more! What you require of me is not in my power. Spare me these tortures—a thousand times more cruel than the death with which you continually threaten me. If I cannot clasp to my heart the unhappy ones who have come so far to sustain me in my affliction, it will indeed be very bitter to me; but I shall pray to the Almighty that my trials may plead for me at the day of judgment. But in the name of pity and of justice do not inflict upon my family any part of the misery which ought to fall on me alone; do not employ your power to drive them from Milan, or deprive them of the hope of embracing me once more. I supplicate you in the name of the emperor, whose goodness is too great to sanction such a proceeding.'

'His majesty,' answered Salvotti, whose pallid face had resumed its expression of audacity and wrath, 'has no pity for those wilful culprits who, like you, persevere to the last in hardened impenitence. Good-morning! You have to-day put the seal to your death-warrant. If your father die with anguish, if your brother and sister are distracted with grief, no one is to blame but yourself. I have tried to save you, and you have prevented me; justice must now take its course.'

[In the meantime, intercourse with his relatives being probably relied on as the best chance of softening, through the medium of strong family affection, the inflexibility of the prisoner, he was permitted to exchange, once or twice a week, a letter with his sister; nay, even to despatch one, affecting a light-heartedness and hope he had long ceased to feel, to his aged and disconsolate father. It was not, however, till the expiration of his ten years' captivity that he learnt, from the journals of her whom he might truly call his 'guardian angel,' the particulars of the unwearied efforts she, during that whole period, never ceased to make to procure his liberation. From this interesting source we will extract, as he does, the entry relating to the first arrival of herself and her husband on their benevolent errand to Milan.

'April 5.—How happy I am! We have just received a letter from our dear Alexander. Oh, how transported he seems at the idea that we are near him! His joy almost amounts to delirium. The words are nearly blotted out by his tears. I read it myself to my husband and daughter, and we all wept over it. My poor Alexander! We

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have given him some consolation; all our fatigues and toils are compensated by this thought. He begs us to call on Counsellor Minghini, who has the charge of the prisoners.

'April 6.—I have not been so delighted for a long time as at this moment. We were received by Monsieur Minghini with the greatest kindness; he seemed to enter into our feelings even before we opened our lips. He told me that yesterday, on receiving my letter, Alexander cried for joy, and cast himself on his knees to thank Heaven; then, throwing himself into the counsellor's arms, could only reiterate: "They are here!—they are here!" As Minghini told us this, his own eyes filled with tears. What a kind-hearted man he is! He tells us that my brother studies twelve hours a day, and that every book he may require is allowed him; that he is perfectly calm and resigned. He says, in about a month the first stage of his trial will be terminated, and that then we shall be allowed to see him, but not before. I asked if my daughter, from her youth, might not be exempt from these restrictions, and be granted the favour of seeing her uncle; and he has promised to speak of it to the president of the commission. I have taken leave of this good man with a heart full of gratitude for his kindness.

'April 7.—M. Minghini has sent word that my daughter would be admitted to see her uncle to-morrow at eleven o'clock. Happy, happy Louise! But her youth renders her incapable of appreciating this delight.

'April 8.—The weather this morning is nearly as gloomy as my own thoughts. I took Louise to the prison, where I found M. Minghini awaiting me. "Now then, come with me," said he, taking her by the hand. Her poor little heart beat so quick, that she could not reply. I waited about half-an-hour. The dear child told us, when she returned, that she was taken into a room, into which, a few minutes after, her uncle was brought, guarded by two gendarmes. On seeing her, he sprung towards her, pressed her to his heart, and covered her with kisses and tears. She could hardly recognise him; and even he might have some difficulty to remember in her the child of nine years old, whom he left four years ago. His emotion was so great, that he could only send us a few remembrances by her; and he kept sobbing and exclaiming: "Louise! my Louise!" all the time. Poor Alexander! what will he not feel when he sees us again!

The poor captive's own account of this interview is but an echo of that of the child; though his sorrowful persuasion that it was the last he should ever enjoy, lends a touching solemnity to his parting words.]

Minghini drew out his watch. 'Is it already time to part?' I asked. He made a sign that it was.

'Come hither, my Louise, upon my knees, nearer to me, that I may look at you well before we part. In prison we live on recol-

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lections ; and I wish to impress your sweet features on my memory, that I may not be without consolation in your absence. Let us not give way to weakness—let us not weep ! Providence will watch over us. Offer up prayers to God, my child, for your uncle ; he has suffered much. Pray for me, dear innocent ; God will hear you.’

‘We must go,’ said Minghini.

‘Hold ! give these kisses to your father and mother, and tell them I love them. Adieu ! adieu !’

[Advantage was taken of this softened state of feeling for a long and final examination of the prisoner, which—in spite of alternate promises of release, and unsparing threats of the gallows, mingled with the scarce less awful prospect of life-long incarceration in a fortress, loaded with irons, and deprived of his only solace—books—failed in overcoming, though it cruelly shook the fortitude of Andrayne. Even his innocent sister, notwithstanding her high official introductions both at Milan and Vienna, and the interest taken by even royal personages in France in the success of her enterprise, was not exempted from the horrors of a personal appearance before the commission ; a step which had no result, save that of annoying its object, and bitterly wounding her unhappy brother.

There being no further motive for prolonging his trial—which Salvotti boasted he had the power to do for two years longer if he chose—Andrayne was desired to draw up his defence ; which, though aware of its uselessness, he at length did, in the hope that a fair statement of his case might thus meet the eyes of the emperor. When this was done, the prisoner seems to have felt relief from the thought that all danger of yielding to the temptation to sacrifice others to his own safety was at an end ; and he was even supported by it under the permitted interview with his sister, which he felt to be a confirmation of his worst fears ; though, for her sake, he forbore to extinguish the hope to which she yet faintly clung.

The intervening suspense, while the report of his trial was submitted to the emperor, was beguiled by being allowed a companion (whom he at first very naturally, though falsely, suspected of being a spy) in a light-hearted Brescian—a true type of the common-place gentleman of Italy—who had entered into the conspiracy with as little of thought as he did everything else ; and who, except his bitter remorse at times for the sorrow he had caused a beloved mother, regretted only his daily drive and nightly opera, and the sadly trifling routine of modern Italian life.

For this comrade’s deficiency, in all save good-humour, the prisoner found compensation in communications through the wall with Signor Mompiani—the prince of Italian physicians and philanthropists—already in confinement fifteen months, solely as having attended on, and consequently being in the supposed confidence of, the grand conspirator already mentioned—Count Confalonieri.

One day he learned that the adjoining cell had received a new

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inmate, who was soon able to converse with him by the ingenious device of tapping on the wall. Having attained this point, he had the satisfaction of finding, in an answer to his question, that his neighbour was no other than Confalonieri.]

On my informing him in return who I was (says Andrayne), he said: 'I know who you are, at what time you were arrested, and also how you have behaved since your imprisonment. I pity and esteem you.'

Who could express the comfort these words administered? How proud I felt to be thus favourably greeted by the man whose misfortunes and noble character had so often aroused my sympathies! I regarded this meeting as the work of Providence, confirming my presentiments that I should share his fate.

Everything around had long convinced us that our destiny approached its crisis. Confalonieri, who, confined to bed by illness, could rarely communicate with me, was the first to give assurance of this event. 'I have just learned,' said he, knocking on the wall, 'that the sentences, signed by the emperor, will very shortly arrive. My wife and father are at Vienna. Perhaps when they return, I shall be no more. They tell me the emperor is incensed against some of us, and me for one. To the others he will shew some indulgence.'

I was about to inquire further, when his exhausted strength precluded the possibility of reply.

The next day we listened in vain, and the frequent and precipitate entrance of persons into his cell led us to apprehend the worst—in his increased illness, death, or removal. Heavily and sadly the day passed—each of us in silent thought on those we loved—when a new jailer, Caldi, entered, and in answer to our inquiries regarding the good Counsellor Minghini, replied, with a heartless smile on his lips: 'Neither cold nor wet will hurt him now.'

'How?—what do you say?'

'Gone—gone whence he will never return!'

'Is he dead then?' cried I, rushing towards him.

'To be sure; dead and buried.'

We were inexpressibly shocked.

'It cannot be helped,' added Caldi: 'every one in his turn; yesterday, Counsellor Minghini, and'—

To-morrow ourselves!

Influenced by the gloomy thoughts to which this intelligence gave rise, I made a first attempt to persuade my relations to depart. The fear that they might be present at my last moments left me no rest. I thought of begging of Confalonieri to inform them from me that I wished them to repair to Vienna. After two days' painful expectation, I received a faint reply to my request.

'I will do it,' he answered; 'but it is too late. The sentences will arrive perhaps to-morrow; and I have learned, through a sure

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channel, that some of us will be executed. I have but a few days left, yet I would gladly exchange one of them for the pleasure of clasping you in my arms ere I ascend the scaffold.'

'I shall ascend it with you,' I replied; 'we shall share the same fate. I have long known it. The consolation which, in these terrible moments, I ask of God with most fervour is, being allowed to pass my last hours in your company.'

The sad conference was interrupted by a noise of hurried steps in the count's cell, occasioned by the placing of guards over him, called in Italy the 'guards of death,' because they only watch over the condemned. From this moment everything assumed a still more gloomy and sinister aspect. Minutes were hours in these agonising circumstances; and, in spite of my fatigue, I could not sleep. In the deathlike stillness, about two in the morning I heard some faint taps on the wall. It was Confalonieri, who, availing himself of the slumbers of his guards, summoned me once more. 'The sentences,' said he, 'have been sanctioned by the emperor. They are here; they will be executed in a few days. I shall be hanged.'

'Tell me,' I inquired, 'whether I am condemned to the same punishment as yourself?' He did not answer; but his silence spoke more than words. I therefore raised my soul to Him who is the source of true resignation and courage, and prayed for fortitude to die worthily.

The agonies, the alternations of hope and despair, now endured for some days, I need not describe; but pass on to the event which ensued.

On the night between the 20th and 21st of January, after the clock had struck twelve, when nothing interrupted the silence around us, the sound of confused voices, accompanied by hurried footsteps, reached my ears. A party entered the prison of Confalonieri. So many persons could not have come at that hour of the night for an ordinary visit. They were come, therefore, to take him to the place where the sentence was to be pronounced.

I had scarcely awoke my companion, and told him my conjecture, when our door opened, and the keeper cried: 'Signor, dress yourself, and come with me.'

After having proceeded a few steps along the corridor, I found myself opposite the door of Confalonieri, which had been left open. I cast a hasty glance to see if any one was in the cell with him, and then sprung upon the bed and embraced him warmly, saying: 'I am your friend Andrayne—we shall share the same fate!'

All this took place in less time than the relation of it occupies. 'What are you doing in this room?' asked the jailer sharply. 'Ho! you gendarmes; come and take this fellow away to his destination.' Several of them came forward with lamps in their hands, and accompanied me to the gate of the prison, where a body of infantry and a commissary of police were stationed. 'Get in, sir!' said he,

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leading me to the carriage, which he entered, and placed himself beside me.

The night was cold and dark. We advanced slowly, escorted by the cavalry. Our carriage then proceeded with greater rapidity through the town, passing along its silent and deserted streets. 'How different an aspect,' thought I, 'will these streets in a few hours present, when thronged with a crowd assembled to witness my execution!'

The carriage stopped at a building. The door opened, and I entered a lofty and spacious hall, the appearance of which was so solemn, as to remind me of some ancient chapel; but a large fire, before which some gendarmes warmed themselves, and a couple of beds in opposite corners, led me to suppose it a kind of cell, where prisoners condemned to death were kept till their execution.

[One by one the doors of this gloomy rendezvous were opened, and admitted others of the prisoners, some of whom had acquired, in Andrayne's eyes, an unhappy interest, from having, in a moment of weakness, been induced to betray their former friend, Confalonieri, whose arrival they evidently shrunk from, and whose noble oblivion of past offences proved more trying to their better feelings than the harshest invectives. At length the noise of doors opening, and hurried footsteps, announced the approach of the half-dying hero of the tragic scene.]

'It is the count!' exclaimed a commissary, rapidly entering the hall: 'he is coming. Are the beds ready?'

These words went to my soul. My eyes were fixed on the door with an anxiety which banished every other feeling. A man in a cloak, tall, and of an imposing countenance, appeared at last, supported by two gendarmes. Scarcely had I perceived him, when I darted forwards, and pushed aside those who were assisting him to walk. 'It is my duty to support you,' I said, embracing him with tenderness; and I passed my arm round his waist. No time was to be lost, for I felt him falter; and, with the help of a gendarme, I carried him senseless to a bed, which had been prepared near the chimney. Pressing round that couch of suffering, our companions in misfortune, with consternation depicted on their features, awaited the end of a paroxysm which had all the horrible appearance of an epileptic fit. By degrees the convulsions ceased; and there lay, apparently, an inanimate corpse before us. The marks of pain remained long after the spasms were exhausted: at length they also passed away, and the countenance of the poor patient resumed that calm and majestic beauty which frequently characterises the features of the pure and noble-hearted when the soul itself has fled.

The first use made of reviving animation by the heroic sufferer, was to extend his touching forgiveness to the guilty causes of his impending fate. 'You restore me to life!' exclaimed the Marquis Pallaviani, one of the most culpable of them; 'and I have brought you to death!'

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'Has the count recovered?' asked, for the fourth time, a man dressed in black: 'if so, tell the accused to come forward.' They placed us along the wall facing the tribunal, where sat, to the left of the president, Salvotti, looking paler and more sinister than ever. The moment of expectation was long and terrible; but the calm expression of the count, as he turned for a moment towards me, brought back my confidence.

The president made a sign to the secretary to read the sentences. His trembling hands could scarcely hold the fatal paper. He began, but his voice failed him; and already had Salvotti stretched out his hand to grasp the paper, and himself proclaim the result of his villainous proceedings, when the secretary commenced.

'By the sentence of the imperial commission, confirmed by the supreme tribunal, and sanctioned by his majesty, Count Frederick Confalonieri, convicted of high treason, is condemned to death.' Then he stopped. To enjoy the effect of this sanguinary doom on his victim, Salvotti cast on him a triumphant look; but no symptom of attention was visible on the countenance of Confalonieri. After a long pause, the secretary continued: 'But the capital punishment, by the inexhaustible clemency of his majesty, has been commuted to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Spielberg.' A shudder arose among the assistants. Confalonieri remained immovable. Some minutes elapsed ere the reading recommenced. 'By a similar sentence, Alexander Andrayne, aged twenty-five years, accused and found guilty of high treason, is condemned to death; but his punishment is, by the same inexhaustible clemency, commuted to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Spielberg.'

The eyes of Salvotti lighted up with a cruel satisfaction as he said to me: 'I promised you this!' while in those of Confalonieri, which were turned towards me, were seen the most tender compassion. I heard the sentence without emotion. I had suffered so much, that I was careless of life. Previous to our removal to Spielberg, we had to endure the pain and humiliation of exposure on the pillory, loaded with irons, which we could with the greatest difficulty move.

When placed on the scaffold or pillory, our sentences were read to the assembled populace of Milan. Here, however, we found sympathy. Although the streets were lined with Austrian soldiers, the crowd could not restrain their emotions of pity at the sight of Confalonieri. On him all eyes were fixed, as if to pay him a tribute of respect; and the groans of commiseration uttered by the crowd, warned the police of the danger of continuing the spectacle. We were removed to prison preparatory to being sent to Spielberg.

We were permitted to see our relatives previous to departure. The nature of my interview with my sister may be imagined. I tried to console her. My last words were: 'I am buried at five-and-twenty, but my resignation will not abandon me. Under all

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circumstances, I hope I shall prove worthy of you.' Confalonieri saw and took farewell of his noble-minded wife.

Under the charge of a strong party, we were removed in carriages to Spielberg. I had the melancholy satisfaction of being in the same carriage with Confalonieri. It was delightful for us, even though captives, to look once more from the carriage windows upon the sun. 'Happy, how happy are those,' exclaimed the count, 'who, dwelling in the lovely land on which the sun pours his full tide of genial influence, can taste in peace, under the roof-tree of home, the blessing of its wonderful beams! But we are going to a clime where it shines without warmth, and where it will never enter our miserable cell. I am a child of the glowing south, and the sun is a necessary of my existence.'

As we receded from Milan, the health of the count still more declined; and at length it was found necessary to leave him by the way, whilst the rest continued their journey. He afterwards partially recovered, and was able to follow on this dismal journey.

IMPRISONMENT AT SPIELBERG.

The fortress of Spielberg, which already held in confinement Silvio Pellico and other unfortunate Italians, was at length reached.

The moment we entered the gates of this gloomy receptacle—the prison where my youth, perhaps my whole life, was to pass in suffering—the sergeant of the escort looked at us with compassion, and exclaimed: 'Here, then, we are arrived!' Accustomed as he was to such gloomy scenes, even his voice faltered at the aspect of the fortress, whose name strikes terror through the Austrian dominions. As soon as I got out of the carriage, I turned to look at the place. It was an oblong square, surrounded on every side with buildings, whose narrow grated windows and low iron-studded doors would have filled us with dismay had we been there merely as visitors.

After passing through several dark corridors, we came to a door where two jailers were posted, each with a bunch of keys in his hand. When the door was opened, and I saw before me the dark den in which they were about to entomb me, I could not help exclaiming in agony: 'Merciful God! am I condemned to live in such a place as this?'

'Come; in with you!' cried the jailer, pushing me forward roughly—'in with you!' The push was so violent, that had I not luckily seized a bar fixed in the wall, I must have fallen head-foremost on the floor. I turned round to remonstrate against such brutality, but the door was already shut and locked.

I now raised my eyes to the ceiling, and beheld the grated air-hole, through which a glimmer of light forced its way. I then surveyed the interior of my cell. A pallet-bed, a pitcher, and a tub formed the whole of the furniture. Used as I was to the nakedness

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of prisons, and the privation of everything most essential to life, this utter destitution made my heart shrink. I turned round to lean my head against the wall, and two enormous chains, suspended from the iron bar, caught my eye. At the idea that I might be fastened to that bar, and prevented from even scrambling up to the window to inhale a mouthful of fresh air, a cold shudder ran through my frame.

To divert my mind from this horrible thought, I made an attempt to reach the opening which was the object of all my wishes. But my short and heavy fetters rendered this so extremely difficult, that, in spite of the greatest efforts, I was at last compelled to renounce the hope of that solace. Exhausted by fatigue, and overcome by grief, I seated myself on my couch, vainly striving to keep my eyes from gazing on those chains, which, after cramping the death-struggles of some former victim, were now destined perhaps for me.

These melancholy forebodings were interrupted by the entrance of a prisoner, unknown to me, named Colonel A——; from which it appeared I was to have a companion. Shortly afterwards an old man, named Schiller, one of the turnkeys, entered, carrying two iron porringers in his hands, and a loaf of black bread under his arm. Having set them down, he made me a signal to eat.

‘What!’ exclaimed I; ‘is this to be our fare? Soup garnished with lumps of tallow!—beans cooked in salt and water! Cold, too!’ I added, after having tasted two or three, and spat them out again. ‘It would take the stomach of an ostrich to digest these stones!’ I spoke as if the old man could understand me. He only laughed at my gestures; and, taking a long knife from his pocket, he gravely cut the bread in two, giving each of us his moiety; then wishing us a good appetite, left the cell.

Dinner, our only repast for the day, was before us; but we could not, in spite of all our resolution, conquer the repugnance which the vile odour of these dishes, and the filthiness of the porringers, caused in us. Hunger alone forced us afterwards to touch some portion of this detestable food. The narrowness of the cell prevented my walking; which I seriously felt, after the twenty days’ constraint I had endured during the journey. I was compelled to throw myself, without undressing, on the hard and scanty pallet which formed my bed. The whole night was passed without rest; or, if I did for a moment drop into a slumber, I was soon roused by a clanking of chains, which seemed to proceed from the bowels of the earth. The deep gloom in which we were immured, and the shrill, prolonged cries of the sentinels, who shouted forth every quarter of an hour, produced on my mind a horrible dream. I shuddered with dread; a cold perspiration covered my body; every limb seemed paralysed. I broke through this nightmare by a convulsive effort, and in so doing, fell upon the floor. The colonel, who was lying at his ease on the mattress he had been indulged with, awoke with the noise, and appeared to be affected by my condition.

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At daybreak Schiller entered with a breakfast worthy of the dinner—consisting of some water, in which floated a few grains of roasted barley. A short time afterwards I was obliged to relinquish my apparel, in exchange for the uniform of the prison. It consisted of a jacket, half gray half brown; and waistcoat and pantaloons, open on each side to admit our chains, one leg gray, the other brown—a knave-of-clubs kind of dress, calculated to prevent every chance of escape to the wearer. The cloth and stockings were of the coarsest quality; and so likewise were the heavy boots, which completed our attire. Linen, cravats, handkerchiefs, all were taken from us: we possessed not a single relic of our former condition. It was an alleviation, however, of all this indignity, to find that the hair of the prisoners was not to be shorn, like that of the galley-slaves of Toulon or Brest; and even the deathblow given to hope by the act of riveting fresh fetters on the legs, was mitigated by the tidings that, thus manacled, the captives would be permitted half an hour's daily exercise in the open air on a platform of the fortress.

This platform was about ten feet long by eight broad. Like the prison we occupied, it had a northerly exposure, and was almost entirely surrounded by walls so high, that for six months of the year not a beam of the sun could reach it. Its aspect was dismal—its atmosphere bleak. Save two or three rose-trees crawling over the wall, and a breast-high peep over the vast panorama beneath, there was nothing to cheer or enliven the prospect.

Here, then, began my long and hopeless confinement. Day followed day without incident. It was a living death. Even, however, in the gloom and misery of my dungeon, there was scope for mental cultivation and the exercise of the affections. One of my early and most welcome solaces was that derived from occasional and brief intercourse with sharers of my captivity—Silvio Pellico and Maroncelli—the account of whose sufferings has already been laid before the world. One day an old convict, whose office it was to bring and remove the provisions, placed under a jug a small parcel, to which a glance of his eye directed my attention. The door closed, I hurried to gain the packet: it contained a vial of reddish liquid, the stump of a pen, and a letter worded nearly as follows:

'We are ignorant of your names, but your misfortunes and ours are the same, and on this ground we address you. Let us know who you are. Tell us about Italy—about everything. During the two years that we have been here, no news has reached us. Write without fear, and quickly; for we are anxious to hear by what fatal destiny you, like us, have been buried at Spielberg.'

'Tis from Pellico,' I exclaimed, full of joy and emotion at this generous appeal from a man of whom Confalonieri spoke with the utmost warmth of esteem. When I took up the pen to answer him, I felt as if I were writing to an old friend, whom Heaven had

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restored to me. In a subsequent letter he wrote : ' God will recompense you for your devotedness and resignation. Put your confidence in Him. You will again see your country and family ; for you are young, and political sentences, though for life, are not always perpetual. I wish that I had the same hope for Confalonieri.'

Of my noble friend Confalonieri I had heard nothing for some time. At length he was introduced to my cell, and I was told he was henceforth to be my companion, instead of the person who had been previously with me. The joy I felt at this intelligence was materially lessened, when he informed me that all hope of mitigation in his fate had vanished, in consequence of his refusal to criminate his acquaintances.

I attempted to infuse some hope into him by speaking of his countess, and the happy days he would yet spend with her ; but he stopped me immediately, saying : ' I can no longer indulge in illusions : my fate is irrevocably fixed. Here my life will end, while my unfortunate Theresa will consume hers in tears.'

Revived by having once more congenial companionship, we resumed our former habits of life. Spring crept on ; the days were becoming longer ; and we could devote more time to reading the few books allowed us. The kind count would overcome his sorrow and sufferings, to teach me to profit by his wisdom and experience. Light shone upon my mind ; my opinions became more settled ; and I thanked God for having given me a friend so great in heart and knowledge. I stretched myself on my straw, not to court sleep, but to reflect on what I had heard ; and, in spite of the irons which loaded my body, my mind took flight, and found enjoyments of which kings and the rich are ignorant. More elevated ideas took possession of my heart, and I became prepared to sacrifice all, and forget all, save the dear ones to whom I had cost so many tears.

[Saddened by the increasing illness of Confalonieri, which threw a damp over their mutual studies, a pleasing incident came to the relief of the monotony of Andrayne's existence, in the arrival of an old comrade in affliction, left behind ill at Milan, from whose communications through the wall the fate of his former companion was ascertained—Rinaldini (the light-hearted Brescian, and sharer of his cell) having been sentenced to two years' imprisonment. From Tonelli they also learned the more generally interesting tidings of the death of Byron, whose fall in the cause of freedom came home to the hearts of the captives.

About this period the prisoners endured a great misfortune in the removal of the clergyman who conducted the religious duties of the prison. He was an amiable man, much respected by the unfortunate Italians, in whose fate he sympathised. His successor, Don Stephano, was a man of a different stamp—cunning and hypocritical—a miserable tool of the despot from whom he had received his appointment. Under the mask of religious adviser, his duty was to

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worm secrets from the prisoners, and induce them to relate to him the particulars of the schemes in which they were supposed to have been engaged. At first Andrayne and his companions felt pleased with the attentions of this infamous parasite; but afterwards suspecting and becoming assured of his worthlessness, they treated him with the indifference and scorn that his character deserved. It was found to be a relief when Don Stephano left them for the winter to attend the court of the emperor, with whom he pretended to have considerable influence.

Meanwhile, Andrayne's sister did not desist from her efforts to procure his release. Hearing that the Emperor of Austria was about to visit Milan, she repaired thither. The nature of her exertions may be best learned from the following entries in her diary:

'Milan, May 10, 1825.—We are at length at the end of our journey, and it seems like a dream to me that I should be again in this town, the scene to me of so much suffering. I this morning paid a visit to Count Partha, and was shewn into the little room so well known to me. I seated myself on the same sofa on which I was informed of the sentence passed on my poor brother. What harrowing emotions had I not suffered there!

'May 19.—Learning this morning from our ambassador that Prince Metternich would receive me if I called on him, I proceeded to his house, invoking Heaven to inspire me with words which should touch him. Encouraged by the kindness which beamed from the prince's countenance, I said, in a tone which came from my soul: "Will you interest yourself for a poor heart-broken woman who relies upon you?"

"I have promised the Archbishop of Paris, madam," said the prince, taking my hand, and leading me to a seat by his side, "to use all my interest for you; and be assured I will keep my word. The Duke d'Angoulême has also strongly spoken in behalf of your brother. But it is the maxim of our sovereign always to be master in his own realms, and not suffer any potentate in Europe to intrude on what passes within them."

Great as was this rebuff, the devoted sister did not give up all hope, until she learned from the Countess Confalonieri that there was at present no likelihood of mercy being extended to the captives. Prejudiced by the cruel misrepresentations of the priest Stephano, and full of the supposed necessity for making examples, the emperor would only concede that Andrayne, when sufficiently corrected, should be again restored to the world; and that in the meantime his family should have, every six months, a bulletin of his health.

When the wretch Stephano returned, it was to tantalise Andrayne by fresh assurances, that if he had furnished him with the revelations he tried to extort, his sister would have succeeded in obtaining his pardon; and henceforth the prisoner's contumacy, as it was called, was to be overcome by the withdrawal of every little comfort hitherto

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derived from books, all of which—the most precious possession of the captive, one ill-selected volume of devotion by a Jesuit, furnished by the priest, excepted—were reluctantly, at his avowed suggestion, confiscated by the governor of Moravia.

The winter which ensued was felt severely by the prisoners, whose hands were swollen by the frost. Against the intenseness of the cold no provision was made by artificial heat, nor by clothing. The dress, which was the same as in the middle of summer, consisted only of a scanty jacket, and a thin and tattered pair of trousers. Hunger, too, added its pangs to other physical evils; and but for vague hopes, resting on the rude kindness of Schiller, who often brought, hidden under his greatcoat, a porringer of potatoes, the stoutest spirits would have sunk under the hardships of the severe winter of 1825-26.

The loss of Schiller, whom the suspicions of Don Stephano caused to be removed from his post, and whose soldier-spirit not long after sunk under the disgrace and vexation, was a cruel blow to the prisoners. But the malice of their disappointed tormentor had devised a more dreadful revenge, in the separation of Andrayne from his beloved Confalonieri, now more than ever in need of his attentions, and giving him for a companion Judge S——, an indulged informer, whose duty consisted in ferreting information from the prisoners with whom he was put. The plan of resorting to such mean devices, marks the baseness to which the ministers of a despotic government are driven in the execution of their functions. In the case of Andrayne, this spy system was of little avail. He was aware of the character who had been thrust upon him, and was guarded in all his movements and observations. The reserve of Andrayne convinced S—— that he was suspected of treachery, and this roused in him the most vengeful sentiments. One day, when almost stifled with the air of the cell, Andrayne attempted to open the window; S—— rushed at him with fury, and they nearly came to blows. At length S—— was removed, to the great joy of his companion, who danced with exultation at the thought of being no longer under restraint. Some time after, he had the pleasure of being restored to the cell and company of Confalonieri.

Hopes of escape now intruded themselves; and these in time ceased to be absolutely chimerical, as, thanks to the countess, Confalonieri had been furnished with means for it; and he only postponed his flight from a lameness of Andrayne, which prevented his accompanying him. The idea, however, was finally given up, from the noble fear of compromising those involved in it. On one occasion, everything was arranged for the flight of *one*; and Andrayne pressed and besought Confalonieri to be the favoured party. But this noble-minded man refused. 'I will never profit,' said he, 'by any good-fortune that will injure my fellow-captives.' Neither, therefore, embraced the offer of making a clandestine escape.

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Of the monotonous life which the prisoners spent during several melancholy years, it would be of little consequence to take any note. One particular source of misery need only be adverted to. The deprivation of books, and all means of literary employment, having induced the prisoners to petition for some occupation—even work on the fortifications with the convicts would have been embraced with transport—the cruel ingenuity of Stephano suggested, first, a daily and rigorously exacted task of lint-making from the filthy and disgusting rags of the prison hospital; and, after that had been long endured, the no less filthy knitting of coarse stockings from rank, oily wool, the odour of which kept them in a continual state of nausea and indisposition for food.

To the ordinary sufferings of the prisoners generally, there was added, in the case of Maroncelli, a disease in one of his legs—the result of the severities endured in this horrid receptacle. After weeks of solicitation, the gangrened limb was amputated; and this event cast a new gloom over the minds of the captives. Some time later (September 16, 1830), Maroncelli and Pellico were released from confinement, and allowed to return to their respective homes; Andrayne, Confalonieri, and the other Italians being still retained, without any prospect of immediate liberation. In the winter of 1830–31, Andrayne heard of the death of his father; and Confalonieri was agonised to learn that his wife, who had never ceased to intercede for his liberation, was now no more. She had died of a broken heart. The grief of Confalonieri was overwhelming. He wept like a child. All day and night Andrayne heard from him the exclamation of ‘Theresa, my beloved Theresa!’ mingled with sighs and sobs. The only consolation of the captives was, that they were permitted to share the same cell.

In the end of 1831 the cholera, in its progress through Europe, visited Spielberg, and imparted new horrors to the scene. With Andrayne and his companion life had ceased to be cared for; but the thought of dying unattended, like dogs, of this mysterious scourge, drove the prisoners almost to desperation. To their imaginations the disease had already fastened on their attenuated bodies. Swimmings of the head and intestinal pains seemed the prelude of dissolution. In Confalonieri other alarming symptoms soon appeared. Andrayne knocked at the door, and called loudly for medical assistance. The warders of the prison at first refused to reply; and when at length they came, it was to give the consoling report, that the commandant had the keys, and that no one could enter the cells till morning. Happily, Confalonieri recovered from the attack; and both had the good-fortune to escape falling victims to the epidemic.

The night, says the proverb, is never darker than when it verges towards the dawn; and the subsidence of the cholera, in March 1832, proved the prelude to an unexpected release. It may serve as

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a proof of the futility of omens, that, for some days previous, the incessant croaking of a raven had prepared Andrayne for a very different catastrophe; and his conversation, when broken in upon by the agent of his deliverance, was turning on a few more years of torture and a felon's grave. We resume his own language.]

MY RELEASE.

One evening, while engaged in conversation, Confalonieri suddenly said: 'Some one opens the iron gate of the corridor. It is the director of police: he can only be coming at this hour to set some of us free. May it please Heaven that he comes for you!' added he, pressing my hand fervently. I know not what ray of hope shot through my mind; my heart beat violently; and on hearing the words just then uttered by the jailer: 'The director of police is waiting for you,' I threw myself into the arms of Confalonieri, without having the power of speech; and he, the all-devoted, embraced me, exclaiming: 'I am happy!—I am happy!' Holding his hand in mine, I was at length able to mutter: 'May God reward you for all the good you have done me!' How distressing to leave this venerable man still a captive in an Austrian dungeon!

Too much stunned and bewildered to enter into the idea of freedom, even the striking off of my fetters by the same smith who, nine years before, had riveted them on, or the exchange of my convict garb for civilised apparel, caused me no sensation of pleasure; nay, I did not rejoice on passing the very outer gates. How much must I have been crushed by suffering, to have passed them now without any feeling of happiness!

But the springs of feeling, though frozen, were not yet dried up. On being informed that it was to the unceasing efforts of my sister, then at Vienna, who was to meet me on the road, that I was indebted at length for my pardon, I exclaimed: 'She? O, my God! I thank thee!' and I wept. The emotion and joy I had not felt till now, unfroze my heart. Tears flowed, sweet and salutary, as in the days of happiness; and I blessed my sister from my heart.

This reunion, brought about by the benevolent interposition in her behalf of the good Queen of France and the Empress of Austria, was not one of unmingled joy and exultation. The change in my appearance, which, on my first view for ten years of a mirror, appalled even myself, may be best told in my sister's touching words, written on the day which brought us together.

'*Wednesday, March 20.*—Day of happiness! he is restored to us! My God I thank thee for having made me the instrument of restoring life to a being so good and unfortunate! At daybreak I was on the balcony. About two o'clock a postchaise appeared in sight. I called to my cousin, scarce able to speak: "Look! a tall

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man is getting out of the carriage! It is he, I am certain. Alexander, answer me!"

"A face, pale and emaciated, turned and raised its eyes on hearing my voice. I could not contain a cry of sorrow: "Great God! it is he. But how could I have recognised him?" and I fell on a seat, deprived of strength and speech.

"My cousin flew out, and returned leading and supporting my unfortunate brother, who threw himself into my arms, repeating only, with sobs: "Old! old!—dead yonder without you!"

"I had to retire for a short time and relieve myself by a flood of tears. Nothing had prepared me to see him thus—dying, and presenting the appearance of an aged man by his bent figure and cadaverous complexion. When I returned, I thought I saw a faint spark of joy animating his countenance on looking at me sufficiently near to distinguish my features.

"My poor sister!" he exclaimed; "the wind of adversity has passed over your hair and turned it white; but you are not so much altered as I expected, when I consider all the tears I have cost you!"

Thus, after a confinement from January 1823 to March 1832, a period of nine years and two months, the unfortunate Andrayne was set at liberty: his sufferings, as he says, having made him prematurely old, while the loss of so much valuable time had ruined his prospects in life. And all this, as we have seen, alone arose from the well-meaning but imprudent act of carrying a few papers from some acquaintances in Switzerland into Italy. While execrating the detestable tyranny which could impose so frightful a punishment for so insignificant an offence, we must also feel that Andrayne was guilty of culpable rashness, in allowing himself to be used as an engine for stirring up sedition in a country with whose government he had no proper concern; and was on this account less excusable than Confalonieri and the other Italian patriots. Well may we remind our young readers, in reference to this, as also many other misfortunes, of the wise advice conveyed in the Eastern proverb:

BEGIN nothing of which
thou hast not well
considered the end.



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I.

IT was an afternoon in November ; the sun was set, but, through the dull twilight, objects were still dimly visible, while a thick, wetting rain, from the unbroken canopy of cloud, fell slowly but heavily on the earth, which seemed so completely saturated that it would absorb no more. No sound was to be heard save that of the measured, melancholy fall of the rain, as it dripped from the leafless boughs on the dank fallen foliage beneath, or as, from the eaves of the houses, it plashed on the dirty, ill-paved streets of Ruthersholm—a small town in one of the inland counties of Scotland. In the outskirts of this town was a little row of cottages, belonging to the humbler class of the inhabitants, having the road in front, and behind, market-gardens, and crofts or meadows, where cows pastured in the summer-time.

At the door of one of these cottages, on the evening above mentioned, stood, as if on the look-out for some one, a young and comely girl. She appeared to be about twenty, had a plump, tight, tidy little figure, and a bright, blooming, kindly face, with the fair skin, rosy cheeks, and yellow hair which compose the favourite type of beauty among her own class in the country to which she belonged. Her merino gown, rather too fashionably made for a servant, and her coquettish little cap, trimmed with blue ribbons, shewed that Jessie Gibson was not without some idea that she was a beauty.

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'He's no coming, mother ; he'll no ha' been able to ford the water, an' the ferry-boat wadna gang out sic a night as this.'

'Come in, hinny,' cried a voice from the interior : 'it's nae wyte o' Robin's, I'se warrant that.'

'I think I see him, though—I see something doon the road,' Jessie responded joyfully. 'It canna be onybody else sic a night as this.'

And, indeed, no living creature, save a criminal fleeing from detection, or a lover hastening to his mistress, or some one urged by a passion as strong as these, would have been voluntarily exposed on so inclement a night. But for the moment Jessie had forgotten that some have no choice—that there are those who have not where to hide their heads even from the pelting of the pitiless blast of November. But the night was now so dark, and the rain so thick, that the individual in question was almost close to the door, at which Jessie was standing, ere the latter perceived that instead of Robin Rae, her lover, it was an unfortunate person of this class. The new-comer looked between twenty and thirty ; her poor, thin, wet garments were clinging to her emaciated figure ; and her wan, sickly face, and unearthly dark eyes, were hardly shaded by her battered bonnet. She held, wrapped in a ragged petticoat of blue flannel, an infant folded to her bosom, as if she sought to give it thus a little warmth.

The momentary feeling of irritation produced in Jessie's mind by the disappointment of finding that, after all, it was not her lover, vanished on seeing this miserable object, for her impulses were naturally both benevolent and active. The wanderer told a piteous tale. The infant, she said, was the child of a dead sister, who had been the wife of a respectable workman in a large town in Yorkshire. A depression in trade had thrown him out of employment, and while endeavouring to obtain work, he had been seized with inflammation of the lungs, which had terminated fatally. His unhappy wife, just on the eve of her confinement, had written to her sister—her only living relation—begging the latter to hasten to her, as she felt convinced her own end was at hand. This girl, who lived in Ayrshire, gaining a poor livelihood there by working the much-admired embroidery on muslin, had not hesitated to set out, expending her little all on the journey to Yorkshire. She had arrived just in time to receive the poor widow's last breath, and the charge of the babe—her dying sister's legacy. She was now on her way back to Ayrshire with the little burden. Her money being long since spent, she had come nearly all the distance on foot, and for the last two days had begged her way from door to door. 'But,' she continued, being now under the shelter of the narrow passage, into which, while she spoke, Jessie had drawn her—'now my strength has failed me ; the babe, the dear, dear babe is dying, if not dead, and this night I know not where to seek a roof to cover us.' Here the poor girl,

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overcome by grief and fatigue, burst into a fit of low hysterical weeping. Jessie drew her into their outer room—a sort of kitchen—a decent, cleanly, tidy apartment with a blazing fire, and a row of cups set for tea on a deal table at the window.

The rest of the family, consisting of the mother and two or three children, a great deal younger than Jessie, crowded round the stranger, who, in a fainting state, produced by the sudden warmth of the apartment, had fallen into a great wooden chair, somewhat the shape of a half-circle, with a railing round the bow. Mrs Gibson took the baby, while her daughter administered some tea to the poor woman.

‘I am dying ; I can do no more—God help us !’ sobbed the latter in a tone almost inaudible, and then, from sheer exhaustion, relapsed again into insensibility. Meanwhile Mrs Gibson had the infant on her knee. It, too, seemed hardly to live ; and its small, pinched features, and fingers like straws, told a tale of suffering which excited in the hearts of the mother and daughter feelings of the most painful commiseration.

‘Better send for the doctor,’ said Mrs Gibson.

‘I will rin mysel’ this minute,’ cried Jessie ; and seizing an old shawl, without one thought of the ‘best gown,’ which had been put on to do honour to Robin, she rushed out into the rain, and in a few minutes returned with a surgeon who lived near. He shook his head mournfully when he saw the baby ; and having felt the pulse of the poor woman, pronounced that she was in a fever, produced by exposure to cold, fatigue, and hunger. She ought, he said, to be put to bed immediately. Mrs Gibson and Jessie regarded one another in consternation. To turn out a sick, and perhaps dying stranger on such a night as this, was an impossibility to their compassionate natures—yet how to keep her, perhaps through a long illness, they knew not, for they were poor.

Mrs Gibson was a widow, who, in addition to a very small income left her by her husband, drove a trade in apples, gingerbread, wooden dolls, and other such matters, to enable her to maintain her family. Her three eldest children could now, however, support themselves. Her two sons obtained wages as journeymen carpenters in a neighbouring town ; and Jessie, who was her eldest child, was at service as housemaid in the family of a gentleman-farmer in the neighbourhood. She was at present at home on a visit for a few days. She had been engaged for some time to a highly respectable young man, a gardener, but who had not yet obtained any permanent employment, and consequently could not afford to marry. But they were both young, and had all the world before them ; so they were quite happy, and looked forward to the future with mutual confidence. But to return to the sick girl and the dying infant. What was to be done ? All looked blank. At last, Jessie exclaimed with a brightening face : ‘I ken what, mother ! I have a pound saved frae my

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wages, an' that will keep the puir lassie or she gets better. Maybe, she will can pay me some time—if no, never heed. I ken Robin wad be pleased.' Mrs Gibson was at first doubtful; but she, too, saw no other way, and she felt that the stranger *must* be succoured. Once, too, taken possession of by this generous idea, Jessie would hear of nothing else. Besides the really compassionate and generous impulses by which she had been actuated in the first place, there was something pleasing to her imagination, and flattering to her vanity, in the idea of being capable of making such a sacrifice, and of the praise which would redound to her from all sides on that account. Distressed as she was at the condition of their forlorn guest, disappointed as she had been by Robin's non-appearance, Jessie had seldom felt in better spirits, or more pleased with herself, than she did to-night. Despoiling herself of the 'best gown' and gay cap, in her own active, business-like way, she helped the poor stranger, who was now restored to a state of partial sensibility, to her own bed. The latter, who, in answer to a question from Jessie, had said her name was Helen Gray, murmured blessings on her benefactress, mingled with inquiries for the infant. In accordance with the advice of the surgeon, who had now left, Jessie began to prepare a few spoonfuls of food for the patient.

'I had better take the arrow-root, dinna ye think, mother?'

'Yes, hinny. It was a gude thing ye happened on that.'

'Oh, there was sic a heap o't, it will ne'er be missed. Naebody takes it but Miss Ann whiles, for she's no vera strong. I thought it wad be the very thing for our ain little Katie. An' I ha' gotten some oatmeal an' a wheen eggs. What is't to them? An' it makes an unco difference to the like o' us.'

'I am sure,' returned Mrs Gibson, 'there can be nae ill in folk minding their ain, an' what the waur is onybody o' what they dinna miss? An' ye might ha' eaten a' thae things if ye likit. It wad be an unco heartless-like thing for a lassie to ha' plenty hersel', an' see her mother and sisters want. But my Jessie's nane o' that kind. What is a bit egg or a neffu' o' meal to rich folk? An' then, ye ken, ye dinna get sae muckle wage by a pund as Betsy Miller, an' she is no half sic a clever servant. If it wasna that ye had an easy, comfortable place wi' the Youngs, I wadna hear o' your biding. So ye're quite right to make it up wi' a wheen things ye might eat yersel'. My word! Mrs Young wad like ill if ye was to flit.'

'I dinna think Robin wad like it, though. He's very strict.'

'But how is he to ken? An' it's fair nonsense o' him. Naebody is mair partikler nor mysel'. I am sure, if I saw a housefu' o' gold an' silver, I wadna touch a sixpence that didna belong me.'

'Nor me, mother. I fand a gold sovereign Miss Ann had droppit i' the gairden ae day, an' brought till her or she missed it, an' they have aye trusted me wi' a'thing sin syne. I ken what's right as weel as Robin.'

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'To be sure, hinny. An' what wad we ha' done wi' that puir lassie, if it hadna been for the arrow-root? We're as ready to gie as take. Ne'er fash yersel' about Robin, hinny. He'll ne'er ken a word about it; an' wha's a preen the waur, I wad like to ken?' asked Mrs Gibson triumphantly.

And now I fear that, to some of my readers, there may appear an inconsistency between the humane, nay, generous and self-sacrificing conduct, and the accommodating honesty of Mrs Gibson and her daughter. But such inconsistencies are not uncommon; nay, they are only apparent, not real inconsistencies. Some persons judge of character as, in the infancy of science, doctors used to judge of diseases—merely by the symptoms. Now, sometimes, morally as well as physically, different diseases have similar symptoms; and as physical anatomy is necessary in the one case to enable us to ascertain the originating cause of the evil, so is moral anatomy in the other. Many excellent persons would at once have jumped to the conclusion, that Jessie Gibson was a girl altogether devoid of principle; but such was not the case. She and her mother only spoke the truth when they said, that if a houseful of gold and silver were in their power, they would not touch a sixpence. To take money or wearing-apparel, was stealing; to take food, was not; and then, 'it would never be missed.' Moreover, Jessie was led still further astray by her really strong feelings of family affection. She did not reflect that she was only selfishly indulging her own feelings, and pampering a vain passion for praise, and an egotistical desire to be considered generous and kind-hearted at the expense of justice. Hers was not so much wilful wickedness as a moral obliquity of vision, not uncommon among those whose feelings have not been trained, and whose reasoning powers have not been cultivated. But it is never easy to break down the barrier of habitual ignorance, more especially when its foundation is a settled self-indulgence of any kind—even of our good impulses. I say habitual ignorance, for some, I hope, having already made a breach in that Chinese wall—the most effectual hinderance to the entrance of all improvement—are in the habit of having from time to time a little of the broken rubbish cleared away; while with others, Jessie among the number, the wall was yet in its pristine strength and solidity. Now, it is much easier to clear away the broken rubbish, than to make the breach while the wall is still hardened and compacted by the strong cement of habit.

II.

Jessie watched all night by her protégée, feeling like a heroine, and her spirits quite elated by the consciousness of her own magnanimity and generosity. It was while poor Helen Gray was in a

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heavy feverish slumber, that her dead sister's infant drew its last breath. Poor babe ! its sad little race was quickly run ; but one can hardly call such a death premature. Even Mrs Gibson and Jessie, as they dropped a few natural tears over the innocent clay, felt somewhat of this sentiment.

Mrs Gibson then took down the Bible, and read a chapter to Jessie. They never omitted to read the Bible every day, though, strange to say, there were some of its lessons at least they did not seem to lay to heart. And there are not a few persons of the same kind—persons who hear sermons, and read books of instruction, in the unthinking belief that having so done, they have accomplished their duty. Jessie's and her mother's reading of 'good books' was a duty quite apart from other duties, and the affairs of their daily life ; yet, though never influencing their understandings or conduct, their consciences would have been quite uneasy if they had omitted their 'chapter.'

Helen Gray's first thought, when she awoke at last from her heavy slumber, was of the baby. She soon divined what had happened, and for some time seemed overwhelmed with grief. She then spoke of rising, that she might seek some means of having the child buried, and try to move on her way homeward ; but Jessie would not permit her. She strove to comfort her with the assurance that the child should be properly buried. The doctor, she added, said it was impossible she could walk for a week or two. 'Then God help me !' cried the unfortunate creature : 'what *shall* I do ?' Jessie hastened to console her, by telling her she should remain where she was, and be nursed till she was well. Poor Helen Gray could only evince her gratitude by tears, and by pressing Jessie's hand to her lips. But she made the most fervent resolutions to shew her gratitude one day to her generous benefactress, if it should please God to restore her to health and strength. And then Helen told Jessie she was the good Samaritan, and Jessie's heart was prouder and more self-satisfied than ever. She was to return to the duties of her place the following evening.

The weather was now somewhat improved. The clouds were lighter, and broken into masses ; the rain had ceased to descend in a constant deluge, but only came in occasional drifting showers, for the wind had now risen. Jessie began to hope it might be fine, at least overhead, for her five miles' walk to Todlaw Mains. She had another hope too, with regard to which she was more silent—namely, that Robin would come to her that night, as he had been prevented fulfilling his engagement the previous evening. The hope was fulfilled. Robin arrived with the *gloaming*, and was welcomed at the door by his betrothed—once more in her 'best merino,' and cap with blue ribbons. Robin Rae was a young man, two or three years older than Jessie Gibson, tall and strongly made, with a healthy, honest, manly face, a fearless brown eye, and locks of

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curling dark hair. His face brightened with pleasure at the sight of Jessie. She stepped out on the wet road to meet him.

'I'm sae glad ye've come, Robin!'

'Are ye, hinny?' said the young man with brightening eyes. 'It's unco weather keeps me frae my Jessie; but I was amaist drooned trying to ford the water yesternicht. An' sae ye was wearying on me, lassie?'

They were now in the little passage, and the door of the outer apartment was closed, lest the damp wind should blow through to the inner one where the invalid lay. As the opportunity seemed favourable, and Jessie in a kind mood, which was not always the case, the lover sought to accompany these words with a kiss, for which he was instantly rewarded by a box on the ear—not a very hard one, however.

'The conceit o' some folk! An' so ye thought I was greeting my een out because ye didna come! Na, na, lad; I ha' something to tell ye, that's a.' And as shortly as possible, Jessie narrated the incidents of the preceding evening, concluding by asking Robin, if he would take charge of the burial of the infant, as she must return to Todlaw Mains, and her mother would have her hands full with the invalid. As Jessie proceeded with her tale, her mood again changed; and as she described the death of the baby, her eyes filled with tears, and her voice became hoarse with feeling. Robin's eyes, too, glistened—partly with sympathy, and partly with admiration of the conduct of his Jessie. His answer was: 'I'll do that, Jessie—onything ye like, darlin'.' And then Jessie bade him: 'Come in till yer tea. Mother has it a' ready.'

On the deal table stood a row of tea-cups, with a tempting scone of Jessie's making, just hot off the girdle—a flat iron plate, upon which, suspended over the fire, it is the custom in Scotland to bake various kinds of thin bread and cakes, most of them included under the generic appellation of scone. Two or three eggs completed the luxuries of this dainty repast, which Robin declared to be quite a feast, and which, to judge by his prowess, he enjoyed exceedingly. As he finished his egg, he exclaimed: 'What a fine egg! Where did ye get it, Jessie? I thought eggs were owre dear for puir folk at this time o' year.'

'Jessie brought them hame wi' her frae Todlaw Mains.'

'The mistress gae her them, I fancy. She maun think a dale o' Jessie, an' nae wonder!'

'She does that,' answered Mrs Gibson quickly; 'an' nae wonder, as ye say. She gies her a hantel o' things forbye eggs.'

Mrs Gibson maintained, while she spoke, the most composed countenance, her expression merely testifying the pleasure a mother would naturally feel in knowing her daughter was appreciated; and such, indeed, was perhaps partly her feeling, for, from long habit, Mrs Gibson's moral sense was much more completely blunted than

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that of her daughter. Jessie, meanwhile, blushed crimson, and fidgeted on her seat. She had never felt more uncomfortable in her life, and at that instant would have given anything not to have taken the eggs. But Robin attributed her blushes to quite another cause, which only made her fairer and dearer in his eyes. Though the night was chill, and the roads wet, he looked forward with delight to the walk to Todlaw Mains, when he should have her all to himself. He had some pleasant news, too, to tell, which he reserved till they should be alone. Meanwhile, he continued to compliment her on the high estimation in which she was held by her mistress and by everybody, and most, he said, by those who knew her best. At first, his praise only made Jessie feel more embarrassed, but she was not naturally of a reflective disposition, and was much inclined to be on good terms with herself; so by degrees the disagreeable feelings were forgotten, and she yielded to the pleasing belief that she was one of the most meritorious of her sex. She was still further confirmed in this flattering opinion when, going into the inner room to bid adieu to the invalid, ere setting out with Robin, the poor girl called down on her head the most fervent blessings—the glances with which she accompanied her expressions of gratitude saying still more than the words, for Helen Gray's was not a very demonstrative disposition. Jessie departed with her lover in excellent spirits, and in a state of thorough self-satisfaction.

Their path lay, part of the way, over a wide open moorland. The roads were not quite so wet as might have been expected; and the moon, wading through the cloudy masses, shed fitful gleams of pale brightness over the brown moss and shaggy whins, while a star glimmered now and then from a rent like a deep-blue pit in the lead-coloured sky. It was still cold, and a damp wind blew bitterly over the open moor; but to Robin and Jessie the weather seemed almost pleasant. The joy within their hearts seemed to diffuse a portion of its warmth and brightness even over the bleak outward world.

‘I ha’ grand news for ye, Jessie. Only think, lassie: Mr Oliver o’ Springsyde House’s gardener is gaun to flit, an’ Mr Somerville o’ the Ha’ an’ James Hardie ha’ spoken for the place for me, an’ I am amaise sure to get it, for Mr Oliver has a great notion o’ James Hardie’s skeeliness, an’ Mr Somerville is to speak for me being a decent lad. An’ I wad be to ha’ the lodge-house. Sic a bonnie place, Jessie! A bit nate white-washed house, a’ growin’ owre wi’ roses, an’ the grass park in front, an’ a brae kivered wi’ trees at the back, an’ a’ glinting wi’ primroses in the spring-time; an’ a nice bit garden at ae side, wi’ bonny pear an’ apple trees in’t. It wad be jist the place for you, Jessie; an’ ye wad hae naething to do but open the gate for the carriages. O Jessie!’ cried Robin, altogether transported with delight, as in his mind’s eye he beheld his Jessie, in one of her neat, bright dresses, rushing out of their pretty cottage

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to open the gate for a carriage full of ladies and gentlemen, and thought how they must all admire the gardener's pretty wife.

But they had now arrived at the gate leading through the farm-yard to the back premises of Todlaw Mains, at which place the lovers always parted. On the present occasion, they lingered a minute. Robin whispered something: 'If he got the place, wad she'— The rest of the sentence was almost inaudible; but Jessie seemed to understand it. She answered in a tone equally inaudible, but which seemed equally comprehensible and satisfactory. Robin for a second pressed her to his heart, which beat tumultuously with joy and hope. Then he watched her figure as it vanished among the stacks. 'O Jessie—my ain Jessie! May the Lord bless her dear heart! sae bonnie an' sae gude,' he whispered softly and fervently.

III.

Jessie was kindly welcomed back by her mistress and the young ladies: they had missed her much. The house looked quite dirty and untidy, and not like itself; and as for the bedroom stairs, they were not fit to be seen. Jessie, in a fit of good-humour, for her heart was dancing with joy, slipped on her working-dress, and washed them down that very night, and by twelve o'clock next day the house had assumed its ordinary aspect of cheerful, shining tidiness. And then Miss Ann, who was Jessie's principal friend among the young ladies, and to whom the latter was in the habit of imparting various confidences, came up to the upper lobby, where Jessie was dusting the walls, to have a gossip with her about the events of her visit to Ruthersholm. Jessie had a great deal to tell her young mistress this time. She described pathetically the death of the infant, and the sad condition of poor Helen Gray, whose touching, though too common history lost none of its interest by Jessie's simple, naïve style of narration. Miss Ann's feelings were interested. She ran to tell the tale to her mamma and sisters, eager to do something for Jessie's protégée.

Mrs Young was a sensible, rather clever woman, not deficient in kindness of heart, but very strict in her notions, exacting from her dependants, and apt to judge harshly of those whose cast of character differed from her own. Jessie was a great favourite with her. She had never had so active, cleanly, and 'biddable' a girl before. Though not so enthusiastic as her daughters, she was therefore quite willing to lend any aid in her power to Helen Gray, for Jessie's sake, and to promote the well-being of the former on her recovery, should she find, on inquiry, that she was a well-behaved girl. She knew a lady in the same part of Ayrshire from which Helen said she came, and she would get her to make the necessary inquiries about the girl's character. When Mr Young came home for the evening,

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the tale was told to him likewise. Mr Young was a good-tempered, kind-hearted man, who, with the exception of the affairs which appertained to his farm, left the management of most matters to his wife, for whose abilities he entertained the greatest possible respect. Jessie was a prodigious favourite with him, not so much because of the various good qualities which called forth his wife's commendation, as on account of her pleasant face, tidy figure, neat dress, and cheerful, civil manners. He now proposed sending some money instantly to the Gibsons for the benefit of the stranger; but this proposal was overruled by his wife. 'Jessie had already given a pound for the purpose, and the sum was quite ample.' Mrs Young did not approve of rewarding people for being generous; such a proceeding ran the risk of destroying the virtue it was intended to foster. No; let Jessie feel the sacrifice she had made. Helen's well-being and gratitude were her only suitable rewards.

But I must now return to the invalid.

Mrs Gibson attended her most assiduously; and Robin, for Jessie's sake, did all that lay in his power to serve her. At last their cares were rewarded. Helen was pronounced out of danger, and was able to sit up. Mrs Young, meanwhile, had made the promised inquiries of her Ayrshire friend. This lady had had some difficulty in finding any trace of the girl; but she had at last discovered, that she had resided some years in a village in the immediate neighbourhood of Kilmarnock, and, as she had said, gained a scanty livelihood by embroidering muslin. The neighbours knew little about her; but said she was a very quiet girl, who lived alone, and seemed to have no friends; that she mixed very little with the other people of the place, but was always very kind to any one in distress; and had always conducted herself in an irreproachable manner. It was believed that she came from Glasgow. This was not entirely satisfactory; but as it was good as far as it went, Mrs Young resolved to befriend the girl, provided she could give an account of her parentage and her previous history. For the purpose of making these inquiries, and also as an indulgence to herself, Jessie was one evening permitted to pay a visit at home. When she arrived she found her protégée clothed in one of her own dresses, and seated in the wooden chair with the railings by the 'ingle neuk' Jessie surveyed with considerable interest the appearance of her new friend.

Even in full health, Helen Gray could never have been pretty. She had a tall, thin, fragile figure, with a hollow chest and stooping shoulders. Her features, in general, were not good, and her mouth much too large. She had, however, a mild, smooth forehead, soft, though thin brown hair, and immense dark eyes, which lighted up her pale face with a wondrous lustre. Her expression altogether was gentle and melancholy. Her countenance became animated as Jessie entered, and seizing both the hands of the latter, she pressed them without speaking. Jessie then opened the subject of her message.

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Helen's eyes were full of tears as she answered: 'Jessie, I do not know how to thank you. I cannot even attempt it. I am glad to say, however, I can give the information your mistress very reasonably requires. My father was a respectable tradesman in Glasgow, who kept a small grocery-shop near — Street. My mother died when I was twelve years old, leaving only my sister and myself. My father was very fond of us; and as he was well to do in those days, he kept a servant, and sent us to a ladies' day-school. I was always fond of reading and sewing, particularly flowering, and used to work collars and veils, and such things, for myself and my sister, who was very pretty. My father died suddenly two or three years before my sister was married. I then went to Ayrshire, where I gained a living for some years by working muslin.'

'Ye wad like to gang back to Ayrshire, I fancy?' said Jessie. 'Ye wadna like to be a servant?' glancing at Helen's small, thin hands, which did not look as if they had been accustomed to rough work.

'No, I do not care about going back to Ayrshire, if I could maintain myself here. I have no friends in Ayrshire—no one anywhere who has been so kind to me as you have. I am one of those people who do not easily make friends. I would take any place, if I thought I could do the work; but I am not very strong. I could be nursery-maid, or to wait on a sick person. I am good at the sewing, and would take a very small wage.'

The report which Jessie took back to Todlaw Mains proved so satisfactory, that Mrs Young set about forthwith looking for a nursery-maid's place for Helen Gray. But it was a season of the year when places were difficult to be had. Three weeks had elapsed; and as Helen's health was quite restored, she was beginning to feel very uncomfortable at continuing to be a burden on the Gibsons, when a place turned up for her in a sudden and rather lamentable manner. One day, when Miss Ann Young was riding, she was thrown from her horse, and her spine severely injured in consequence of the fall. In the delicate state of health to which she was reduced, it was found necessary to have a person on purpose to wait upon her. It struck all the family as well as Jessie that Helen Gray would answer exactly; and as the latter had no difficulty in undertaking the duties required of her, she was at once installed as nurse to Miss Ann. It would have been impossible to find a nurse more gentle, quiet, and cleanly than Helen; still, she was not so great a favourite with any of the family as Jessie was. She was neither physically nor mentally of the stamp that most pleased Mrs Young. Although she got through her work by dint of determination and perseverance, she was not naturally active, and often looked languid, and as if she felt that she had to do a task. Then, though always obedient and civil, she seemed incapable of being delighted with anything. Mrs Young would rather have seen her occasionally a little 'put out' and cross, like Jessie, when anything annoyed her, if, like Jessie

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also, she would sometimes have looked lively and joyous. 'She has been unfortunate, no doubt,' said Mrs Young; 'still, she has been in great luck to get a place like ours, and ought to feel and look thankful and happy instead of miserable. I cannot help thinking there must be something under that low, downcast look. I do not like your close, reserved people: I can never quite trust them.' And thus a sort of vague prejudice grew up in the minds of Mrs Young and her family against poor Helen, who, after all, was only guilty of having a different class of faults from themselves. She was slow, and she was reserved. Bodily exertion was always an effort to her; and her disposition, naturally shrinking and pensive, had been rendered more so by the events of her life; but as she made the effort, and never murmured at her lot, perhaps she deserved praise rather than blame.

IV.

The dark months had now passed by. It was spring. Robin Rae had obtained the situation of gardener to Mr Oliver of Spring-syde House, and was to enter upon his new duties and take possession of the lodge at Whitsunday. He and Jessie were to be married as soon as the month of May was over—it being a popular superstition in Scotland that it is unlucky to marry in that month. The prospective departure of the latter was loudly lamented by the whole family at Todlaw Mains, who rejoiced, nevertheless, on Jessie's account. Every member of the family gave her a present, while Helen sat up at night to work her a set of collars, which Mrs Gibson pronounced to be 'fit for ony leddy i' the land.'

Instead, however, of becoming more cheerful as the days became longer and brighter, Helen became even sadder; it was not, however, that she was insensible to the charms of this loveliest season. Far more than Jessie, who liked them too, as she liked everything that was cheerful and sunny, she felt their beauty, and sympathised with their deeper spirit; yet, except at occasional happier moments, a settled grief seemed to prey upon her mind. Miss Ann said one day to her mother, that she gave her the idea of a person who had a troubled conscience. This was a hint sufficient to engage the attention of the active-minded and somewhat suspicious and prejudiced Mrs Young. She 'would watch her,' she said, 'and keep an eye upon everything. It had struck her lately, that the tea and sugar had been vanishing rather quickly, and, except the family, nobody ever had the key but Helen and Jessie; and Jessie was of course above suspicion. The disappearance, too, of that gold brooch was a very mysterious affair; she was almost sure it was in her dress when she came in from the field. She wished there might be any truth at all in Helen Gray's story. Very likely, after all, the infant was her own, and she might have another to support she did

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not choose to tell of. In short, there was no saying ; but she would keep a strict watch.

Leaving Mrs Young for the present to set on foot the system of espionage she meditated, I shall now proceed to unveil to my readers the true cause of Helen's increasing melancholy. The truth was, she had begun to discover the system of petty depredation which Jessie carried on. Helen Gray was a girl of the very highest moral principle—as conscientious in trifles as in greater things. The smallest act of her existence was with her a matter of conscience. With affections less warm, but not less true or lasting than those of Jessie, and with far less natural industry and activity, Helen's more earnest convictions and higher and steadier principles supplied the comparative deficiency of both. Never had she felt herself in so painful a dilemma as now. Hitherto, it had always been clear to her how she ought to act ; now, opposite duties, as well as opposite feelings, seemed to call her with peremptory and conflicting voices. She knew not what to do. She could not satisfy her conscience that it was right, even by mere silence and passiveness, to connive at robbing her mistress ; but how could she repay the heavy debt of gratitude she owed to Jessie by denouncing her as a thief ? It was this painful struggle going on in her mind, combined with distress on account of the latter, that oppressed her spirits with a melancholy such as she had never felt before, even in the severest distress. After much deliberation, she at last decided on remonstrating with Jessie herself. It was a terrible effort for a shy and reserved girl like Helen Gray to make ; but she was nerved to it by the paramount obligations of conscience.

Violent was Jessie's indignation at poor Helen's kindly meant remonstrance—all the more violent, perhaps, that a faint glimmer of its justice pierced through her darkened understanding. 'It set her weel to cast up to her that she wasna honest, her that awed her a'thing. If the mistress was pleased, what right had she to find faut ? Her no honest ! she wadna touch a penny that didna belang till her if she was starving.' So said Jessie, like many people in the world, healing the wound one sin inflicted on her conscience, by applying as an anodyne the idea that she would not commit another. Poor Helen Gray felt that further remonstrance was vain. Her spirit was bowed down with the weight of an obligation to a person whom she could not respect, and with the sad alternative of either being an accomplice in defrauding her mistress, or the instrument of ruining and disgracing her benefactress. Oh, if she could only have been the means of reforming her ! Fervent and eager were her prayers that some way of attaining this object, might be presented. Helen felt that there was no desire so near her heart. Henceforth, it should be the grand aim of her existence. When Jessie's ruffled temper had regained its ordinary equanimity, she felt sorry she had reproached Helen Gray with the services she had rendered her, and

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testified her regret by many acts of kindness, which only plunged poor Helen into the deeper distress. From that day forward, however, all confidence and cordiality between the two girls were over. Helen frequently found part of her work already done by the active Jessie; but the latter shunned as much as possible, without being absolutely rude, all communication with her. If Helen's remonstrance had at first given her slightly uncomfortable feelings, they quickly vanished beneath the soothing influence of Robin Rae's visits and attentions, the high estimation in which she was held by everybody, and the general brightness of her prospects. In her moments of elation, it appeared to her highly presumptuous in a person so much her inferior, in every one's opinion, as Helen was, to have dared to have found fault with her; but she could easily forgive her in the magnanimity conferred by her own superior happiness and consideration.

Meantime, the estrangement of the two girls did not escape the lynx eyes of Mrs Young. She questioned them both on the subject, but could obtain no satisfactory answer from either. The scrupulous Helen looked sad and confused, and returned an evasive reply. She was not used to deception of any kind, and the slightest shade of it made her awkward. The bolder and more practised Jessie answered at once, that they 'didna gree about a thing or twa; but they were gude freends, for a' that.'

'It is a shame for Helen to quarrel with you.'

'Oh, we dinna quarrel. Helen has a wheen queer notions, that's a'.'

Nothing further could be elicited from Jessie; but her manner was perfectly frank and unembarrassed. 'Queer notions!' thought Mrs Young; 'I wonder what about. Servants always think they should not tell tales of one another. That Helen is a sly slut; I do not like her quiet look.' And with all her former suspicions renewed and strengthened, Mrs Young watched more narrowly than ever. She soon became certain that the supposed disappearance of eggs, meal, tea, sugar, and various other things was no mere fancy. There was a dishonest person in the house; so much was certain. It only remained to bring home the theft to the guilty individual. Mrs Young would not inform against any one on mere suspicion, however certain she might feel in her own mind; but she was not a person to let such a matter rest without endeavouring to bring it to an issue.

Mrs Young had a brain fertile in expedients, and was not long in devising a plan by means of which the criminal might be detected. A large basket of eggs usually stood in a cupboard in the bedroom story, to which, besides the family, only Helen and Jessie had access. Besides eggs, this cupboard contained tea, sugar, arrow-root, and preserves—all of which articles, Mrs Young felt certain, were greatly diminished beyond what they could have been by the

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consumption of the family. Mrs Young now resolved, on a certain day, to replenish this basket with eggs, counting them as she put them in. To make doubly sure, she marked each egg, as she placed it in the basket, with a tiny cross of pink dye. She then set the basket in the cupboard, remarking the next morning that ten were boiled for breakfast ; she resolved to count them again that night.

But before I proceed further with my narrative, I must explain that Helen Gray slept in a small room close by this cupboard, the door of which, as well as the door of her room, and all the bedrooms on that floor, opened upon a sort of long gallery or passage, which was separated from the staircase by a railing. At the further end of this railing were the stairs ; and any one going thither from the cupboard, had to pass the doors of all the bedrooms on the way. Now, Helen's room being next to the cupboard, it would have been easier for her than for any other person to have secreted anything abstracted from it, as she was the only one who had at hand the means of concealment. All these circumstances strengthened in Mrs Young a suspicion that Helen was the thief—a suspicion which, from being dwelt upon, was in her mind now converted into a certainty.

As usual, Jessie, who was always on the watch for the basket being full, as there was then less chance of what she took being missed, had remarked that it had been replenished. As she had got leave to drink tea that evening with her mother, the occasion seemed altogether tempting. Accordingly, when she was up-stairs making the beds, and all the family—with the exception of Miss Ann, who was a prisoner to a couch in her own room—were, she thought, at breakfast, she stole along the gallery to the cupboard, which was open, but with the key in the door. She had just abstracted half-a-dozen eggs and a handful of tea, carrying them in her apron, when she heard her mistress's step upon the stairs. For an instant, all seemed lost. She had not time to replace the eggs, and she knew not where to escape to. She trembled from head to foot, but it was only from the dread of detection. Another instant's hesitation, and she was discovered : her mistress would be in the gallery. Suddenly an idea struck her. Quick as thought, she darted into Helen's room. Even if Helen were there, she felt convinced she would save her. Helen, however, was not in the room ; and Jessie, greatly relieved, was just beginning to breathe again, when she heard herself called by her mistress from Miss Ann's room. What was to be done with the eggs?

There was in the little chamber a small, old-fashioned chest of drawers, where Helen kept her scanty supply of clothes ; but they were all locked. Jessie was almost at her wits' end. At last she descried an old worn-out trunk in the window, which served as a seat, and to keep odds and ends in. Into this trunk Jessie now put

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the eggs and the tea, then taking off her shoes, with a palpitating heart she glided along the passage, past Miss Ann's door, to one of the rooms at the further end. Then waiting till her mistress called again, she answered as if she had not heard the first time, and quickly obeyed the summons by appearing in Miss Ann's room. Helen was not there. Mrs Young inquired if Jessie knew where she was, for she had not been with Miss Ann for half an hour. The latter had heard her about half an hour ago in the cupboard, and then in her own room.

'In the cupboard!' cried Mrs Young. 'Go, find her, Jessie, and see what she has been doing.'

Jessie was half-way down-stairs, in obedience to her mistress's order, when she met Helen. The latter said, that seeing Miss Ann was lying quiet, and not seeming to need anything, she had taken the opportunity to wash one or two collars, in her own room, for the other young ladies, who had desired her to do so, and that she had now been in the garden laying them out to dry.

'And what were you doing in the cupboard?' inquired Mrs Young.

'Getting a piece of soap, ma'am, that Miss Mary said I should find there.'

As Helen spoke, her face betrayed no sign of conscious guilt; but had its usual expression of calm sadness. For an instant—but an instant only—Mrs Young was staggered in her belief in Helen's guilt. 'What a consummate hypocrite the girl is!' was her next thought. As it was clear, then, that Helen had been once at the cupboard alone, while all the rest of the household were down-stairs, Mrs Young determined not to put off counting the eggs till the night, but to do it as soon as Jessie's work was over, and she could find an excuse for sending both the servants down-stairs. About noon, the desired opportunity occurred. Mrs Young counted the eggs; and, as she expected, found six wanting. Instantly she ordered the gig, and ringing for Jessie, told her she might accompany her to Ruthersholm, as she found that business unexpectedly obliged her to go thither immediately. She added: 'I find I cannot let you remain to drink tea with your mother; however, you shall go another night.'

Jessie would have excused herself from accompanying her mistress, as she foresaw that in the bustle consequent on the departure of the latter, it would be impossible to get the eggs and the tea out of the trunk; but Mrs Young cut her short with: 'Your work is over, Jessie; and I would advise you to go, as I expect there may be more to do soon than any of us were looking for, and it may be long before I can spare you again. You may invite Robin Rae, however, to drink tea with you here to-morrow night. He is a respectable young man, and has shewn himself so in having chosen an industrious, well-conducted young woman for his wife.'

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Jessie had no excuse ready, so she was forced to signify her acquiescence with apparent gratitude. The idea, moreover, of inviting Robin on the morrow was almost irresistible. She said to herself: 'There wasna the least chance o' onybody looking into the trunk or she cam' back.'

Immediately on arriving at Ruthersholm—having deposited Jessie by the way at her mother's—Mrs Young drove straight to the residence of the procurator-fiscal, or public prosecutor for the district. There she lodged an accusation against a person calling herself Helen Gray, at present in her service, for stealing a gold brooch, a number of eggs, and various other articles. Ere she left, she had the satisfaction of seeing a warrant issued for the apprehension of the supposed culprit. In order that she might be at home when the peace-officers arrived, she drove straight back to Todlaw Mains, only stopping to pick up Jessie as she went. On their return, they found Helen Gray still in Miss Ann's room—Mrs Young having desired her daughter to keep her there till her own return. In about a quarter of an hour the train exploded.

To the horror of the whole household, two constables arrived, shewing a warrant to take into custody the person of Helen Gray, suspected of theft, and also to search her effects. Helen had just left Miss Ann's room, and was in the gallery on her way to the stairs. Mrs Young came out of her own apartment on hearing the bustle, for she guessed at once what it meant.

Helen started in amazement when she beheld the constables; and on hearing their errand, became more deadly pale even than usual. For an instant, she looked as if she should faint; but quickly recovering herself, she said in a steady voice: 'I am innocent!'

At this instant, Jessie rushed wildly up-stairs, distraction painted on her countenance. Her usual presence of mind and fertility of resource had completely deserted her. She stared round in amazement; and when she met the half-reproachful, half-pitying glance of the prisoner, she turned away her head, her heart pierced through by an agonising sting of remorse. Then, as the men proceeded to search Helen's room, she screamed out in desperation, and quite incoherently: 'Nae need o' looking the room; there canna be naething there. She's innocent, I ken—as innocent as the babe unborn. O Helen, Helen!'

'Don't take on so, Jessie,' said Helen. 'There is nothing in my room.'

But Jessie's agony was incontrollable. Mrs Young herself attempted to calm her, but quite in vain. The constables were now in Helen's room. The drawers had been searched, and nothing found; the trunk was the next object. As they approached it, Jessie's heart died within her. She trembled all over; her head swam, the blood rushed violently to her face, and then instantly forsook it, leaving it almost livid. The tea and the eggs were at once discovered; the

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latter marked, as Mrs Young had described, with a small red cross. When they first appeared, Helen uttered a faint scream of surprise; she then said firmly, but with a face of deep distress: 'I never saw those eggs till this moment. Whoever put them there, I did not.'

'She would accuse somebody else, the impudent jade!' cried Mrs Young.

'I accuse nobody,' answered Helen, who all this time forbore to look at Jessie. Meanwhile, the latter kept exclaiming, with the energy and incoherence of insanity: 'She speaks the truth. O ma'am—I am sure—oh, for God's sake!—she is innocent.' But though the words were once or twice on her lips, she had not the courage to say: 'I am guilty.' Nor could she remain to see Helen carried off. In a state of anguish indescribable she rushed from the room, and throwing herself on a bed in the apartment she usually occupied, she fell into violent hysterics. In the course of a few minutes she heard the house-door close, and wheels move away on the gravel-path. It was the departure of the carriage which conveyed Helen to the county jail. Jessie instantly started up, and not knowing very well what she wanted, or what she meant to do, flew out of the house after it, her dress all disordered, and her hair streaming in the wind. She was brought back by the cook and her mistress; the latter giving directions that she should at once be put to bed. 'I did not think she would have taken it so very much to heart,' she said. 'I have no doubt she is vexed at having been the means of introducing such an ungrateful, dishonest creature into my house.—But I don't blame you, Jessie; it was all your own good feelings. All I beg is, you will not maintain she is innocent; for though the brooch has not been discovered, we have had abundant evidence of the contrary. Wicked, good-for-nothing creature!'

Jessie was put to bed: all the family came by turns to visit her—each and all, by way of consolation, expatiating on Helen's wickedness and ingratitude as contrasted with *her* merits. Jessie felt that, among them, they would certainly drive her mad. All night she lay awake in a fever of mind and body. She dreaded, yet longed, for the next evening, when she was to see Robin Rae; she felt that this interview would be the turning-point of her fate and Helen's.

All this time Jessie had never once thought of the crime of which she had been guilty. The events which had occurred she regarded merely as misfortunes—misfortunes, however, of which her own mismanagement had been the cause, and of which Helen Gray ought, therefore, not to have been the victim. Her conscience stung her for permitting the latter to be carried off to jail, but for this only. She rose the next morning, and went about her work as usual, but she was no longer the same girl. In one night, her clear, healthy colour had given place to a feverish flush, her hand burned, her head ached, her heart throbbed, and her eyes looked hot, wild, and anxious. As the time for Robin's arrival drew nigh, she became still more

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restless and excited. At last, unable longer to endure the suspense of waiting, although it was not past the hour when he might reasonably have been expected, she set out across the fields to meet him.

It was a sweet afternoon in May. There had been a few showers during the day, and the green hedges and the glittering fields were jewelled with raindrops, on which the evening sun shone brilliantly. The fresh, mild air was fragrant with hawthorn and sweet-brier, and the thrush and the black-bird sang sweetly and cheerily among the blossoms. But neither their melodious strains, nor the rejoicing beauty of the evening, could lighten poor Jessie's restless, laden heart. She had not gone far when she perceived Robin at the other side of a field she had just entered by a stile. Trembling in every limb, she could not proceed, but was obliged to sit down on the stile. When Robin reached her, somewhat in surprise at her not having come towards him, her agitation became so excessive, that, on rising to receive him, she would have fallen, had he not caught her in his arms.

'Jessie!' he cried, shocked and astonished at her appearance: 'my Jessie!' He then muttered something almost like an imprecation, coupled with the name of Helen Gray.

Jessie started as if she had been shot. 'Dinna, Robin, dinna misca' her, if ye wadna kill me.'

'The jade! to think o'—'

'O Robin, Robin!'

'Ye're far owre gude, Jessie.'

'Gude!' with a sort of scream; 'na, I'm no gude; I'm no sae gude as Helen.'

Robin looked anxiously at Jessie, as if he feared she were losing her senses. They were now both sitting on the stile. Jessie became somewhat calmer. 'Hinny,' he answered gently, 'ye are talking fair nonsense now. Ye wadna say, I'm sure, that ye are no as gude as a thief?'

'But Helen's no a thief,' Jessie answered quickly, and with a strange, terrified expression of countenance. 'She didna take the brooch. I'm certain the mistress lost it ae night when she was out walking in the field.'

'Weel, Jessie, that may be, or it mayna; but that she's stown the eggs an' the tea, there's nae doubt. I see nae difference atween stealing ae thing an' anither.'

Jessie felt ready to faint. In a low tone, however, she murmured something about 'a pickle tea, an' a wheen eggs that wad ne'er be missed.'

'No missed!' cried Robin indignantly. 'An' what difference does that make? But it was missed. Na, na, Jessie; stealing is stealing, if it were but a bodle's worth. Dinna ye let yoursel' confound right an' wrang for the sake o' that ne'er-do-weel. Ye wadna take a green

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that wasna your ain. I ken that; so dinna excuse *her*. As she took the eggs, it's mair than likely she's ta'en the brooch.'

'Ye're vera hard, Robin,' sobbed Jessie: 'there's an unco difference atween a wheen eggs an' a gowd brooch.'

'Nae sic great difference, Jessie. A wheen eggs every week wad sune come to the value o' a gold brooch. But it isna that: it's as great a sin to take ae thing as anither. The commandment disna say: "Thou shalt not steal muckle things;" it says jist: "Thou shalt not steal;" an' a thief besides maun aye be a liar.'

Every instant added to Jessie's terror and distress. Robin had spoken the last few words in a stern, reproving tone. She began to weep bitterly. Then her lover, drawing her towards him, said soothingly: 'Dinna greet, my bonny Jessie—my ain lassie; I am no quarrelling *you*. Let's ne'er speak o' that creetur again. We ha' plenty o' ither things till say.'

A few minutes' silence succeeded these words, during which Jessie was screwing up her courage to ask a question. At last she asked, in a low, stifled tone, as if her breath failed her: 'Gin it had been —me—Robin, had ta'en the eggs, what wad ye ha' said?'

You might have heard Jessie's heart beat as she asked this question. Her anxiety for the answer was intense. 'You, Jessie! What for do you ask siccan a thing? Gin I was to break into Spring-syde House, what wad ye say? Dinna speak o' what's no possible.'

Jessie groaned in the pain of the moment. 'But tell me, Robin—jist fancy.'

'I canna fancy sic a thing o' my Jessie.'

'Ye wadna marry onybody that had—had stown' (it was the first time Jessie had so applied the verb to steal, and the word nearly choked her), 'if it were but a wheen eggs?'

'Nae thief should e'er be my wife! I can tell you that,' he answered sternly. 'But let's say nae mair aboot it.'

As Robin uttered these words, a deep despair fell upon Jessie's spirit. She neither spoke nor moved. She felt that peace and happiness had passed away from her for ever.

She had begun this conversation with the intention of confessing all to Robin, had she found him in the least leniently disposed, which, poor girl, she had hardly doubted she should find him. She was prepared to submit to severe reproof, and to make promises of future amendment; and she had hoped he would have been able to devise a plan—for her faith in Robin's abilities was boundless—to liberate Helen without implicating herself. But now the hope on which she had leaned had given way entirely. She had no alternative between leaving Helen to her fate, and seeing herself thrust from Robin as a thief, as one whom he, an honest man, could never make his wife. Jessie felt that she could have resigned him; but to have all his proud affection for her changed into scorn and contempt, was more than she could bear. Oh, if she could only have died!

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And now Robin began to speak on other subjects. Jessie seemed to listen, but the words fell on her ear like strange sounds. He spoke of the pretty lodge they were to live in, and how Mr Oliver was making in it new latticed windows, and building a room at the back; and how Mr Somerville of the Hall, the gentleman with whom he was now working, had said that, as a mark of his approbation of his conduct, he meant to present *Mrs Rae* with a handsome mahogany chest of drawers. And then Robin's honest face became radiant with glee as he looked up in Jessie's, to see how she looked when she heard herself called *Mrs Rae*. But Jessie neither blushed nor laughed, nor was angry, nor did anything Robin expected: a faint smile, sadder than any sigh could have been, alone shewed that the words had not passed unnoticed, while the rising tears forced themselves into her eyes. She felt that Robin alluded to a happiness with which she could have nothing to do. Then he spoke of their wedding and their wedding-day; but nothing he said seemed to have power to interest or give pleasure to his betrothed. Every moment Jessie's conviction became stronger that her happiness was gone for ever. She seemed to herself to have suddenly become a different person from what she used to be. Praised, flattered, and liked by everybody, she had lulled herself into the pleasing belief, that she really was what everybody seemed to think her: now the mask she had worn to herself had dropped; and in Robin's words, as in a mirror, Jessie seemed to see herself no longer the perfection of womankind and of faithful servants, but to catch a glimpse of herself as a dishonoured thief and liar—one not fit to be the wife of an honest man. As yet, however, it was but a glimpse; she could not look steadfastly at that horrible image of herself. At present, she felt incapable of thinking at all.

Robin, meanwhile, became partly aware of her state: he attributed it solely to distress on her friend's account, and perhaps to want of rest. He did not doubt that he should find her quite restored on his next visit. He took leave early, recommending her to go to bed, while with even more than his usual tenderness, he bade her adieu.

Though without much apprehension on account of his betrothed, his heart was filled with indignation against the dishonest and ungrateful Helen.

V.

Jessie's mind became, on the following day, calmer and more collected. She was naturally possessed of great energy and resolution of character; hitherto, these qualities had only displayed themselves in outward things; they had never been in any way trained or directed so as to act in the government of the mind. Her moral qualities, as well as her understanding, were both above the average; but the rich soil nourished only weeds, though, it must be confessed,

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some of these weeds bore pretty wild blossoms. Now, however, her slumbering powers were awakened. Almost for the first time in her life, she began to think, for except when she was arranging her work, or laying plans for the distribution of her time, her thoughts were mere mental ramblings. She never examined her own motives—never asked herself if she were right or wrong: habit and example had induced in her a kind of routine of thinking and acting, containing much evil and a little good, but with which she had been heretofore uninquiringly satisfied. But now that the storm had actually burst, and that Jessie saw what terrible consequences had resulted from her supposed innocent conduct, she did begin to suspect she might have been mistaken in so esteeming it. She had a confused, vague sense of the great truth—that sorrow is always the offspring of guilt somewhere. Where? in the present case, was now the important question. The fault was not with Helen certainly. Throughout she had behaved nobly. ‘Oh,’ thought Jessie, ‘if I had only taken her advice!’ Neither was it Mrs Young’s. Jessie would fain have believed it was; but she remembered Robin’s words: ‘Stealing is always stealing, an’ a thief maun aye be a liar.’ And now Jessie saw how true this was. She could recall many falsehoods she had told which at the time had not wounded her conscience, but which came stinging back now with redoubled pain. And besides these absolute falsehoods, what a system of deceit had her whole conduct been! Her understanding no longer obscured by pride, passion, and selfishness, to her own judgment she now stood convicted—a thief! Jessie, who had been so proud, so self-satisfied! The revulsion of feeling was overwhelming. Life itself seemed scarcely supportable under the load of self-contempt beneath which she was fallen. Then what was to be done? Was she to become yet more utterly base and selfish, by permitting the magnanimous Helen to suffer the punishment and disgrace which were due to her alone? and all her life long, as she was now doing, play the hypocrite, and receive from all around her praises and caresses which bowed her soul to the dust with a sense of falsehood and shame? Or was she to submit to be treated as Helen had been treated—to be dragged to prison as a felon—to be tried in open court as a thief—to be disgraced in the eyes of all who had hitherto admired and praised her—to be cast off with horror and contempt by Robin, who so loved her—whom she so loved?

Anything but this! Death rather than this. Death rather than see him look at her with such a look as his face had worn when he had denounced the possibility of his marrying a *thief*. As these thoughts chased one another through Jessie’s brain, as hour after hour, and day after day, they tortured it unceasingly, she feared that in some moment of passion she might be hurried to some desperate deed. At one instant, she had resolved on one course of action—a resolution which the next instant overturned. Several times she

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had been on her way to the parlour, to confess all to her mistress ; then at the very door the idea of Robin had checked her. It seemed impossible that this state of agitation and indecision could continue much longer. No mind was capable of supporting so incessant and painful a tension of all its faculties and feelings.

Meanwhile Jessie's deplorable condition did not altogether escape the notice of those around her. Daily she became paler and thinner ; her step lost its elasticity ; her eyes their brightness, except occasionally when they shone with a fitful, unnatural glare, like that of fever or madness. Her once lively, steady, energetic spirits had completely forsaken her, and were succeeded by despondency and abstraction, varied only by an occasional wild elevation, which appeared to border on delirium. Her work was no longer done with the exactitude and completeness of old times, and the least word of advice, or hint that any part of it might be improved, made her moody and irritable. Mrs Young bore with her conduct with unparallelled patience, and laid the chief blame on Helen Gray, who seemed at present to be the scapegoat for the sins of the whole household. As for Robin Rae—good young man though he was—he cursed in his heart that unfortunate girl, and the day on which she had first darkened the door of the Gibsons' hospitable cottage. His wrath and distress reached a climax when Jessie requested that their wedding might be put off, without even naming another day for the performance of the ceremony.

Another strange feature—in the eyes of the Youngs and her lover—in Jessie's mental malady was, that she seemed to have no wish to see her mother or any of her own family. This was the more remarkable, that she had hitherto seemed a very affectionate daughter, and the whole family were quite conspicuous for the apparent strength of their attachment to one another. Since Helen's imprisonment, Mrs Gibson had been two or three times at Todlaw Mains. She had always gone home weeping ; but considering the state her daughter was in, this did not much surprise any one. During these interviews with her mother, Jessie had generally been sulky and silent ; and when the former entreated her to speak, had reproached her bitterly for having brought her up as she had done. Mrs Gibson had sought to defend herself with the arguments of former days, accompanied by tears and endearments ; but these would not satisfy Jessie now. She treated all her mother said with scorn and mockery, for her heart in its misery was bitter against her whose teaching she believed was the principal cause why her conscience now lay under so heavy a load. It was in vain that the poor woman sought to obtain any of these demonstrations of affection of which her daughter used formerly to be so lavish ; it was in vain that she appealed to the feelings of the latter, and reproached her with being undutiful and ungrateful—Jessie only answered : ' You hae me o' yer ain bringing up.' Sometimes, after

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her mother was gone, Jessie's heart would reproach her for this harshness ; but somehow or other, the sight of the former, or perhaps the style of persuasion she employed, never failed to recall to Jessie's memory that from her lessons had sprung all the guilt and anguish she now endured.

Often the wretched girl, in her solitary misery, longed for some one on whose principles and affection she could rely, to whom she might dare to unburden her mind, and apply for comfort and counsel. She could think of no one to answer the picture her wishes drew of this friend and counsellor save Helen Gray ; but to apply to her was impossible ; and even if it were not so, Jessie felt that one sorrowful glance of Helen's mild dark eyes would be more terrible to her than a torrent of reproaches. Even the idea of the woman she had wronged was terrible to her ; yet it was rarely absent from her thoughts, and, in spite of herself, Helen continued to appear more and more as the only person who could counsel her.

It was on the day previous to that which had originally been appointed for Jessie's marriage, during one of the interviews between the mother and daughter which I have already described, that a note was brought for the latter by a private hand. Jessie saw at a glance that it was from Helen Gray, and with fingers trembling with impatience and dread, hastily broke the seal. The contents, which were brief, ran thus :

'MY DEAR JESSIE—I am afraid you are unhappy, and I have found means to write these few lines, to beg you not to be so on my account. I do not say, Jessie, that I shall not feel the disgrace of a public trial ; but I only speak the truth when I tell you, that from my heart I am glad to be able to render *you* a service, that you may know I am not ungrateful. I feel sure, too, Jessie, that you will now be of my mind about what we once spoke about ; but I don't say this to reproach you. I have nobody to be distressed or disgraced by my shame, and you have Robin and your mother. So do not be unhappy about me, dear Jessie. Believe me, my mind is more at peace than it has been for a long time. Your sincere friend,

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'P.S.—Don't forget to look for the gold brooch. The gentleman who is to speak for me at the trial says it would be much in my favour if it was found.'

After Jessie had finished reading this letter, she sat for a long time silent. Meanwhile, her mother, snatching it out of her hand, and hastily perusing it, broke forth into exclamations of satisfaction with the contents, and loud praises of the writer. 'Haud up yer head noo, Jessie, hinny. Ye see it's a' owre, an' Helen disna mind. She's sensible o' what she awes ye. As she says, it's no like as

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if she was gaun to be marrit. She's a fine cratur. My word! gin she was aince out o' the hands o' these wretches, I'll take her hame to live wi' me, an' I'se work my fingers to the bone but she shall be served like a ledly a' her days.—Now look up like yersel', my bonnie Jessie; it's no sae bad as ye thought.' But Jessie would not look up. Her face remained fixedly sad and grave; but she shewed to her mother rather more kindness and warmth than she had yet done since the day of Helen's arrest. From this the poor woman drew a favourable augury for the success of her persuasions, and prepared to go home with a lighter heart than she had done for a long time past. She was outside the door, when her daughter called her back: 'Ye maun gang round by Springsyde, mother, an' tell Robin he maun be here the nicht.'

'Ay, dearie,' she answered; 'I will be blithe to do that.—Do ye want onything partikler wi' him?' she then inquired, in the hope that Jessie might be thinking once more of her marriage.

'I want him to look for the gowd brooch,' Jessie answered hoarsely.

'O ay—to be sure—we maun a' look for that.' And kissing her daughter tenderly, Mrs Gibson departed.

For a long time after she was gone, Jessie sat motionless in deep thought; then she read over and over again Helen's simple, earnest letter. By degrees, the mists began to clear away before her. A vague idea, which had dimly glanced across her mind on first reading the letter, began to assume form and substance, and to grow into an energetic resolution. From the despised Helen Gray she at last began to learn what true generosity really was. She perceived now that what had been so much lauded as generosity in herself, and what she herself had fondly believed so to be, was not in reality that somewhat rare virtue, but chiefly a desire for the approbation and praise of others. She felt that it was out of her power to be generous now; but she might still be just. Though despised by all the world, she might still, like Helen Gray, have a mind at peace. Helen's gentle, forgiving, generous epistle had touched to the very quick all that was yet true and noble in Jessie's heart. Her better nature was awakened. Though late, her resolution was taken.

No sooner was her mind made up, than she felt a sense of repose, such as she had not known for many weeks. The heavy burden fell from her conscience, and her weary, agitated spirit found at last one point whereon it might rest. She no longer loathed and despised herself; for though humbled to the dust in her own estimation, the determination to be true, cost what it might, had restored her self-respect. She was free in the consciousness of repentance, and strong to suffer the penalty of her own misdeeds.

Not even when Robin came that night, according to her own request, and her heart was wrung by the consciousness that it was her last interview, did her resolution waver. She looked more composed than he had yet seen her; but her face was deadly white, and

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her manner, though calm, was strange. It seemed to Robin that her previous agitation was even less alarming. She appeared almost unable to speak to him.

They had gone out together to walk in the fields, when Robin, unable longer to endure the oppressive silence which seemed to have fallen on both, said: 'Ye sent for me, Jessie; can I do anything for ye? God kens, I wad shed my heart's blude to do ye only gude.'

'Ay, Robin, I sent for ye to ask ye a favour.'

'Favour! dinna speak o' a favour.'

'Will ye promise to do what I ask—solemnly?'

'I promise, Jessie.'

'An' will ye do it even if'—

'If what, Jessie?'

'Even if you an' me should never see ilk other mair—even if some time ye should think nae better o' me nor ye think now o' Helen Gray?'

'Dinna speak that gate, Jessie: it gangs till my very heart to hear ye.'

'Ay, Robin—but do ye promise?'

'Yes, Jessie.'

'Then, will ye seek in this field for the gowd brooch or ye find it?'

'But if it shouldna be here?'

'But it maun be here.'

'That deevil—that I sud say sic a word—that Helen has cast some glamour owre ye.'

'O Robin!—with a look of pain and anxiety—'an' will ye no haud to yer promise?'

'Ay, Jessie, that I will, for a' that, or ye lowse me frae it yersel'. And now, Jessie, will ye do naething for me? Our bit hoos is a' ready. It's no kind o' ye, Jessie, for the sake o' a wretch like Helen Gray, to behave as ye do to me—me, that wad lay doon my life for yer dear, dear sake. O Jessie, ye are mair to me than a' the world! A' the gear, an' the bonny hoos, I ha' nae pleasure in but for you'—

Here Robin suddenly stopped in the middle of his sentence, on catching a glimpse of Jessie's face: the expression terrified him. 'Robin,' she said slowly, her heart torn with unspeakable love and anguish, but her resolution still unshaken—'I sent for ye the night for another reason: I wanted to see you aince mair.' Here she stopped, as if her breath failed her.

'Aince mair!' he repeated, almost doubting the evidence of his own ears.

Without noticing the exclamation, she continued in a tone which at once betrayed the grief of her soul and the strength of her purpose: 'Maybe it wad ha' been better no, but I couldna pairt or I had seen your dear een looking kind at me aince mair, Robin. Dinna

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ask me now ; ye'll ken a' sune. Oh, fare-ye-weel !' As Jessie spoke, she hastily seized Robin's hand, pressed her burning lips to it for a moment, then letting it drop, fled towards the house with the fleetness of a roe.

Robin gazed after her for a second, dumb and motionless with amazement and terror. He now believed what he had once or twice before vaguely dreaded—that her mind was touched with insanity. He hurried after her, and as she reached the yard-gate, he had nearly overtaken her. Suddenly she turned round : her face was pale, wild, and determined. ' Dinna !' she said in a tone of command, which, strangely to himself, he felt forced to obey—' dinna, Robin ! I'm no mad. Ye'll sune ken.' And without trusting herself to bestow one parting glance, she vanished into the house. Robin did not dare to follow her : he sank down on a large stone behind the wall of the farmyard, and bowing his head on his knees, sobbed aloud in the desolation of his heart.

VI.

Since the imprisonment of Helen Gray, Jessie had occupied the little room next to Miss Ann's, that she might be ready to attend her during the night.

On the morning succeeding her last-mentioned interview with Robin Rae, Miss Ann rang her bell twice ; but no Jessie answered. Mrs Young hastened to her daughter at the last summons, wondering what could have become of the usually prompt and active Jessie. Supposing that she must have overslept herself, her mistress went to call her ; but, to her surprise, the room was tenantless ; and although the bed looked as if some one had lain above the clothes, they had never been turned down. Mrs Young, much surprised, immediately alarmed the rest of the household, inquiring of the other two female servants if they knew where Jessie was. Both answered, that they had supposed she was in her own room ; neither of them had seen her that morning. She was not to be found in the house or about the yard. The cook then stated, that on going to open the back-door, she had been surprised to find it on the latch ; but that although she could not remember that she had forgot to lock it, she had at the time supposed she must have done so.

Mrs Young was seriously alarmed, and her alarm was increased when she recalled the unsettled state of Jessie's mind for some time past. The household were now dispersed in search of her, Mrs Young returning to the poor girl's room, to try to discover some trace of her, and to see if she had taken her bonnet or any part of her dress with her. She found that her bonnet and shawl were both gone, and that her working-dress was left behind. More and more surprised, Mrs Young was proceeding with her examination, when she noticed an awkwardly folded epistle lying on the top of the

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drawers. It was addressed to herself. Not without a feeling of dread, she opened it, in the expectation that the contents might elucidate the mystery.

For the elucidation they offered she was not prepared; and when she had finished the awkwardly but ingenuously penned epistle, she stood with it for some minutes in her hand, motionless with surprise and consternation. As the reader has of course guessed, it contained Jessie's confession and Helen's justification, accompanied, however, by a protest on the part of the former, that she had not taken the gold brooch. She knew now, she said, she had been guilty of as great a sin, but she did not think so at the time. Before Mrs Young was out of bed, she should, she said, be on her way to prison.

Leaving the family at Todlaw Mains in the greatest astonishment and in no little distress, I shall return to Robin Rae, who, although he went to bed on returning home, did not once close his eyes during all that dismal night. Some terrible misfortune—all the more terrible that it was vague and undefined—seemed ready to burst upon him. Jessie's pale countenance, and wild, despairing, yet resolute glance haunted him all night. He resolved to return to Todlaw Mains in the morning: he could not rest till he had seen her again. Unable to sleep, he rose early, and, by way of occupation, began to nail some roses and honeysuckle to the walls of the cottage, till it should be time to go to Todlaw Mains.

It was a beautiful morning in early summer: the wide lawn glittered with dew-drops in the pleasant sunshine; the birds sang blithely in the trees; the rosebuds blushed brightly in the clear morning light; and the blue smoke, curled by the breeze, rose peacefully from Robin's cottage-roof, while the breath of a thousand flowers shed around a delicious fragrance. Suddenly Robin remembered this was to have been his wedding-day, and as he thought of how bright and joyous this morning ought to have been, and how sad it really was, the heart of the young man chafed at the incomprehensible sorrow which had so strangely overcast his gay prospects. He was yet brooding, half gloomily, half angrily on this subject, when a little boy arrived breathless at the gate. 'Hae,' said the child; 'here's a letter Jessie Gibson gae me a penny to bring till ye. I met her walking like mad to Ruthersholm a while syne.' Robin eagerly opened the letter. It ran thus:

'DEAR, DEAR ROBIN—Forgie me for calling ye sae once more. I dinna call ye my Robin, for that, I ken weel, ye can never be. Ye said yoursel' that nae thief should ever be your wife, and ye are right; and O Robin, it's no Helen Gray that is the thief. I havena kenned a moment's peace sin' she was ta'en up. Or ye get this letter, I'll be on my way to — jail. Helen will tell ye a' about it; that is, if ye want to hear. O Robin, forgie me for a' the misery I ha' wrought ye; and for the sake o' what has been, seek the

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gold brooch ; for, indeed, I never tuke it, and I wud like ill to be sent owre the sea. But, ony gate, I'm no sae miserable now as I hae been. Fare-ye-weel, Robin. God bless ye for evermair.

JESSIE.'

A few minutes after the receipt of this epistle, Robin Rae might have been seen on the Ruthersholm Road, tearing along like a madman. He was just approaching the town when an open car passed him quickly, but not ere he had recognised his Jessie seated in it, and by her side a constable. She saw him too, for her head, which had been raised for a second, sank down again on her bosom in an agony of grief and shame. Robin threw himself down by the roadside. The sound of the wheels died away in the distance. It seemed that his heart must burst with the misery, too big to find any ordinary vent. He remained thus for an hour, motionless and speechless, then suddenly starting up, strode as if frenzied towards Todlaw Mains. Arrived thither, he began to search, as if more than life depended on his labours, in the field which Jessie had indicated, for the gold brooch.

He had many companions in his enterprise ; even Mrs Young herself joined the party. She said she would willingly give every ornament in her possession to find the missing brooch ; and it was found at last, and by herself, sunk in the earth by the side of a large stone.

That night, Mrs Young's own conveyance waited at the door of — prison for Helen Gray. As soon as the latter arrived at Todlaw Mains, Mrs Young assembled the whole household, and publicly acknowledged her innocence, apologising for the treatment she had received. In the evening, by appointment, Helen met Robin Rae, who, since the brooch was found, had become somewhat calmer. The result of this interview was, that Robin wrote to Jessie the following morning.

The unhappy girl, although she did not for a moment repent that she had done justice to Helen, had spent the whole night in weeping. Everything terrified and shocked her in her new situation. She prayed that, if it were God's will, her miserable life might be shortened. Oh, how she longed through that long night for the sound of a kind voice—for one word of consolation and forgiveness ! She was lying sunk and exhausted when Robin's letter was brought to her. Her eyes were so swollen with the tears she had shed, and so dim with those which still continued to flow, that it was with difficulty she read :

'MY JESSIE, MY AIN JESSIE—I dinna say ye havena sinned, for that wadna be true ; but ye have repented. If I hae onything to forgie, I forgie ye ; and, O Jessie ! forgie me for the hard unchristian words that hindered ye frae telling me yer troubles. May God

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forgie us baith, my Jessie ! I will not come to see ye where ye are, for I ken ye weel, Jessie, and that ye wadna like me to see ye there. But the gold brooch is found ; and when ye are free aince mair, the first face ye shall see shall be that o' your ain ROBIN.'

Jessie wept different tears over this letter from those she had shed in the night ; but she resolved not the less firmly that her lover should never share her disgrace. 'No,' she said to herself, 'nae ane shall e'er hae't to say o' Robin Rae that his wife was a thief.'

Slowly the weary weeks wore away to the poor prisoner ; but sad though the time was, it was not profitless. Morally, her principles became clearer and stronger, and her spirit more resolute and more peaceful. She felt now that she should be able to endure the public trial with composure. During this period, she saw no one but her mother and Helen. Whether she ever convinced the former of the guilt of her conduct, still remains doubtful : there is nothing more certain, than that the continued indulgence of evil inclinations, whether in trifles or in greater things, blinds the understanding to a perception of their wickedness.

At last the dread day of trial arrived. Jessie pleaded guilty at once, and her counsel made a speech in extenuation of her conduct. The court was disposed to be lenient ; Jessie's story, and her appearance, which was full of humility and ingenuous shame, having created an interest in her favour. She was sentenced to six weeks in Bridewell. Robin preferred an earnest request to see her before she was removed ; but she positively refused. 'No,' she said to Helen, who was Robin's messenger—'no, Helen. I can ne'er be the wife o' Robin Rae ; an' I wunna make it mair hard on myself by seeing him now. Tell him I pray for him nicht an' morning, but I will never see him mair.'

Jessie's residence in Bridewell was not so miserable as she had feared it might have been. Her industry and good-conduct gained the approbation of the superintendent, and attracted the notice of the lady-visitors. One of the latter, more especially, was so much interested in her, that she offered, on her being set free, to procure her a situation ; but Jessie had already been offered one. Mrs Young, by way of making amends, in some measure, to Helen Gray, had promised to grant any request the latter should make. The generous and grateful Helen at once asked her to take back Jessie Gibson into her service, after the latter should be liberated from prison. 'I will answer for it with my life,' said Helen, 'that Jessie will never take a pin again that is not her own ; and it is the best, if not the only way to restore her character.'

'But do you not think it will be an encouragement to vice, Helen?' asked Mrs Young, with whom the formerly disliked Helen was now a prime favourite. Mrs Young was a woman who neither felt nor

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acted by halves. Conscious of her former prejudice against poor Helen, and her consequent injustice, a complete revolution had taken place in her feelings. Further intercourse, too, with the object of her former distrust had made her aware that the mind of the latter was much more highly cultivated than is common in her station. She now treated Helen rather as a friend than as a servant, and frequently consulted her on subjects beyond the limited sphere of the situation she held in the household.

On the present occasion, Helen said, in reply to her patroness : 'No, ma'am, I do not think it would be an encouragement to vice. If I thought so, I would not ask you, even for the sake of the person who saved my own life. Jessie has been punished very severely, both in the eyes of the world and in what she has suffered in her own heart. Don't you think, ma'am, it might be an encouragement to repentance, to shew it is possible to regain a character after having lost it? O ma'am, I know by what I have sometimes felt myself, that it is hard, hard to be honest when one is starving and disgraced, as poor Jessie must be, if no one will have compassion on her, and give her a chance.'

Mrs Young said no more, but only signified her intention of complying with Helen's request. The latter went herself to communicate the good news to Jessie.

Jessie was at first much distressed at the idea of returning to the scene of her disgrace ; but she herself, as well as her friend, the lady-visitor, perceived at once the advantage it would be to her character ; and with heartfelt gratitude to Mrs Young and Helen, she accepted the offer.

At last the day of her liberation arrived. Jessie's heart, though touched with a sensation of that joy which a restoration to freedom naturally bestows, was full of emotion at parting with her kind prison-friends, while a feeling of shame pressed heavily on her spirit as she thought of those she should meet without the walls, and of the cold, strange looks she must encounter on every side. Helen Gray came to take her away at the appointed hour.

The prison was a little out of the town. It was a pleasant autumn day, cheerful and sunny, with the yellow corn waving in the fresh breeze, and the reapers talking merrily, as they cut it down with their glittering sickles. As Jessie stood once more beneath the broad free sky, and gazed on the trees and the harvest-fields, the face of nature seemed more friendly than the face of man. She would fain not have been obliged to go through the town. She had only proceeded a few steps when she met Robin Rae—instantly she covered her face with her hands ; but he drew them asunder, and with gentle force placed one of them within his own arm. 'I ha' come to take ye hame, Jessie,' he said hoarsely.

'No, no,' she answered quickly, her face becoming crimson with shame and distress ; 'ye maunna be seen wi' the like o' me!'

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But Robin persevered, and Helen took his part. 'Jessie,' she said, 'I am sure you mean to be an honest woman all the rest of your life.'

'O yes, yes!' sobbed the poor girl, turning away her head to avoid meeting Robin's eye.

'Then Robin is right, Jessie. You need not be ashamed to accept his kindness, knowing that as he knows it too.'

I pass over Jessie's return: even supported by the presence of Helen and Robin, it was terrible: without them, she felt it must have been unbearable. At first, Mrs Young treated Jessie very coldly and severely: she trusted her with nothing, and locked cupboards and chests before her face, as if to shew her she had no confidence in her. This treatment was very trying to poor Jessie; but she bore it meekly, for she felt it was only what she deserved. By degrees, however, her mistress relented, as she observed the sincerity of her repentance. Jessie was trusted once more with the keys, and was placed almost on the same footing of confidence as Helen.

About the end of a year, Robin renewed his addresses; but for many months Jessie would not listen to them. 'She didna deserve sic happiness. Robin's wife should ne'er be pointed at wi' the finger of shame.' But at last, when she became convinced, by the persuasions of all, that Robin could be happy in no other way, she consented, but with the humble protest: 'She didna deserve sic happiness.'

And to the present hour, when occasion offers, she continues to express the same opinion.





FRANCE: ITS REVOLUTIONS AND MISFORTUNES.

A TRAGICAL DRAMA IN REAL LIFE.

PROLOGUE.

ENGLISH travellers who visited France between 1760 and 1785, and who have left a record of their observations, speak of the hopelessly miserable condition of affairs, and the probability of an impending political convulsion. What form the disturbance would take could not be precisely indicated; but in the apparent absence of any means of rational redress of innumerable crying grievances, it was in a general way obvious that some overwhelming national calamity was at hand. These anticipations were sorrowfully confirmed. Things arrived at a crisis in 1789. The convulsion took the shape of a revolution, so sweeping in character that the whole social and political fabric perished. The neglect and criminal errors of past ages were so frightfully avenged, that until this day, when more than eighty years have elapsed, France still experiences a tendency to disorganisation, and is seen to be hopelessly groping for a satisfactory and permanent form of government.

Let us glance at what are usually considered to be the causes of this
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extraordinary disaster. From their Celtic ancestry the Gauls, the French people inherited a certain heedlessness of character, or want of foresight as to consequences. The Romans communicated to them their language; the Franks, a Teutonic people, by whom they were conquered in the fifth century, gave them a national designation; but to neither Romans nor Franks were they materially indebted for those qualities which ordinarily stamp the national or individual character. We have therefore to keep in mind that, through all the vicissitudes of modern history, the French people have remained essentially Celtic. With many good qualities—bold, tasteful, quick-witted, ingenious—they have some less to be admired—impulsive, restless, vain, bombastic, fond of display, and, as Cæsar described them, 'lovers of novelty.' They have ever boasted of being at the head of 'civilisation,' but with all their acknowledged advancement in literature and science, they have at every stage in their political career demonstrated a singular and absolutely pitiable want of common sense. How these peculiarities were displayed in their revolutionary tumults will, in the present brief narrative, be painfully conspicuous.

It is not necessary here to go into an account of the different monarchical dynasties. A few prominent facts may alone be mentioned. On the occasion of a vacancy of the throne, and default of heirs, in the tenth century, Hugh Capet, Count of Paris and Orleans, was, by a species of usurpation, installed as king. Hence the origin of the Capets, whose line was continued in the branches of Valois and Bourbon. Henry IV., first of the Bourbons, died by assassination, 1610. The succeeding princes of this line were Louis XIII., who died 1643, leaving two sons, the elder of whom succeeded to the throne as Louis XIV., and the younger was Philip, Duke of Orleans. Louis XIV. had a long and magnificent reign. He died 1715, being succeeded by his great-grandson, Louis XV., who at the time was only five years old. Until he became of age, affairs were administered by the Duke of Orleans (son of the first duke) as Regent. Louis XV., noted for his profligacy, died 1774, and was succeeded by his grandson, Louis XVI., who was lucklessly destined to suffer the penalty due to the errors of his predecessors. This unfortunate prince was born August 23, 1754; on the 10th May 1770, he was married to Marie Antoinette, youngest daughter of Maria Theresa, Empress of Germany, and whose fate was as unhappy as that of her husband.

Readers of history are aware that the French sovereignty was for ages little else than a feudal superiority over dukes, counts, and other dignitaries, who exercised unlimited sway in their respective provinces—Burgundy, Normandy, Brittany, Picardy, Provence, and so on. By marriage, treaty, or military force, these provincial governments were at length absorbed by the French monarchy. The consolidation took place chiefly under the ministry of Cardinal

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Richelieu, in the reign of Louis XIII., and it is customary to refer to Louis XIV. as the first who obtained an entire sway over the country. Louis XIV. certainly added an important territory to the kingdom, by unscrupulously taking Alsace from Germany, 1681. Lorraine, also, as a result of the war between France and Germany arising out of the election of a king for Poland (1733), was taken from Germany, given in liferent to Stanislaus, ex-king of Poland, and father-in-law of Louis XV. At the death of Stanislaus in 1766, Lorraine was incorporated with France. Among the latest acquisitions was Avignon, an old patrimony of the pope, which the revolutionists, who stuck at nothing, unceremoniously seized and incorporated. By whatever circumstances the several absorptions were effected, the country at large, at the outbreak of the revolution, had little of a homogeneous character. The provincial distinctions as regards local management, manners, and usages continued to diversify general society.

In Great Britain national stability has been secured, not only by centuries of considerate legislation, but by a variety of conditions which, from our very familiarity with them, we are apt to undervalue—the equality of all before the law, no matter what be the titular rank or wealth of individuals; freedom of meeting and discussion; the free municipal system in the boroughs; a body of landed nobility and gentry settled all over the country, taking a lead in public affairs, lending dignity to the social system, and having, by the rules of heritage, something of the nature of so many corporations; the scope offered to industrial enterprise and personal ambition, by which the humblest individual may be absorbed into the ranks of the aristocracy, and by his ability aspire to the highest offices in the state; the general spread of education, and thorough toleration in matters of religious worship and belief; along with all which we may include loyalty to the crown, a profound respect for law, and a habitual exercise of that degree of patience which trustfully waits for a remedy of alleged abuses through the efficacy of slow but constitutional measures. In France, every one of these conditions was absent. There was an aristocracy possessing privileges of an odious and exclusive character, who for the most part had deserted their possessions in the country, and spent their lives and fortunes in Paris, leaving the rural population a prey to tyrannical local officials and land-stewards. Only those in the ranks of the nobility were eligible for the superior offices of government, the law, the army, and the navy. The middle classes, however wealthy, could not rise out of their sphere or hope to attain social distinction. The humbler classes, kept in deplorable ignorance, were sunk as an inferior order of beings. The church was exclusive and aristocratical in its organization—the dignitaries enjoying immense revenues, and living too frequently in total disregard of their duties. The working and more estimable clergy were poor and devoid of influence. There was no

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religious freedom. In 1598, Henry IV. had conceded toleration to Protestants by the famed Edict of Nantes; but this wise and generous decree was revoked by Louis XIV. in 1685, by which the exercise of Protestant worship was proscribed, and many thousands of respectable families driven into exile. Freedom of discussion was unknown. Personal liberty had no guarantee in law. By an arbitrary act of authority, any one could be seized and kept in prison for any length of time without trial. Torture and breaking on the wheel formed part of the judicial system. In the towns there were trade corporations; but being accessible only to those who could purchase their immunities, they were, like all monopolies, injurious to the community at large. All the burdens of the state fell on the industrious and productive classes. The nobility, a very numerous body, were exempt from taxation, and the clergy had the privilege of contributing only a small fraction. The most oppressive mode of collecting the taxes prevailed, as they were farmed by contractors, who were most rigorous in their exactions. These were called farmers-general, and were naturally objects of public detestation. Two-thirds of the whole land of the country were in possession of the nobility and clergy, who, not content with their fiscal exemption, imposed upon the cultivators feudal duties and services alike oppressive and scandalous. The right of killing game was reserved for the landlords; and tenants were forbidden, by special edicts, to till their ground, reap their crops, or cut their grass, if the preservation of the young broods might be thereby endangered. Manorial courts were scattered through the land, to take summary vengeance on delinquents in any of these particulars. In fact, the people in the rural districts were, to a certain extent, in a state of serfdom—continually exposed to galling and degrading oppression. One of the greatest vexations to which the peasantry were exposed was the *corvée*, a hateful obligation to labour on the roads for a certain time every year without payment. Wrongs such as this sank deeply into the minds of the sufferers.

While dissent from the state-religion was proscribed, there was, strangely enough, a perfect license in bringing religion itself into ridicule. The writings of several men of genius, particularly of Voltaire and Rousseau, tended to loosen all moral and religious restraints, and to prepare the minds of the people for overthrowing not only the whole ecclesiastical fabric, but to uproot the very foundations of Christianity. Besides these causes, there were others which fostered a spirit of revolution. The court of Louis XV. had been so disgracefully licentious and frivolous as to undermine any respect for royalty. The chief accomplishment of Louis XV., as we learn from contemporary memoirs, consisted in the petty art of dexterously cutting off the top of an egg. Breakfasting in public, crowds went to see his wonderful performances. When, by a quick evolution of his knife, the top of an egg was suddenly struck off, shouts of *Vive le*

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Roi rewarded the singular adroitness. Following on the costly scandals of the court of Louis XV. came the war of American independence, into which Louis XVI. was rashly impelled, causing a heavy national outlay. In this war the youth of France imbibed the principles of republicanism, and an insatiable thirst for liberty. Several, including the Marquis de Lafayette, who had assisted the American colonists in the war against Great Britain, introduced anti-monarchical notions into France, without considering that what might suit the habits and feelings of an intelligent transatlantic community of Anglo-Saxon origin, was wholly at variance with a people unaccustomed to constitutional theories and usages, and among whom the barest elements of civil and religious liberty were wanting. Bad as things were, they might have drifted on for some time longer, but for a growing annual deficiency in the public revenue. In 1789, the expenditure amounted to about twenty-five million pounds sterling, while the revenue was only eighteen millions, leaving a deficiency of seven millions. Loans were resorted to, but these made matters worse. As the expenditure could bear no great reduction, the proper course was to increase the taxation. The whole deficiency could have been made up by subjecting the nobility and clergy to the ordinary taxation. To proposals of this kind these bodies offered the most determined opposition, and the king was powerless in bringing them to a sense of their obligations. Under a constitutional system, parliament overcomes all such difficulties ; but in France, there was at this time no parliament of the nature of a general legislative body to appeal to. The provinces had what were called parliaments, which consisted of magistrates, most of whom being nobles had purchased the right of membership. While the king could ordain taxes, it was the rule that they could not be imposed unless previously registered and sanctioned by these provincial bodies. By a stretch of authority, if the king appeared in person, and insisted on the registration of his edicts, it could not be withheld. No step of this extreme nature, however, could be carried out on a systematic plan ; and practically, as it happened in 1789, the parliaments, taking the part of the nobility and clergy, successfully set the king and his ministers at defiance. National affairs had come to a dead lock. The drama now opens.

FIRST ACT.—THE REVOLUTION OF 1789.

In his unhappy perplexities, caused by the short-sighted obstinacy of the nobility and clergy, Louis XVI. had one resource left. It was to call together the States-General, or parliament for the whole kingdom ; but it had been so long in abeyance, that nobody could exactly say how it should be constituted. Its last assembly had been in 1614. Necker, the minister of Finance, who had adopted the whimsical notions of human perfectibility put forth by the

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philosophers, strongly recommended the assemblage of the States-General. After some hesitation, the king rendered himself popular by summoning this body to meet, which it did with great ceremony at Versailles, May 5, 1789—a date which marks the beginning of the revolution. The members were of three orders—nobles, clergy, and *tiers état* (third estate) or commoners. An unhappy thing occurred at the very outset. There was no prescribed method of conducting business. The nobles and clergy wished to sit separately, while the *tiers état*, who were the most numerous, insisted on the whole sitting together and giving a cumulative vote. Unable to overcome opposition, the *tiers état*, in a paroxysm of indignation, illegally declared themselves as constituting a National Assembly, and took an oath, June 22, that nothing should prevent their meetings until they had settled a new constitution for the country. This event having taken place in a large tennis-court, is ordinarily referred to as the oath of the *Jeu de paume*. On the 27th June, the nobles and clergy, at the earnest solicitation of the king, united with the *tiers état*, a triumph which added fervour to the revolutionary mania.

One cannot peruse the history of this extraordinary convulsion without feeling that, in its earlier stages, it could have been averted, or at least modified, by firm and vigorous measures on the part of the sovereign. Louis XVI. was amiable to a fault. He would have adorned a private station, but he had not the qualities requisite for a sovereign at a time when gentleness and timidity only provoked to renewed outrages. He was often told, if he would put himself at the head of his troops, all might yet be saved. His only answer was, that no blood should ever be shed by his orders. The mob consequently, from first to last, had its own way. In point of fact, as a supreme magistrate and guardian of public order, Louis XVI. is chargeable with having shrunk from doing his duty. There are, nevertheless, excuses to be offered in his behalf. The courtiers who surrounded him, as well as the army, were not altogether to be depended on. His ministers were either irresolute or affected with revolutionary principles. For every act of concession to popular demands he was applauded, and he was not without hope that, by temporising, all would yet come right. Nor should we omit the treachery of his relative, Philip, Duke of Orleans (great-grandson of the Regent), who secretly aimed at his dethronement, and at being appointed lieutenant-general of the kingdom ; for which object he fomented intrigues and lavished immense sums on all who were disposed to further his criminal designs.

Terrified by the threats of insurrection, the king, by an unusual act of courage, drew around him at Versailles a tolerably strong military force by way of precaution. Necker, protesting violently against this measure, was dismissed. Forthwith, the inhabitants of Paris, moved by the municipality, prepared for resisting authority, and formed themselves into a national guard. So encouraged, an armed and ferocious

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mob, after pillaging the Hôtel des Invalides, attacked and destroyed the Bastille, July 14; * its defenders being massacred, and the heads of its principal officers barbarously carried about on pikes. As the troops at Paris declined to act, these excesses met with no interruption. To appease the populace, the king made various concessions. Necker was recalled. All in vain. The atrocities committed in Paris were imitated all throughout France. Châteaux were sacked and burned, persons in different grades were murdered, and cruelties perpetrated of unexampled atrocity. Where were those who, from their position if not for their own sakes, should have now rallied round the throne? They either gave their adhesion to the revolution, and participated in its follies, or, with despicable cowardice, fled to England and Germany, and for long afterwards emigrant noblesse might have been seen depending on charity, or labouring at humble employments in London for their daily bread. The practice of running away on the occurrence of political commotions, which was now initiated, has continued till the present time to be a fatal and humiliating feature in the different French revolutions. On the breaking out of the civil war in England, the royalists rallied round Charles I., and fought the quarrel fairly out. In France, Louis XVI. was abandoned to his fate by nearly all who were bound in honour to stand by him; there being perhaps a shade of extenuation for them in the fact that Louis had not the fortitude of Charles, and that from this and other causes there was less likelihood of success in an armed resistance. The civil war in La Vendée, however, shewed what might have been done to retrieve the misfortunes of the monarchy, had anything like a general resistance been presented.†

Among the nobles who remained at their post in the Assembly were the Count de Noailles and the Duke d'Aguillon, who, though possessing extensive estates, proposed, August 14, the removal of fiscal exemptions from their order, along with the remission of sundry feudal claims. This example of liberality met with an extraordinary response. Carried away by a fit of enthusiasm, all the members of the aristocracy present, in frenzied eagerness, vied with each other to renounce their rights, and strip themselves of every privilege or distinction. As a sequel to this remarkable movement, an act was passed stripping the clergy entirely of their revenues. A solemn *Te Deum* was decreed, in acknowledgment of this wonderful concession to popular feeling. These rash proceedings served only to aggravate public disorder caused by a bad harvest and dearth of provisions. Trade languished; the humbler classes were suffering from a want of employment; Necker's schemes of financial regeneration completely failed; taxes could not be levied, and nobody would lend money to carry on the business of the state. National

* See *History of the Bastille*, No. 132 in present series.

† See *Larochejaquelein and the War in La Vendée*, No. 22 in present series.

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bankruptcy was imminent. As usual in all cases of national misfortune in France, the blame was conveniently laid on the sovereign. The court was accused of extravagance, even while the king had given up his plate to help the public expenditure. At length, a debate which arose as to the king's right of veto led to a commotion as outrageous as any which had yet occurred. This was the marching of an infuriated mob from Paris to Versailles, October 6, and an attack on the royal family. Lafayette, who had the command of the troops, failed in protecting the palace from outrage. On the morning of the 8th, the mob burst in the doors, and seeking out the apartments of the queen, several murders were committed. Fortunately, by the interference of the *gardes du corps*, who appeased the insurgents, no personal violence was perpetrated on the royal family; but the cry 'To Paris!' arose, and the king and queen, with their children, were obliged to obey the command. With shouts and revolutionary songs, the mob escorted the royal family along the road to Paris, the savagery of the whole scene being aggravated by a party of ruffians carrying on pikes two heads of soldiers in the body-guard, killed at the assault on the palace. By a refinement of ferocity, the monsters stopped at Sèvres to cause a hairdresser to curl and powder the disordered locks of the two heads, which were borne aloft in front of the royal carriage.

Shortly after the court had been established at the Tuileries, the Assembly removed to Paris—a fatal move for the members, for they were now liable to be overawed by popular intimidation. The municipal commune, elected by the populace, and supported by the National Guards, assumed a dictatorial authority. It exerted a powerful influence over the Jacobin Club, and this unruly body, demented with illusory notions about the abstract rights of man, possessed a like control over the Assembly. Practically, the government was regulated by the fluctuating will of the multitude, headed by desperadoes, many of whom were criminals liberated from the prisons and galleys. In the winter of 1789-90, a prodigious number of changes were effected by legislation, some of them beneficial, but, on the whole, of a very sweeping nature. All the old territorial divisions were abolished, and the country divided into departments. In reforming the penal code, a suggestion of Dr Guillotin was adopted as to public executions. An instrument called by his name was introduced for cutting off heads by the sudden descent of a knife. In June 1790, nobility of all grades was formally abolished; and at the 'confederation' or assemblage in the Champ de Mars, July 14, France was declared a limited monarchy. The clergy, whose revenues were already confiscated, and now depended on very slender stipends, were decreed to take an oath to the revolutionary constitution, November 27, and their refusal to do so resulted in cruel and widespread persecution. In March 1791, the Assembly abolished the law of primogeniture, and established the rule of

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compulsory equal succession, by which France has had the fatal legacy of a poor peasant proprietary, unfitted to take any part in public business, and who are usually a facile herd in the hands of a central authority. Mirabeau, a man of genius but profligate character, and a master-spirit in guiding the wild democracy, died April 2 ; his death being in some sense a loss to the king, for he had begun to foresee that the revolutionary spirit had been carried much too far. Fearful of what might occur, the royal family took to flight, June 20, but being discovered in their journey at Varennes, were brought ignominiously back to Paris, and again lodged in the Tuileries.

The sittings of the National, or, as it is sometimes called, the Constituent, Assembly, closed 29th September 1791. Its mission had been performed. It had, with the assent of the king, given a constitution to the country. In many respects the constitution was imperfect, but if it had been suffered to go on uninterruptedly, and amended only according to the suggestions of experience, all might probably have been well for France. One grievous error committed was a self-denying enactment that no member of the Assembly should be eligible for re-election ; wherefore, the new body to be chosen were necessarily unskilled in the business of legislation. The Constituent Assembly, with all its shortcomings, possessed a degree of dignity, for it contained many men of good breeding and enlightened views. The Legislative Assembly, which succeeded it, and began operations on the 1st of October, was of quite a different stamp. It was composed, for the most part, of illiterate young men and country attorneys with little or no practice—persons who had all to gain and nothing to lose. It has been stated that not as many as fifty of them had £100 a year. The desertion of the nobles had materially contributed to this result. Under the demoniac influence of impulses communicated by the Jacobin Club, the cry was publicly raised for the abolition of monarchy. For this, however, the new Assembly was not yet prepared. It embraced a body of moderates, known as the Girondins, who for a time restrained the men of more extreme views. Vergniaud, Guadet, Gensonné, Isnard, Brissot, and Roland were of this eloquent constitutional party.*

Danton, Marat, St Just, Barère, Couthon, and Robespierre were the leaders of the violent party in the Assembly ; and ultimately, by their audacity, and possessing the support of the Jacobin Club and the municipality, finally attained the ascendancy. To the last degree unscrupulous in attempting to carry out their notions of 'liberty, equality, and fraternity,' Marat, Robespierre, and some of the others were not naturally cruel and dishonest. They might be described as monomaniacs who laboured under certain preposterous illusions. Rousseau had turned their brains with his nonsensical

* See *Madame Roland and the Girondins*, No. 78 in the present series.

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doctrines about simplicity and virtue being alone to be found among lowly untutored human beings. All in a humble station were angels of goodness suffering under oppression. All who were superior as regards rank, education, or worldly possessions were robbers and tyrants. Carried away by these fancies, Robespierre emphatically declared that all that was wanted to purify society was to cut off two hundred and eighty thousand heads. Marat, though peculiarly viperish in his language, was more moderate in his claims. He would be satisfied with two hundred and sixty thousand. When the guillotine got fairly to work, the number of victims more than doubled these calculations. And yet Robespierre was not devoid of some respectable qualities. He lived simply and frugally on very slender means, did not get into debt, was unselfish and incorruptible, was fond of a dog which accompanied him in his walks, neat in his dress and decorous in private life, performed acts of kindness to poor neighbours, and was so great a lover of flowers as to be usually decorated with a rose at his button-hole—altogether, as one would say, a simple-minded, dandified gentleman, with an eccentric propensity to cut off heads for the general good of mankind—a strange compound of fanaticism, honesty, and wickedness. St Just was an unmitigated ruffian, the villain of the piece. His favourite function was that of fabricating lies for the benefit of the party; acting in which capacity he was a type of a class of frequent growth in France; for in every political convulsion there has been some one ready to concoct and disseminate falsehoods, to keep up the spirits of the people and maintain the credit of the party in power.

During 1792, the condition of the royal family, shut up in the Tuileries, was unwarrantable and painful. The king was beset with subversive schemes, but he stuck to the letter of the constitution. He often spoke despondingly of what was likely to be his fate. On the 20th June, a mob from the Faubourg St Antoine, headed by Santerre, broke into the palace, and the inmates, expecting to be massacred, endured the grossest indignities. What a scene! The king, seated in a chair placed on a table, obliged by a drunken workman to put on a cap of liberty; the queen near him with her two children, the dauphin and princess royal; also the Princess Elizabeth, sister of the king! The tumult having lasted several hours, the mob were persuaded to disperse by some members of the Assembly.

The safety of the royal family was now greatly imperilled by the uproar which arose consequent on the advance of the Duke of Brunswick from Coblenz, at the head of an army of Germans, professedly to restore social order. Brunswick's ill-conducted campaign came to nothing, but the threats of invasion so infuriated the populace, that from about this time the revolution assumed a more determined character. Armed bands from Marseilles

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arrived in Paris, chanting the rousing stanzas of the *Marseillaise*. Crowds, with drums beating and flourishing swords and pikes, filled the hall of the Assembly. Commotion dreadful. The Duke of Orleans scattering money and secretly fomenting mischief. The Jacobin Club yelling like fiends all the hours of the night. The poor king and Marie Antoinette in calm despair. They expected death, but what was to become of their children? Foreseeing a murderous assault on the palace, some efforts were made to strengthen the defences, and reliance was placed on the Swiss guards, whose loyalty had never been impeached.

Now came the terrible 10th of August. A raging body of insurgents, organised by Danton and Robespierre, attacked the Tuileries. The Swiss, making a heroic defence, drove back band after band; and had they been properly supported, the monarchy might have been saved. The Assembly were appealed to, but no succour was afforded. The Swiss were struck down by a murderous fire. A frightful massacre ensued; the crowd rushing wildly over the palace, smashing the furniture, ransacking the cellars, killing all the servants and royalists who fell into their hands. The Place du Carrousel was strewn with the bodies of the Swiss, which were mangled in a horrible manner, and portions of them carried about on pikes. Upwards of five thousand persons perished in the massacre. The royal family were conducted to the hall of the Assembly, from which, after some wearisome discussions, the whole were transferred to the building of the Feuillants. On the third day they were carried prisoners to the Temple. We may date from this event the sanguinary course of the Reign of Terror. The Revolutionary Tribunal was established August 19, and immediately began to send victims to the guillotine. Five thousand persons had already been committed to the prisons of Paris on suspicion of being unfavourable to the revolution. Early in the morning of the 2d of September, drums beat and the signal was given to commence an indiscriminate massacre of the prisoners, all who were engaged in the work of destruction being each promised the sum of twenty-four francs. High and low, men and women, were dragged out and killed with relentless barbarity. Among the sufferers was the Princess Lamballe, an attached friend of the queen. The body, stripped of its clothing, was indecently exposed and mutilated; and her head, stuck on the point of a lance, was carried about the streets in savage triumph. The example set by these massacres was followed in different parts of France. The Legislative Assembly closed its sittings September 30, and forthwith was convoked the National Convention, a title assumed in consequence of the overthrow of monarchy.

The revolution had been promoted by a want of funds. In its progress things always grew the longer the worse. Necker had resigned office in disgust in 1790, and retired to his native Switzerland

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to ponder on the failure of his dreams of human regeneration. His successors supported the enormous public expenditure by the issue of notes assuming to be guaranteed by the national domains, and styled assignats. Two-thirds of the landed property in France, consisting chiefly of the estates of the emigrant noblesse and the church, amounting in value to nearly £400,000,000 sterling, were confiscated by the state, and it was partly on the credit of this huge mass of property, sold in morsels to individuals, that the revolutionists were able to encounter the civil and military expenditure. In proportion as fresh batches of assignats were issued, their value fell in the market. It being dangerous to refuse them in payment, tradesmen began to give up selling; but as the assignats were a legal tender, persons did not scruple to impose them on creditors in discharge of their debts. Both through the profuse issue of assignats, and the passing of a law which prescribed that not above a certain maximum price should be charged for articles of daily consumption, immense suffering was experienced. We may have some idea of the vigorous way in which the system of assignats was worked, in the fact that the annual expenditure rose to as much as £130,000,000 sterling. It was through the sheer force of a comparatively worthless paper-money, also compulsory loans and excessive taxation, accompanied with the terror of the guillotine, that the French republicans sustained the military conflict in the early years of the revolution. The Duke of Brunswick, as has been seen, did more harm than good by his menaces. The revolutionary forces under Dumourier were ill appointed and organised, but, moved by popular enthusiasm, they carried all before them in the north of France and the Netherlands. Acting under orders, they opened the navigation of the Scheldt, contrary to a treaty with Holland, to which England was a party. Inflamed by military successes, the Convention trampled down all international treaties and obligations, proclaimed the 'rights of man;' everywhere 'war to the palace, and peace to the cottage;' decreed the suppression of all constituted authorities; and charged their generals to yield assistance to all peoples struggling to obtain liberty, fraternity, and equality (December 15, 1792)—all which was nothing short of a proclamation of universal hostility. History presents no such example of political and military daring.

Step by step the revolutionists had abandoned everything like moderation; having deposed the king, their proposal was now to bring him to trial and condemn him. This extreme measure, after being faintly opposed by the Girondins, was at length resolved on. It would be difficult to say of what the unfortunate Louis was guilty, except that he had been much too gentle and confiding. The Mountain, as the violent party were termed, from being seated on a series of high benches in the Convention, had little trouble in hatching false charges against the monarch, the most absurd of these

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being that he had conspired to massacre the whole members of the Convention. After a discussion on the subject, a resolution was carried by Robespierre 'to summon the king to the bar to answer for his crimes.'

In the gloom of a winter day, Louis was brought from the Temple to undergo his trial, if trial it could be called, for neither witness nor documentary proof was produced to substantiate the ridiculous charges against him. The venerable Malesherbes acted as his legal counsel. Defence was in vain. There was a majority of fifty-three for his execution. When informed of his sentence, he craved a respite of three days to make certain preparations. The delay was cruelly refused, but his majesty was so far indulged as to be allowed a private interview with his family and dependants. The scene at parting with his family, and that at his execution in the Place Louis Quinze, are too painful to be dwelt on. He was beheaded on the 21st of January 1793. When the intelligence of the event spread abroad, the whole of Europe was moved with horror and astonishment.

Shortly before the outbreak of the revolution, a numerous and respectable party in England, including Burke and Pitt, had begun to conceive plans of parliamentary reform. The disorganisation in France at once turned the current of opinion. Alarmed by the spread of republican doctrines, by the audacious proclamations of the Convention, also by the encroachment on the treaty with Holland, the British government prepared for extremities. The execution of Louis XVI. left no room for hesitation. The French ambassador received orders to quit London, February 1, 1793. The Convention responded by declaring war against England and Holland. Thus the French war was begun that, with a short intermission, lasted for the space of twenty years.

To maintain the popular fervour, Jacobin Clubs were established all over France, and guillotines set up in the principal towns. A decree instituted a Committee of Public Safety, and considering that forms of law were unnecessary, the revolutionary tribunals were authorised to decide without calling witnesses or listening to a defence. The trial of an accused seldom lasted five minutes, and was a burlesque on justice. The number despatched by the guillotine daily in Paris, varied from about twenty to seventy. The executions became one of the public amusements. Bands of women seated themselves round the scaffold, where, in consequence of employing themselves in knitting during the spectacle, they were familiarly known as *les tricoteuses*. Not satisfied with dethroning and murdering the king, the anarchists proceeded to the public denial of God. Christian belief and worship were proscribed; the churches everywhere closed; over the entrance to the burying-grounds was inscribed: 'Death is an eternal sleep;' and a new divinity was ceremoniously consecrated—a female of depraved

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character being actually installed on a species of throne in the cathedral of Notre-Dame, and worshipped as the Goddess of Reason. A war seemed to be declared against all that was old and venerable. By a decree of the Convention, the Christian era and the ordinary arrangement of months and weeks were set aside. The weekly Sabbath—the oldest institution on earth—was abolished. A new era, that of the French Republic, was established, dating from the 22d September 1792, which was to be the first day of the year 1. There was to be a new division of months, with a group of five holidays in September. At an early stage in the Revolution, the old white flag of the monarchy was dismissed, and a new national flag, the tricolor, consisting of three vertical stripes—red, white, and blue—was adopted. In a word, utter havoc was made, not only of all the old institutions, but even of all time-honoured traditions and feelings. Surely, for these and other revolutionary excesses, the French were preparing for themselves a frightful Nemesis!

It would greatly exceed our bounds to give a history of the Reign of Terror. Marie Antoinette, the fairest creature who, it is said, ever trod the earth, and as guiltless as her husband, was brought to trial; neither her dignity nor innocence availing to shield her from condemnation. She died with the calmness of a martyr at the spot where Louis XVI. was executed, October 16, 1793. To this and some other horrors, the Girondins made a faint resistance. Their own time was come. They were accused, condemned, and executed about a fortnight after the death of the queen. Madame Roland, also Charlotte Corday (for having stabbed Marat), soon after perished. The Princess Elizabeth had already died by the guillotine along with a number of ladies of rank.

In every case of political delirium in France, there arises a strange fancy for altering the names of streets and other places of public resort, as well as for destroying emblems likely to commemorate a fallen dynasty. While heads were daily falling under the guillotine, there was much of this petty war of demolition. All emblems of royalty were removed, and statues of historical significance pulled down and shattered in pieces. Under the authority of the Convention, and aided by a military force, a mob visited St Denis and destroyed the tombs of the kings from the earliest ages of the monarchy, also those of the most distinguished generals in French annals, and scattered their contents to the winds. Rather extraordinary proceedings these for a people aspiring to stand at the pinnacle of 'civilisation!'

There is some satisfaction in knowing that very many of the extreme party who had promoted disorder, including Danton and the Duke of Orleans—Philippe Egalité as he designated himself—perished on the scaffold, at the instance of their less scrupulous confederates. In the murderous saturnalia, the guillotine, which could not kill above one a minute, was in some places found to be too slow an engine

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of destruction. Couthon, at Lyons, destroyed whole crowds of unhappy royalists by the shot of cannon, and the not less infamous Carrier drowned batches of men, women, and children at Nantes. The killing went on with little intermission from the beginning of 1793 till the end of July 1794, or about a year and a half. Robespierre, who had stipulated for only two hundred and eighty thousand heads, was considerably troubled in mind when he found that the deaths of four times that number left society as unpurified as ever. When about a million had been got rid of, he was horrified to discover that the individuals of true Jacobin principles, who had been elevated to office, were more corrupt than the victims they had superseded. He felt as if, to get things to his mind, the whole human race except himself would require to be annihilated. Some of his associates in the Convention, perceiving that their own turn was approaching, picked up heart, and denounced him as a monster who plotted their general destruction. It was a daring thing to do, but Tallien succeeded in persuading the Convention to have him arrested. Robespierre was seized at the Hôtel de Ville, and next day, July 29, 1794, was beheaded amidst shouts of rejoicing from the populace who had formerly been his adulators. Judicial executions on political accusations continued some time longer, but the 'Terror' was at an end. The number of persons destroyed one way or other during the revolutionary troubles, has been reckoned to be 1,027,106. The world has nothing to equal this in atrocity; nor is there any such instance of a worthless faction terrifying the general community into submission. The fact is not less curious, that during the worst period of the Reign of Terror, all the theatres and other places of public entertainment in Paris were open and well attended. Another fact was not less characteristic. The conclusion of the Reign of Terror was signalled by a ball, called *Le Bal des Victimes*, only those ladies being admitted who had lost relations by the guillotine; at this brilliant assembly, the favourite mode of dressing the hair was to tie it up as if preparatory for execution. A light-hearted people, certainly!

On the fall of Robespierre and his associates, the Convention betook itself to humane measures, and expunged its more outrageous decrees. In September 1794, the whole of the Jacobin Clubs were suppressed; after which the legislature had some degree of peace. Greatly to its discredit, the Convention left the young Dauphin, who, on the death of his father, had become titular Louis XVII., to the cruel treatment of the municipality. From the effects of close confinement and gross misusage, the poor child died on the 8th June 1795.* His sister, the last wreck of the royal family, alone escaped with life from the horrors of the revolution. Assailed by a party antagonistic to its continuance supported by the sections of Paris,

* See *The Little Captive King*, No. 130 in present series.

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the Convention resorted to a means of defence which promptly settled all opposition. In the expectation of being disturbed by an armed mob, it sought the counsel of Napoleon Bonaparte, a young officer of artillery, who had been recommended to its notice for his professional vigour. Skilfully surrounding the hall of the Convention by bodies of troops, he swept the thoroughfares with the fire of cannon. The insurgents vanished as if by magic, and revolutionary tumults were at an end (October 1795).

SECOND ACT.—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The young officer of artillery who by volleys of grape-shot saved the Convention, and calmed the revolutionary spirit, was not a Frenchman by birth ; properly speaking, he was an Italian. He was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 5th February 1768, at which time the island belonged to Genoa. Shortly after his birth, Corsica was captured by the French, on which account Napoleon in mature years made himself out to be a Frenchman by putting forward his birthday to the 15th August 1769. For a similar reason, he dropped the letter 'u' out of Buonaparte, which it originally had. His father occupied a respectable position, and at his death left a family of five sons—Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome—and three daughters. At an early age, Napoleon was sent to the military school of Brienne, in France, where he learned to speak French, and gave tokens of an energetic and thoughtful character. At sixteen years of age, he received a commission in a regiment of artillery, in which capacity he so distinguished himself at the siege of Toulon, when it held out for the sinking cause of royalty, that he was raised to a command in 1794.

Napoleon's services in protecting the Convention led to his appointment as General of the Interior. Becoming acquainted with Josephine, widow of Count Beauharnais, he was married to her, 9th March 1796. Through her influence, he was promoted to the command of the army of Italy—a wonderful rise for so young a man. Immediately on his marriage, leaving Josephine with her two children, Eugene and Hortense Beauharnais, Napoleon proceeded on his important Italian expedition by way of Nice ; thence leading his army with consummate skill along the rugged and picturesque shores of the Mediterranean. The object was to attack the forces of Austria and Piedmont—in fact, to conquer the different Italian states, and take possession of the country.

At this period, France was at war with nearly all its neighbours. The revolutionary mania had died out, and a reaction had set in for a regular and settled government. Besides a legislative body, a Directory was formed to conduct the administration. From the past anarchy, things already were gradually tending towards the establishment of a despotism. The Directory proceeded with much

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vigour ; taking advantage of the prevalent passion for conquest and military glory. Napoleon accordingly had come upon the stage at exactly the proper nick of time. Organised by the genius of Carnot, the French republican armies performed prodigies of valour. Under Moreau and Jourdan, they rolled back the feebly-conducted and half-hearted allies. Great Britain could make no head with the forces it landed on the continent ; but fortunately its navy, under Admiral Howe, did more than sustain the old national renown ; nearly the whole of the French colonies being taken possession of. The elation of the French, from the marvellous successes of the army of Italy, was boundless. With an available army of not more than thirty-six thousand men, Napoleon swept like a whirlwind down on the plains of Lombardy ; at Lodi, Milan, and Pavia, carrying everything before him, and levying contributions in money, provisions, horses, and all manner of stores. From northern and central Italy, large spoils of art treasures were taken and sent to Paris. In 1797, Austria tried a fresh campaign against the French invaders of Italy, but army after army was beaten. Glad to come to a pacification, the Austrians signed the treaty of Campo Formio, by which they ceded the Netherlands, Lombardy, and some lesser territories. On returning to Paris, Napoleon was received with the utmost enthusiasm. These and other brilliant achievements of the French greatly mortified England. Mr Pitt despatched Lord Malmesbury to conclude a peace, offering for the purpose to relinquish the chief colonial conquests. Such, however, was the insulting arrogance of the French, that the overture was fruitless.

In May 1798, Napoleon sailed with a large force to subjugate Egypt, possibly with a view to take possession of India. His career of victory was happily checked by the destruction of the French fleet at Aboukir Bay by Nelson. Leaving the army in charge of Kleber, he abruptly returned to France, where affairs were getting into confusion. By a dexterous *coup d'état* he overthrew the Directory, and had himself appointed First Consul. In 1800, he performed his daring march across the Alps, and by the decisive battle of Marengo obliged the Austrians to resign Piedmont. In 1801, England and France concluded a peace, and Napoleon was declared Consul for life. Peace lasted only till May 1803, when war was again declared by England. Now ensued the grandest of Napoleon's exploits, with which the French were so much delighted that by the national vote he was made Emperor, 18th May 1804. Despotism under a military adventurer was completed. France had at length got its Cromwell. Attaining this distinction, Bonaparte did not cease to exalt the military glory of France. Nothing was more brilliant than his campaign in Austria, in which he compelled General Mack to capitulate at Ulm with 20,000 men, October 17, 1805. As a set-off, France sustained a memorable naval defeat by the battle of Trafalgar on the 21st of the same month, when the gallant Nelson was killed

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on board the *Victory*.^{*} Hurrying northwards, Napoleon gained the victory of Austerlitz; and stealing a march on Prussia, he annihilated the power of that country by the battle of Jena, October 16, 1806. The obligations imposed on the Prussians by this victory were of the most humiliating kind. In particular, only a very limited body in arms was to be maintained; but this, as we shall see, gave vitality to that formidable military system which enabled Germany to inflict the memorable retribution of 1870. Napoleon's next great victory was the battle of Wagram, 6th July 1809, by which Austria was thoroughly prostrated. In the hope of founding a dynasty, he divorced Josephine, 10th December 1809, and shortly afterwards married Maria Louisa, archduchess of Austria, by whom he had a son, born 20th March 1811.

Estimated by his military skill, Napoleon had scarcely a parallel in modern history. His foresight, strategy, power of rapid combination, and disregard of personal trouble—for at a pinch he would not scruple to lend a hand in dragging his cannon up an acclivity—were altogether remarkable; nor has there ever been any general so gifted by discrimination in selecting able lieutenants to further his schemes—Junot, Murat, Bernadotte, Davout, Kleber, Desaix, Massena, Augereau, Soult, Ney, and others—whom he raised from obscurity to carry out his gigantic plans. His astonishing industry and literary ability have been attested by his voluminous printed correspondence. His civil rule brought order out of chaos. He abolished the fantastic reckoning of time introduced by the Convention, and restored the use of the Christian era with the ordinary arrangement of months and weeks; re-established the decencies of religion, and caused to be framed the Code Napoleon, which, in its several departments of civil, criminal, and commercial law, with forms of procedure, remains a monument of his genius. For constitutional government he had no sympathy—perhaps from a conviction that it would be out of place in France. His rule was strictly personal and despotic. He perfected the system of centralised administration and police, which, be the government what it may, still continues in force.

There is something sorrowful in the consideration that a man with such splendid opportunities should have ruined all by his inordinate ambition and selfishness. In 1809, Bonaparte was at the summit of his power, but the avenging angel was already on his track. In the Peninsula, his armies, led by skilful generals, were baffled by Wellington. The cause of his fall, however, lay not in this direction. By his famous Berlin decrees, he attempted to exclude the commerce of England from all continental ports. The emperor of Russia, having declined to give effect to this ruinous policy, Napoleon entered on his disastrous Russian

^{*} See *Life of Nelson*, No. 17 in present series.

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campaign.* Following on this unfortunate affair, came the battle of Leipsic, usually called the 'Battle of Nations,' 16th to 18th October 1813, by which the French suffered a crushing defeat. Marching on France, the Russians and Prussians captured Paris, which city they triumphantly entered, March 31, 1814.

On the 4th April, Napoleon abdicated the throne, and forthwith was banished to the small island of Elba in the Mediterranean, where, with a proper allowance to support his dignity, it was expected he would remain for life. Josephine lived to witness the bitter reverse of fortune of the husband whom she had materially helped to rise to distinction, and who in his supreme power had heartlessly thrown her off. When deserted by his second wife, she offered to attend on him in exile, but this was not permitted. She died after a short illness, 29th May 1814. So ends the second act.

THIRD ACT.—RESTORATION OF THE BOURBONS, WITH THE INTERLUDE OF WATERLOO.

With Napoleon fell the Empire. So long as he was in power he was a demigod. When misfortune overtook him, he was the Corsican usurper. In his abdication, he named his son as successor. His wishes in this respect were entirely disregarded, and at the court of his grandfather in Austria, the youth dropped out of notice, and died, 22d July 1832. Maria Louisa, who after Napoleon's death made a not very creditable marriage, died at Vienna, 1847. While Europe generally was thankful for the prospect of repose, the French were not greatly moved with the overturn of affairs. The allies who occupied Paris were, during their stay, wonderfully popular. Throughout Great Britain the rejoicings were exuberant. Wearing bows of white ribbon was both by men and women all the fashion. There being a universal cry for the restoration of the Bourbons, they were restored accordingly.

Louis XVI. had left two brothers, who had played a mean part in deserting him in his extremity, and fleeing off with the emigrant noblesse. The elder of the two, who had resided for some years in England, landed as Louis XVIII. at Calais, 26th April 1814. He entered Paris after an absence of twenty-four years, and immediately the nation received from him a constitutional charter. Six months later, a congress of representatives of European states began its sittings at Vienna, and proceeding to readjust the political position of various countries, France was stripped of its conquests, and its boundaries brought back pretty much to what they had been previous to Republican aggression.

The French had scarcely time to realise these humiliating changes when, to the amazement of everybody, Napoleon, on the 1st March

* See *The Russian Campaign*, No. 55 in present series.

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1815, made his escape from Elba, in the hope of recovering the imperial throne. Landing in France, crowds followed him, the soldiers flocked to his standard, and the Bourbons taking to flight, he obtained possession of the deserted palaces. The intelligence of these events spread general consternation. A treaty of alliance to put down 'the usurper,' was immediately signed at Vienna by the principal powers, and their united forces were with all speed despatched to the Netherlands. Napoleon's rule lasted but a hundred days. On the 18th June 1815, he was with difficulty, but thoroughly, defeated at Waterloo. In this desperate struggle, Wellington, who acted as commander-in-chief, was fortunately succoured by the timely arrival of the Prussians under Blücher, and that decided the fortunes of the day. For a second time the allied forces marched to and occupied Paris. Napoleon having been intercepted in an attempt to proceed to America, surrendered to a British ship of war, and was sent to the remote island of St Helena; there, after six years of exile, during which he fretted at the strict watch kept over him, he died 5th May 1821.

The confirmation of peace by the victory of Waterloo, caused fresh outbursts of rejoicing in England; for the long war had pressed heavily on the national resources. From the sum of £231,000,000 in 1792, the national debt, in 1815, had risen to £816,000,000, the difference being £585,000,000; but which sum by no means expresses the cost of the war; for, during its whole course, there had been excessive annual taxation. As only about £60,000,000 of the debt have been discharged since 1815, about five hundred years, at the same rate of reduction, will elapse before the national debt is brought down to the point it was at in 1792. So much for the war, first with the French Republic, and afterwards with Napoleon. It should excite little surprise that the people of Great Britain are solicitous to keep in future as far as possible clear of continental complications.

Unfortunately, the tremendous sacrifices of England were lost on the government of the Restoration. Replaced after the battle of Waterloo, the Bourbons failed to conciliate the nation. In their misfortunes, as was said of them, 'they had learned nothing and forgotten nothing.' One of their acts was considered exceedingly barbarous. Generals Ney and Lavalette, for having aided Napoleon at Waterloo, were brought to trial, notwithstanding a general amnesty for such offences, and both were condemned to be shot. Ney met his fate with fortitude, December 7, 1815. Lavalette was so fortunate as to escape from prison in his wife's clothes.* Surrounded by priests and the old noblesse, who had returned with their antiquated feudal prejudices, Louis XVIII., for this and other proceedings, rendered himself very unpopular. An attempt was made to abandon

* See *Story of Lavalette*, No. 61 in present series.

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the tricolor, and go back to white as the national flag, but that the French would not stand, and the idea was prudently dropped. The king made promises, but few of them were fulfilled. A sullen discontent prevailed among the people.

Louis XVIII. died unregretted 16th September 1824. Leaving no direct heirs, he was succeeded by his brother the Duke d'Artois, as Charles X. The change brought no relief. There was the same ministerial incapacity, want of good faith, petty views, and excessive priestly influence. Charles took the oath to the charter, but soon he displayed an intention to restore as much as possible the absolutism of the old monarchy. Only in one thing was his reign memorable. This was the capture of Algiers in 1830. The act, by suppressing a nest of corsairs, the pest of the seas, was a public benefit, but it entailed ruinous obligations on France. During the Algerine expedition, affairs came to a crisis. Mortal offence having been given by a royal speech, also by arbitrary measures in dissolving the chambers, and suppressing the freedom of the press, the Parisian populace took up arms, and erected barricades. For the last three days of July 1830 there was fighting in the streets, and from 7000 to 8000 persons were killed. The king found himself compelled to flee. As a last resource, he abdicated the throne in favour of his grandson, Henry, Duke of Bordeaux, still a child, but it was too late. All the members of the Bourbon family were allowed to depart quietly from the country. The Restoration had been a complete disappointment to all who expected that it would give permanent internal peace to France. Things were again in disorder.

FOURTH ACT.—LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

The Duke of Orleans, the infamous Philippe Egalité, who represented the Orleans branch of the Bourbons, left a family by his wife, the only daughter and heiress of the wealthy Duke of Penthièvre. The elder of his sons, Louis-Philippe, fought under Dumourier in the revolutionary army, and, like that general, becoming assured that the cause of moderation was lost, fled, and took refuge among the Austrians. For a time, Louis-Philippe supported himself as a teacher in Switzerland; he afterwards travelled in America; and, in 1800, arrived in England, where, as is customary for royal refugees from France, he and his brother took up their residence at Twickenham. On the Restoration, he proceeded to France, recovered his property, and lived with his family at Neuilly, in the neighbourhood of Paris. Watching the course of events, he was ready for anything that might turn up.

In the emergency of the convulsion of 1830, a provisional government, composed of Lafitte, Lafayette, Thiers, and other politicians, turned towards the Duke of Orleans, whom it was proposed, in the first instance, to invite to Paris to become lieutenant-general of the

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kingdom, and afterwards, in a more regular manner, to become king. Thiers was the chief conductor of the negotiation. He expressed his conviction that nothing was left the Duke of Orleans but a choice of dangers, and that, in the existing state of things, to recoil from the possible perils of royalty, was to run full upon a republic and its inevitable consequences. The chamber having declared the throne vacant, went in a body to the duke, and offered him the crown on the terms of a revised charter. The offer was accepted, and at his inauguration he adopted the title of Louis-Philippe I., king of the French.

Possessing some good qualities—shrewdness, business habits, economy as to expenditure, propriety of conduct, and a wish to maintain the laws and public order—he experienced from the outset of his kingly career an exceeding difficulty in satisfying popular clamour, or appeasing the rivalries of selfish politicians. He had only begun to reign, when Paris was convulsed with the trial of Polignac and other three ministers of Charles X., on the charge of high treason. Not that the bulk of the people took much interest in the condemnation of these persons, but the anarchists and revolutionists perceived that there was a favourable opportunity for a disturbance. Infuriated hordes vociferated ‘Death to the ministers!’ Those fearful figures were seen again, which had been known in the horrors of the first revolution, which came no one knew whence, but arose as if from the earth whenever atrocities were to be committed. Happily for themselves, the accused were only condemned to imprisonment, and by adopting proper measures no serious outrage was enacted. Yet, there continued scenes of popular turbulence. The tyranny of idle ruffians produced a profound impression on the public mind, and sickened all rational people with the very name of liberty. What was the cost of this liberty but the absolute ruin of commerce and business of every description?—the destruction of peace and comfort, the perpetuation of discord and strife? One universal sigh escaped the community, and it was for the return of order on any terms or conditions. Among the middle and industrious classes especially, this feeling was intense and overwhelming. It was only by extraordinary exertions that the new government was able to allay the general disquietude.

Early in 1831, there began to be developed a deadly hatred against the *bourgeoisie*, or the middle classes, of whom Louis-Philippe with his prudential notions was held to be the representative. The accusation was that the bourgeoisie were guilty of diabolical selfishness and systematic robbery of the poor. It was a renewal of the insane cry of Robespierre and the Jacobins, which had been fomented by the illusions of Rousseau and the philosophers; but to this old cry were added a variety of fanciful arguments to shew that the *prolétaire*, or working-man, did not receive his proper share in the distribution of national wealth. To remedy the

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alleged injustice, the right thing to do was to establish a republic with an organisation of industry, in which the state should interfere for the protection of the working-man, and assure to him, for comparatively light labour, a remuneration sufficiently ample to procure him a share of the luxuries and pleasures of life. Such doctrines—amounting to a species of Socialism or general community of goods and property—could not fail to be acceptable to the idle and disorderly. From the diffusion of these views concerning the organisation of labour, arose plots and disturbances which vexed the reign of Louis-Philippe. He had what might be called a continual battle for existence, which rendered it imperative on him to adopt those stringent and repressive measures which supplied to his indefatigable adversaries renewed grounds of reproach and vituperation. During his reign, by the advice of M. Thiers, Paris was surrounded with fortifications, at a cost of £5,500,000 sterling, to which additional means of defence were afterwards added.

Under Louis-Philippe, France prospered, notwithstanding party ferment. Improvements were effected in different towns, and the country maintained, on the whole, good relations with foreign powers. Still, the king was not liked, while the cold unaccommodating manners of his minister, Guizot, were generally distasteful. In 1842, Louis-Philippe suffered a deep affliction by the loss of his eldest son, Ferdinand, Duke of Orleans, who was thrown from his carriage, and so injured that he almost immediately died. This much-esteemed prince left two children, the elder of whom is known as the Count de Paris. It was a common belief that, had the Duke of Orleans lived, his popularity would have saved the dynasty, and prevented the catastrophe which overtook the king. Be this as it may, about 1847 there arose loud demands for a reform in the narrow electoral system, which were withstood by the king and the Guizot ministry. At the same time, there was widespread dissatisfaction on account of Louis-Philippe's efforts to get royal alliances for his family. In particular, he was accused of having acted contrary to a sound national policy in manoeuvring to get his son, the Duke of Montpensier, married to the sister and heir-presumptive of the queen of Spain. Objections to him on this score might have been of little consequence, could he and his ministry have agreed to some measures of reform, and allowed free discussion on political and religious subjects. 'Reform banquets' began to be held; the government attempted to prevent them by force, and insurrectionary movements took place. Barricades were once more erected in the streets of Paris. The National Guards fraternised with the people, and the palace of the Tuileries lay at the mercy of an infuriated mob. In the terror of the moment, the king abdicated, February 24, 1848, in favour of his grandson, the Count de Paris, a child in his tenth year; which act of abdication was useless. A republic was proclaimed and a provisional government appointed.

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The dethroned monarch, under various disguises, got safely back to England. His minister, Guizot, likewise fled from the country. The revolution was complete, and it was a blunder. A dynasty that might have taken root and done well was heedlessly expelled, without a thought of the consequences.

FIFTH ACT.—THE SECOND REPUBLIC, SECOND EMPIRE, AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The Republic set up in 1848 bore a strong tinge of that which had disgraced France in 1793. Among its promoters were men with Socialist tendencies, who had become known as Red Republicans, from the circumstance that, instead of the tricolor, they desired to hoist a red flag, significant of universal rapine, or at least of some very violent re-organisation of society. Administered by Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, Albert, Lamartine, and several others, the provisional government had great difficulty in dealing with this formidable class of anarchists. National work-shops were established in Paris, to give employment and wages to all applicants ; soon 60,000 names were enrolled as candidates ; but the chief work performed by these national labourers was careering through the streets roaring revolutionary songs, proclaiming 'Liberty, equality, and fraternity,' and planting trees of liberty on the sides of the thoroughfares.

Nothing could be more miserable than the state of France. There was a general depreciation of the value of property, trade was paralysed, and a financial pressure ensued as terrible as that in the days of Robespierre. How bitterly did the National Guards now regret having helped to drive away Louis-Philippe, and bring about this hapless state of things ! In June (1848), there was a frightful outbreak of the Red Republicans, barricades were raised, and there was an immense slaughter. The revolt was subdued by the military skill and dauntless energy of General Cavaignac. Under his protection, a Constituent Assembly prepared a republican constitution, with an elective president at the head of the government. Louis Napoleon now appears on the stage.

The great Napoleon, when in power, did his best to elevate his brothers and sisters to positions of regal distinction. Louis, a younger brother, married to Hortense Beauharnais, daughter of Josephine, was created king of Holland, a dignity, however, which he was pleased to resign. Louis had a son, Louis Napoleon, born in Paris 20th April 1808, and this child, grandson of Josephine and nephew of the emperor, was destined to play an important part in the stirring French drama.* He was living in London when France was convulsed by the revolution of February 1848, whereupon he hastened to Paris, and professed himself devoted to the views of the

* See *Louis Napoleon*, No. 33 in present series.

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provisional government. He was elected deputy for Paris and three other departments, and, 13th June, took his seat in the Constituent Assembly. A stormy debate followed. On the 15th he resigned his seat, and left France. Recalled in the following September, and re-elected deputy, he once more appeared in the Assembly, and, through the agency of his zealous supporters, commenced his candidature for the presidency. In this he was opposed by Cavaignac, who had been in reality the saviour of his country from anarchy. So profound and ineradicable, however, was the veneration of the French people for the memory of the great Napoleon, that, despite all Cavaignac's claims and services, Louis Napoleon was preferred by an overwhelming majority of many millions of votes.

The second republic lasted three years. When the Socialists were looking forward to a new presidential election, Louis Napoleon executed his notable and unexpected *coup d'état*, December 2, 1851, by which he violently dissolved the constitution, on the ground that it was wholly unworkable, and at variance with the feelings of the people. This extraordinary measure was confirmed by the national vote. The year 1852 was pre-eminently one of revival and progress throughout France, and, as if by an act of national gratitude, as well as from an apprehension of the Red Republicans, Louis Napoleon was besought to assume the position of Emperor, which he did, December 2, 1852, under the title of Napoleon III. The rule of Napoleon III. lasted about eighteen years, during which he raised France to a high pitch of material prosperity. His reign, as is alleged, may have been officially enervating and corrupting, but as regards the state of affairs generally there were all the external symptoms of national progress. Everywhere there were marked improvements. Peace and order were secured. New industries were developed. Railways were extended all over the country. Paris was renovated so as to render it the most beautiful and attractive city in the world; and if this was a too costly undertaking, the money was at least spent among the very classes who ultimately assailed the imperial rule. The most amicable relations were maintained with Great Britain, and a treaty of commerce entered into with that country. Nor could any moral impropriety be charged on the court of Napoleon. On the 29th January 1853, he married a lady of united Spanish and Scottish extraction, the Countess Eugenie de Theba; and on the 16th March 1856, was born his son, known as the Prince Imperial. Imputations of extravagance have been brought against the private life of the emperor and empress. Louis-Philippe was with equal bitterness accused of being too prudent—as even being guilty of paying his bills weekly.

The French had less fault to find with the internal administration of Napoleon than with his foreign policy. They never got over the unfortunate issue of the Mexican expedition, which had lowered the

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national prestige. They likewise writhed under the spectacle of Prussian aggrandisement which the emperor had done nothing to check. Proud of their military fame, and jealous of their pre-eminence in continental Europe, they saw that the North German Confederation, headed by Prussia, and under the counsels of Count Bismark, was rapidly outstripping them as regards geographical dimensions and political and military power. Impelled by this jealousy, they began to prepare for hostilities soon after the affair of Sadowa in 1866. They would then have rushed into war had they felt themselves properly prepared. Exercising an extraordinary restraint, they proceeded to supersede the older class of small firearms by the breech-loading Chassepot rifle, which was supposed to be equal, if not superior, to the needle-gun of the Prussians; and some reliance was placed on a new engine of destruction, called the mitrailleuse. All that was wanted was a pretext to declare hostilities. Meanwhile, Napoleon perceived that his popularity was waning. It was thought he had reigned long enough. There was a growing desire for a change. With a view to restore confidence, and if possible insure the continuance of his dynasty, he, in 1869, granted a constitution with a legislative assembly and responsible ministry. On resorting to a national plebiscite, May 1870, his imperial rule, with his son as his successor, was confirmed by eight millions of votes. Unfortunately there was a cause of chagrin in the fact that there was a minority of fifty thousand votes against him in the army, the main cause of which was a feeling that Sadowa was still unavenged. War with Prussia would recover the military glory of the *grande nation*, and give the Rhine for a boundary. Orators constantly clamoured about Prussian aggrandisement. Hatred of Prussia was universal. Anything to lower that detested rival would render the emperor immensely popular, and give him a new lease of power. Such was the state of matters when, under the ministry of M. Ollivier, the desired pretext was found for breaking the public peace of Europe. And a very curious pretext it was—no encroachment on rights, but a fancied insult to dignity.

In June 1870, it became known that the throne of Spain had been offered to Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, head of the Catholic branch of the Prussian royal family, and declared by a treaty of 1849 to be a prince of the blood and within the limits of succession. William, king of Prussia, was said to have assented to the arrangement. Here, as the French imagined, was a chance of Prussia getting a fresh aggrandisement. It was coolly proposed to Prussianise Spain! Where was all this to end? The French army grew frantic at this monstrous proposition. Orators and newspapers raved with indignation, when it became known that Prince Leopold had actually accepted. Being personally appealed to on the subject, King William agreed to recommend Prince Leopold to withdraw, and such withdrawal took place. There the matter should have

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dropped. The French government, however, insisted that the king of Prussia should promise that the prince should never again be allowed to be a candidate. The king considered this was too much; he declined; and there lay the much wanted pretext to declare war against Prussia. It is unjust to blame Napoleon exclusively for this piece of folly. He had the choice before him either of resigning and being branded as a coward who had no regard for national honour, or of remaining in power and doing his best to carry the war to a successful issue. It must, nevertheless, be admitted that he ought to have been thoroughly aware of the power of his antagonist, as well as of the comparative weakness and inefficiency of his own military organisation. In some particulars, it seems, he was deceived; but there is conclusive evidence that the legislative body elected by universal suffrage, the army, and the populace were favourable to the war.

On the 22d July, the emperor received the members of the Legislative Body, the president of which addressed him as follows :

‘SIRE—The Legislative Body has terminated its labours, after voting all the subsidies and laws necessary for the defence of the country. Thus the Chamber has joined in an effective proof of patriotism. The real author of the war is not he by whom it was declared, but he who rendered it necessary. There will be but one voice among the people of both hemispheres, throwing, namely, the responsibility of the war upon Prussia, which, intoxicated by unexpected success, and encouraged by our patience and our desire to preserve to Europe the blessings of peace, has imagined that she could conspire against our security, and wound with impunity our honour. Under these circumstances, France will know how to do her duty. The most ardent wishes will follow you to the army, the command of which you assume, accompanied by your son, who, anticipating the duties of maturer age, will learn, by your side, how to serve his country. Behind you, behind our army, accustomed to carry the noble flag of France, stands the whole nation ready to recruit it. Leave the regency without anxiety in the hands of our august sovereign the empress. To the authority commanded by her great qualities, of which ample evidence has already been given, her majesty will add the strength now afforded by the liberal institutions so gloriously inaugurated by your majesty. Sire, the heart of the nation is with you, and with your valiant army.’

To this address the emperor made a suitable reply. Whatever opposition there was to the war, was of a very feeble kind. In the Senate, the proposition to attack Prussia was hailed with the utmost enthusiasm. On quitting the hall, the senators were greeted by the young men of the schools with loud cheers, and cries of *Vive la France ! à bas la Prusse !* The streets of Paris resounded with the cry *à Berlin*, and when the army marched off, the shopkeepers rushed forth to treat the soldiers with wine and cigars, and wish

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them a hearty success. The emperor, in declaring war on the 23d July, said, 'that Prussia, launched on the path of invasion, had aroused defiance everywhere, necessitated exaggerated armaments, and turned Europe into a camp where nothing but uncertainty reigns. A last incident had shewn the instability of internal relations. The protestations of the French had been contemptuously evaded. The country had resented this with profound irritation, and immediately a cry for war resounded from one end of France to the other.'

Appointing a regency under the Empress Eugenie, Napoleon set out towards the borders of the Rhine, taking with him his son, the Prince Imperial, a boy fourteen years of age. Preserving their neutrality, yet alarmed for eventualities, the people of Great Britain looked with astonishment at this wholly unforeseen outburst. It was universally allowed that the French had received no proper provocation for going to war. At the same time, the conduct of Prussia in its dealings with Denmark in 1864, and its subsequent absorption of Hanover, Frankfort, and some other small states, had damaged its reputation; the general notion was, that its pursuit of schemes of German unity might lead to international difficulties in which Great Britain, with all its desire for neutrality, might be somehow unpleasantly concerned. In short, if France was wrong, Prussia had incurred suspicions by its aggressions.

The principal *dramatis personæ* at the opening of the campaign were as follows: On the Prussian side—William, king of Prussia; his son, the Crown Prince; his nephew, Prince Frederick-Charles; Count Bismark, chancellor of the North German Confederation; and General von Moltke. While Germany is indebted to Count Bismark for the political and diplomatic part of the work of the recent reorganisation, so is to Moltke, with his profound military genius, due the merit of the strategical. On the side of the French—Napoleon; Marshals M'Mahon, Bazaine, Lebeuf, and Trochu, with some generals of less note. According to the best accounts, France sent to the seat of war from 300,000 to 350,000 trained soldiers—cavalry, infantry, and artillery: much beyond this number it was not able to raise, and in the extremity of what may be called its death-struggle had to rely on national guards and gardes mobiles, both in point of discipline unfitted to encounter a resolute well-trained force. Let us look at the strength of the enemy which the French so recklessly challenged.

When the first Napoleon crushed Prussia in 1806, he imagined that, by limiting its armed force to an insignificant extent, the country would remain a poor second or third rate power. Precisely the reverse occurred. After the collapse at Jena, and when Prussia was lying prostrate under the power of France, the reorganisation of her military resources was undertaken and carried out by Sharnhorst. The vital element of his plan was the short-service system, the design of which, while reconciling itself to the obligations imposed

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by Napoleon, was to pass as many as possible of the population through the drill of the regular army. From 1806 till 1813, each conscript had to serve only six months with the colours, at the end of which he was enrolled in the militia of his district. Thus in little more than six years there was produced a nation of trained soldiers, who, at Leipsic and Waterloo, were the main instruments of overthrowing the power of Napoleon. At the close of the war in 1815, the military force of Prussia was permanently constituted on the basis—1st, of a standing army; 2d, a Landwehr, or militia of the first call; 3d, a Landwehr of the second call; and 4th, the Landsturm. In 1860, the system was modified, the term of service in the standing army was increased, and the Landwehr reduced to a secondary though still important position. So modified, the Prussian military system has been extended to the whole North German Confederation; and the South German states have in a great measure conformed to it. As thus arranged, the force that can be brought into the field is enormous, while the annual cost on a peace footing is comparatively small.

At present every native of North Germany is at his birth viewed as an incipient soldier; only those who become clergymen or are physically unfit being excepted. When he has completed his twentieth year, the youth is liable to be called to serve. No substitutes are allowed. On the peace footing a certain number of recruits—about one for every three hundred of the whole population—are drafted every year from the young men who have just reached the military age. Those who escape being drafted, and who are considerably more than those on whom the lot falls, are put on the list of the Ersatz, or Supplementary, Reserve, and are not called out or even drilled, except in the case of a very serious war like that with France. The recruit serves three years with the colours of his regiment (with an exception to be after mentioned), and is then placed on the Regimental Reserve, where he continues four years. He then passes from the standing army into the Landwehr of the district to which he belongs. After five years in the Landwehr, he is enrolled in the Landsturm, which is called out only for home defence, in case of invasion. On the breaking out of war, the strength of the regiments is doubled, by calling up the requisite numbers from the Regimental Reserve, in which case the limits as to time of service are disregarded. If necessary, the Landwehr is also mobilised; and every man within the military age may be called out. An exception as to length of service with the colours is made in favour of those who volunteer to serve at their own cost; one year of such service stands for the usual three. These one-year volunteers are an important element in the Prussian system. They must produce certificates from school or college of a certain grade of attainments and of good conduct; as well as proof that they can provide their own outfit and maintenance; they are then allowed to join a regiment of the line. The volunteer

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must strictly attend drills, parades, &c. ; but when not actually on duty he can live where and how he pleases. This saves the delicately nurtured and well educated from mixing in the barrack-room with the humbler class of recruits ; besides that the one year's service interferes less in time of peace with the civil pursuits of the middle classes. The volunteer may even serve his year before the regular age, but not under seventeen. It has long been considered a regular part of the education of the sons of a landed proprietor, professional man, or even well-to-do shopkeeper, to pass through such a course. There is always an immense mass of the wealthy and educated youth thus present in the regiments of the standing army ; and as, when their service is over, they pass into the reserve, and then into the Landwehr, they contribute largely to that character of intelligence and high-minded patriotism for which these branches of the service are distinguished. It is from these one-year's men that the officers of the Landwehr are mainly drawn ; during their year of service, every facility is afforded to such as shew special aptitude and aspirations to qualify themselves for promotion. It is only in the Landwehr that commissions are accessible to the middle classes. The constitution of the Prussian regular army is exceedingly aristocratic. The officers, besides being professionally qualified, must be of high standing as to social position and means—a circumstance which has at times given some dissatisfaction, but with no actual disadvantage to the service.

Few countries have increased in extent and power so remarkably as Prussia. In the early part of the eighteenth century, its population was only two and a quarter millions, and its army only 84,000 strong. At the death of Frederick the Great in 1786, its territory was doubled, and the population was five and a half millions. In the reign of his successor, another addition was made ; but the army that met Napoleon was not over 120,000. Since that time, so great has been the extension that, shortly previous to 1866, Prussia had a population of nineteen and a half millions. The Prussia of to-day has twenty-four millions ; including the North German Confederation, of which it is the head, the population is thirty millions. The North German army now numbers 319,000 in peace, and 977,000 in war. Even on the war footing, it is calculated that there are still 116,000 trained men uncalled out, who are not beyond their period of service. This is not all. The South German States, with which there are treaties of alliance, can add a war-force of 255,000. The total war-force of north and south, in a high degree of efficiency, is 1,233,000. No nation in the world can bring such a mass of soldiers into the field ; and from what we have said as to the method of Reserve and Landwehr, no nation maintains an army ready for active service so cheaply. Standing armies on the old plan, while of ruinous cost, fall immeasurably short in the case of national exigency.

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When we remember that, with this marvellously comprehensive military system, there prevails a universal and compulsory education in Prussia, an idea is obtained of the potency of any army which takes the field, comparing it especially with any military force raised by conscription or enlistment from a generally ignorant population. The whole *mécanique*, in short, of the North German armies, with their Uhlans, or light hussars, who act as scouts, or feelers to prevent surprise; their system of telegraphic communication, to keep different corps acquainted with each other's movements; and, above all, their good order and discipline, give an immensely preponderating power against the undisciplined, badly-conducted forces of France. In point of mere numbers, the Germans were more than two to one of the enemy. A defiance to war on terms so unequal was little short of an act of national insanity.

It was expected by the emperor that, on his approaching Germany, the Southern States would join him with their respective forces. This was another delusion. North and south, there was a prompt and universal union of armies to repel the invasion of 'Fatherland.' The history of the war recounts a continued series of victories for Germany, and inglorious defeats for France. Fighting with their accustomed bravery, the French suffered from the most deplorable generalship. There was a prevailing want of discipline and foresight, which rendered the personal courage of the soldiers unavailing. The results are well known. The French suffered severe reverses at Woerth, Forbach, and Gravelotte. At length M'Mahon, September 2, was obliged to capitulate at Sédan, and the whole of his army, amounting to 90,000 men, rendered themselves prisoners. Napoleon at the same time offered his sword to the king of Prussia—the interview between the two monarchs being the most remarkable scene in this concluding act of a sad historical tragedy. The emperor, depressed by misfortune, was allowed to proceed as a prisoner on parole to Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel. On the capitulation of Sédan becoming known in Paris, an enraged mob rushed into the hall of the Legislative Body, and, as is not unusual in such commotions, the National Guards fraternised with and permitted them to work out their insurrectionary plans. The bulk of the members fled, and the remainder, to meet the views of the insurgents, set aside the Regency, and, with no legal warrant whatever, proclaimed a Republic and a provisional government. This act of usurpation was received by Paris with a transport of enthusiasm, and the imperial insignia were torn down. The Empress and Prince Imperial found a refuge in England. Again was France back to a rudimental state of things, the situation being aggravated by the dismal fact that the country was to a large extent being overrun by the armed and conquering hosts of Germany. Strasbourg, after a siege of seven weeks, and suffering a bombardment, capitulated, September 28, rendering up 17,000 as prisoners. Metz, with an

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army shut up in it under Bazaine, also, after a long siege, capitulated, when little short of 200,000 men yielded up their arms. There were some minor victories and capitulations, and it may be said that the French army, so far as it took the field, was led into captivity. With Paris in the agonies of a protracted siege—in gloomy forebodings of what may have to be endured, not only by the French in their maddening humiliations, but by the Germans in their embarrassing and unenviable successes, we let fall the curtain on a *tableau vivant* as startling as anything ever submitted to human observation.

EPILOGUE.

The misfortunes of France, however due to remote causes, are proximately and clearly traceable to the great revolutionary convulsion of 1789-93. The whole series of events, from the meeting of the States-General until the close of 1870, are but consecutive parts of a single and very melancholy drama. Laying the blame on whoever happens to be at the helm of affairs, the French take no account of their own indiscretions or political incapacity. The true cure for the evils which afflict the country is alleged to be constitutional government on the widest possible basis. Is this belief entertained under a proper consideration of facts? That fatal law enforcing an equal division of heritage among children or nearest of kin, which was passed during the revolutionary mania of 1791, and which with some modification was incorporated in the Civil Code, has partitioned France into minute subdivisions among a peasant proprietary, who possess neither the ability nor the inclination to perform the duties incidental to a regular constitutional system; and who, being only desirous to be let alone to pursue their humble industry, are ready to support any government which is not likely to meddle with their petty landed possessions. As subdivision of property is still going on, and could not without difficulty be stayed, it may be said of France that it has inconsiderately doomed itself to the rule of despotic and centralised officialism. Eager politicians may desire, the populace in their misguided fury may proclaim, a Republic. With that the social condition of France is plainly incompatible. Nor, sad to say, can any improvable system whatever be permanently established, so long as an unruly Parisian mob is suffered to work its will, unchecked by those who, from their position, ought to be the guardians of public order. All persons of any feeling will sympathise with the French in their heavy misfortunes. But looking to the past—and especially to the manner in which government after government has been laid in ruin—can-dour obliges us reluctantly to remind them (in proverbial phrase) that they may 'Read their Sin in their Punishment.'

W. C.



THE MONTYON PRIZES.

ANTOINE DE MONTYON, whose life affords one of the most brilliant examples of practical and judicious benevolence, was born at Paris on the 23d of December 1733. His father, a respectable accountant, bred up his son to the profession of the law; and such was the early proficiency of young Montyon in his studies, that, when only twenty-two years of age, he was admitted an advocate at the Châtelet—a court of civil and criminal jurisprudence in the French capital. Here he distinguished himself by his talents, and, when still in middle life, he was raised to the dignity of counsellor of state, and was also appointed to the government of Auvergne, a central province in France, where he speedily obtained the love, respect, and gratitude of the inhabitants, not only by his great integrity and justice, but his benevolence on many occasions of suffering.

To make room for some ministerial favourites of the day, he was first shifted from the government of Auvergne to that of Marseille, from Marseille afterwards to Rochelle, and finally he lost his situations altogether. By the accession of Louis XVI., and a change from the dissolute state of affairs which had previously prevailed at court, Montyon again came into favourable notice, and was appointed chancellor of the royal household. Previous to his receiving this appointment, and also when he enjoyed it, he occupied himself in devising and executing useful foundations; but this career of benevolence was brought to a close by the Revolution, an event which caused him to remove first to Switzerland, and afterwards to England, to which country he wisely transferred his fortune. While in England,

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Montyon devoted himself to scientific pursuits, and found scope for his benevolence in relieving the necessities of poor emigrants, and also in sending occasional contributions to the poor French prisoners of war. Returning to France in 1815, he resumed his labours of public usefulness; and these he continued till the period of his death, on the 29th of December 1820.

Such are the few leading facts in the biography of this remarkable man, whose life was destitute of all stirring incident, and is only memorable for an untiring course of unostentatious benevolence. Montyon appears to have been one of the kindest-hearted men of whom we have any account; but with this kindness was united the not less rare quality of prudence. His charity was not lavish or indiscriminate; it was founded on comprehensive views of society, and had usually moral advancement for its special object. Influenced by the responsibility which wealth imparts, he seems to have spent the greater part of a long life in organising and establishing beneficiary institutions entirely at his own cost. Besides dispensing large sums for this purpose, he resorted to the plan, more common in France than in England, of founding prizes, to be awarded annually on various objects of benevolence and utility. Among the various foundations which he instituted, we select the following five as the more remarkable:

1. A foundation destined to restore to the poor those articles which they had been driven by necessity to pledge, but had not the means of redeeming—the value of each article to be under five francs.

2. A foundation to award donations of money for the good behaviour of children bred up in the army.

3. A foundation for the relief of convalescent hospital patients, whose weakness incapacitates them from work; but who, being cured, can no longer remain in the asylum which had been opened to them.

4. A foundation to purchase small annuities for poor and infirm persons.

5. A foundation to award annual prizes for acts of virtue and heroism in humble life.

Of this last-mentioned endowment, the greatest and most popular of all Montyon's benevolences, it is our object to speak at some length; for no act of his life was so considerate, or has been attended with such important results.

The foundation consists of a large sum of money, the annual produce of which is placed at the disposal of the French Academy—a literary and scientific association of gentlemen in Paris. The sum yearly dispensed is sometimes more, sometimes less, according to circumstances. In 1845, the sum bestowed was £760, in different allotments. In the first place, there were three large prizes: one of £120, a second of £80, and a third of £60. Next, there were seven-teen inferior prizes, called medals, consisting of eight of £40 each,

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and nine of £20 each. The amount in recent years has varied from 17,000 to 15,000 francs (£680 to £600). The sums are publicly mentioned by the Academy, with the names of those who receive them, and are paid at the secretary's office in Paris on personal application, or to any individual properly authorised to receive them.

All the departments of France have an equal right to furnish or mention candidates for the prizes; and the mode of application is as follows. When any person has become conspicuous in the exercise of either private or public duties, the local authorities, acquainted with the circumstance, make the case known to the Academy, along with the necessary details and vouchers. Their application embraces a full account of the action or actions by which the individuals have become remarkable in the district, their age, means of existence, length of time they have distinguished themselves, and the objects that appear to have influenced their conduct. Great care is taken to prevent imposition. The memorial must be signed by neighbours and the chief persons of the place—such as large proprietors of land and the parish priest. Being corroborated by the mayor, it is handed to the prefect of the department, who, should the facts therein stated be known to him, certifies their truth, and in either case sends the whole to the secretary of the Academy, whom the application must reach before the 15th of January.

With respect to the plan on which this foundation proposes to act, it is undoubtedly true that the encouragement of virtuous actions by money payments, or indeed by any mark of public approbation, is not consistent with the soundest principle in morals. So much may be allowed; and yet, as a measure of social policy, the dispensation of rewards of one kind or other is not only far from being injudicious, but obviously commendable. In all questions of this kind we require to look at the actual condition of society, the generally uncultured habits and feelings of the people, the cheerless lot which it is the inheritance of so many to struggle with, the readiness to punish, and the little consideration of provocatives to crime, which unfortunately signalise all governments. These and other circumstances shew that rewards may be judiciously administered as stimulants to virtue; and that such is the general impression of mankind, is evidenced by the distribution of honours among the higher orders of every community. On this topic it may not be inappropriate to give a short extract from the speech of the celebrated statesman Dupin, pronounced with regard to the Montyon Prizes, at the sitting of the Academy on the 11th of December 1845. After stating the great difficulty of properly recompensing virtue, M. Dupin observed: 'When the French Academy distributes, as it will to-day, the prizes founded by M. de Montyon, it does not pretend to exercise that high justice which human institutions can never attain. For a few traits which are brought under its notice, however remarkable or meritorious these may be, many must remain

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unknown. Nor does the Academy pretend to pay the authors of those deeds which have merited its applause; those men possessed of providential courage, those poor women endowed with angelical devotedness, have placed their reward elsewhere. The French Academy acts merely in the capacity of executor; it simply delivers the pious legacy which has been destined to them. At the same time that it loudly proclaims their actions, it takes pleasure in having the knowledge spread far and wide; not that their vanity may enjoy a puerile satisfaction, but that others may be improved, that this simple recital may touch those who will read it, and create in the hearts of all the love of virtue and the desire of imitation. Philosophers have often shewn themselves embarrassed to define virtue, to assign it its distinctive marks, and divide it into classes. The Academy is not so critical. It prefers, amongst different virtues, when a choice must be made, that which includes and inspires them all, and to which Christianity has given the name of *charity*.'

A history of a few of the cases which have merited prizes, will serve much better than any harangue to point out the utility of this benevolent foundation. The cases occur under four different heads—Filial Piety, Charity, Fidelity, and Courage.

PAULINE COPAIN.

IN the year 1838, a lawyer was directed to take the necessary steps for recovering a debt which was due to one of his clients by a man named Copain, then residing with his family in the village of Saint-Marc-sur-Seine, in the north-eastern part of France. In order to ascertain what likelihood there was of the debt being paid, the lawyer proceeded himself to the house of the debtor. 'Never,' he afterwards declared, 'did I witness a sight more touching than that offered to me on this occasion.' He was introduced into a small and humbly furnished, but strictly clean room. An infirm and aged man, in whom it was not difficult to recognise an old soldier, was sitting near the fire-place, and with difficulty rose to receive the visitor; his wife, whom her advanced age evidently rendered incapable of any save the slightest exertion, was busying herself in some trifling household work; and on a bed, in a recess of the apartment, lay a poor helpless girl, seemingly deprived of the use of her limbs, and whom her vacant and wandering look but too evidently proclaimed to be an idiot. Almost immediately a fourth person appeared; this was Mademoiselle Pauline Copain, a poor village schoolmistress, and daughter of the debtor. She seemed to be about thirty-five years of age, and was neatly but simply attired; her appearance was mild and interesting, but without anything very remarkable; indeed, the lawyer would certainly have paid no attention to her but for one circumstance—it was on her single and

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unaided exertions that the three helpless beings he had seen depended for their daily bread.

Struck with this fact, he made a few inquiries, and was still more astonished at what he learned. For nearly twenty years, Pauline had been the only support of her parents and her unfortunate sister; she was, moreover, known throughout the village for acts of universal benevolence and charity; yet the number of her scholars was limited, they paid but little, and many of them were gratuitously instructed. Many people were found who asserted that if Pauline and her family could subsist on her small earnings, it must be through a miracle. It was indeed through a miracle; but through such a one as charity, industry, and economy can alone achieve. The lawyer could not without difficulty bring himself to believe what he saw. He at length did so, but it was by concluding that the blessing of Heaven rested on this humble roof; nor was he mistaken, for Pauline dwelt beneath it.

Anxious to know more of what he rightly considered surprising, he purposely prolonged his visit, and thus only acquired stronger grounds for admiring the noble character of Pauline Copain. The love and attention she displayed not only for her parents, but also towards the children confided to her care, her gentleness and affection for all were so touching, and yet exercised with such simplicity, that the lawyer knew not which to admire most; her calm unostentatious manner, or the extent of the daily sacrifices her position compelled her to make. So astonished and struck was he with all he saw, that he was on the point of departing with the conviction that not only those poor people could never pay the debt which had caused his visit, but that there would also be direct cruelty and inhumanity in endeavouring to force them into compliance, when Mademoiselle Pauline Copain, having learned with what object he had come, and ascertained that the claim of his client was founded on justice, firmly and unhesitatingly declared that her father's debts were like her own, and insisted that he should receive her personal engagement for the payment of the sum which was due. And not only did she pay this debt, but also every other which came to her knowledge; and, lest any should escape, she industriously sought them out one by one. On being remonstrated with on this subject, she earnestly exclaimed: 'What! disown my father's debts! allow his honour to suffer such a stain! Nay, by working assiduously, I can accomplish everything!'

Years have passed since then, and still Pauline Copain labours in her filial task, cheerfully and undauntedly. Nor is her pride misplaced: her father is an old and honourable soldier, whose infirmities proceed from the wounds received in his country's service; his poverty, and the debts he has unfortunately been obliged to contract, are the result of the severe losses he experienced in 1814 and 1815, when his house was twice pillaged of all that it contained by the

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allied troops; and he was, moreover, deprived by the new government of the small benefit he reaped by holding a tobacconist's shop—an office which, in France, is not the property of private individuals, but a post of trust depending on the state. But for his daughter Pauline, the unfortunate Copain and his family must undoubtedly have fallen into the deepest misery. At the epoch of his misfortunes, she was living in Paris in a comfortable place; but on hearing of his unhappy position, she immediately relinquished it to join him, and resume her former humble station of village school-mistress. Pauline has spent her youth in poverty and obscurity; but, thanks to her unwearied efforts, neither the old soldier, nor his helpmate, nor poor insane daughter, have lacked bread.

Noble as is the conduct of Pauline Copain towards her parents, it is not her only claim on admiration and respect. She has ever given proofs of her charitable and benevolent disposition; and though many instances of this might be quoted, a few will suffice.

In the year 1819, Pauline was returning home towards evening, and following the high-road which leads to the village of Saint-Marc, when the loud cries of a child suddenly attracted her attention. Hastening towards the spot whence the sounds proceeded, she perceived a poor woman lying in a ditch, and evidently in great bodily anguish. A little girl, of about four or five years of age, and the same whom Pauline had heard, was standing near her, and crying bitterly. Moved at the sight of their distress, Pauline inquired into the causes of it, and learned that the woman before her, after wandering for several days with her child about the country in a state of great destitution, without a shelter or the means of procuring one, had suddenly, and on the spot where she now saw her, been overtaken with the pains of premature labour, which, unless she received proper assistance, threatened speedily to end her life. Without a moment's hesitation or delay, Pauline hastily summoned several persons to the spot; a rude litter was immediately procured; and on it Pauline had the poor creature conveyed to her father's dwelling. Although this was the epoch of their greatest poverty, the worthy family gladly received the unfortunate woman and her child, immediately shewing them every attention in their power. Pauline especially attended the sick woman with unremitting zeal, until death, brought on by exposure and fatigue, put an end to her sufferings. But her last moments were at least soothed by the promise which Pauline made, and faithfully performed—that the little girl, her only surviving child, should never want a home. And she kept her word.

A band of those Savoyards who annually emigrate from their country, and generally return towards spring to their native hills, was in the vicinity of Saint-Marc, when one of the boys who accompanied the caravan having severely wounded his foot on the road, was compelled to remain behind, whilst his companions continued

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their journey. The poor little fellow had no money, his feet were very sore, and totally hindered him from working; he knew not in this state of distress to whom to apply for help, when Pauline Copain, on learning his case, immediately gave him an asylum, dressed his wounds herself, and treated him with as much kindness as though he were her own brother. When he was cured, she procured him some slight employment, by which he was enabled to earn his livelihood, until spring having once more come round, and a new band of Savoyards crossing Saint-Marc on their way homewards, he was enabled to join them, and continue his journey. It is pleasant to record that the young Savoyard, who is now a man, and comfortably settled in his own country, did not shew himself ungrateful for the kindness he had experienced from Pauline Copain. Every winter, when some of his countrymen cross Saint-Marc on their way to Paris or England, they never fail to bring some gift from him as a token of remembrance to his benefactress; and however slight the value of the present may be, it is not the less acceptable to Pauline, as a proof of his gratitude for past favours, and of the recollection he has preserved of them.

After thus speaking of Pauline Copain's filial piety and charity, we must now give a few details concerning her character as a schoolmistress, no less admirable than the rest of her life might lead one to expect. Of the exact extent of her acquirements, we are not able to speak; but, from what is required in France of every person who wishes to open a school, they cannot be of so low an order as might, from her humble position, be at first supposed. Two diplomas, and often three, are necessary to open an establishment for girls, whether it be of the most fashionable class, or of the humblest description. These diplomas are granted to the candidates if they succeed in passing their examination, and in properly answering the questions which are put to them. For the first examination they are required to know and thoroughly understand reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, sacred and ecclesiastical history; for the second, French history, geography, and natural philosophy, cosmography, and the principles of music, are necessary. It is needless to dwell on the excellent results of such a system, which almost precludes the possibility of there being such a thing as an ignorant schoolmistress in France—an occurrence which must have happened but too frequently were things arranged otherwise. Whatever the natural talents of Pauline may be, it can be thought from this that her acquirements must certainly place her far above the position she now occupies. In one sense, this is true: but Pauline has shewn, by her example, that usefulness everywhere finds its sphere, however low or limited that may appear to be.

The children she has to instruct belong for the most part to poor parents, who consider much knowledge as a superfluous commodity,

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and are far more anxious to see their offspring comfortably settled in life than properly brought up. This is a great inconvenience, which Pauline's utmost tact has too often failed to obviate; nor has she had less difficulty in persuading them that education, far from obstructing the accomplishment of the duties of life, is much more likely to facilitate them; but to this objection her own example was assuredly the best reply that could be given. Not only is Pauline unwearied in her endeavours to instruct and improve those scholars whose parents remunerate her for her trouble, but she has in many instances shewn the value she sets on instruction, by gratuitously educating those poor children whose relatives cannot afford the expense of sending them to school; others who, after paying for some time, were no longer able to do so, she has continued to attend to as though no change had taken place. The education she gives her pupils is, upon the whole, more practical than theoretical. In her humble school no accomplishments are taught or learned; for the knowledge she imparts is of the simplest kind, though clearly explained. But praiseworthy as are her efforts in this line, the noblest lessons which Pauline Copain gives to her scholars are those of universal benevolence—inculcated not by dry and unprofitable maxims, but by her own daily example. Nor is she satisfied with this indirect mode of teaching: she has given proofs of the contrary, by often appealing to the generosity of her pupils in favour of some poor destitute creature, who only wanted decent clothing to be able to earn her livelihood by entering a good place. Immediately the school seemed transformed into a dressmaker's workroom, and continued so until a sufficient quantity of clothes had by some means been found or made. If a poor family were in distress and in want of food, things went on in much the same manner: each scholar would take something from the provisions she had brought with her, until a sufficient, if somewhat heterogeneous, meal was provided for the unfortunate people. Such is the education which Pauline Copain gives to the children intrusted to her care. It needs no comment: nor can we better conclude these remarks than by giving the words of an inhabitant of the village, and which convey all that can be told on this subject: 'A hundred times have I witnessed those occurrences—admirable lessons of benevolence, and far more capable of forming the heart of youth than all the exhortations in the world.'

Facts like these might well draw the attention of those to whom they were submitted; and in the year 1845, the Academy, after bestowing high praise on the noble character and conduct of Pauline Copain, unanimously voted her a prize of a thousand francs (£40).

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JEAN VIGIER.

A POOR widow named Vigier, who resided in Aurillac, a small town in Normandy, had four sons, whom she with great difficulty succeeded in bringing up honestly. The three eldest were apprenticed to different trades; but Jean [or John], the youngest, who was then nine years of age, being both quick and intelligent, was, owing to the protection and friendship of the parish priest and of the prefect of the department, brought up and educated in a college of the neighbouring town.

It may easily be supposed that this favour had not been lightly extended to Jean. Indeed, the goodness of his heart, his docility, and, above all, his strong attachment to his mother, had long endeared him to every one, and had contributed, perhaps more than even his intelligence, to procure for him this valuable privilege. In the college where, through the kindness of his friends, he had been placed, Jean Vigier not only ardently prosecuted his studies, but he also distinguished himself among his schoolfellows by constant good-nature, yet which, even then, was marked by a firmness and decision strange in one of his years.

In the meantime, Madame Vigier, after having been in decent and comfortable, if not affluent, circumstances for many years, now began to experience sudden reverses, and soon fell into the deepest misery. The efforts of her friends to rescue her from this unhappy position were unavailing; and as her three eldest sons, although they were even then each earning his livelihood, stated that they could not assist her, it was at length resolved to place her in a hospital, where admission for her was procured. But before taking this step, it was thought necessary to apprise Jean with what was going to be done. His grief being apprehended, the good curate himself set out for the college where he was, and in the most cautious and delicate manner intimated to him the state of his mother's circumstances, and how, no other course remaining free, it had been found expedient to place her in a hospital where aged and infirm persons were received and properly attended to.

Jean Vigier heard his friend speak thus without shedding a single tear, but with a deep silent grief which strongly moved him who witnessed it. 'Monsieur le Curé,' said he at length, in a calm but firm tone, 'I thank you for all your kindness, but my mother shall never enter the hospital, where she would die of grief. I shall leave this college, to return to it no more. I will stay with my mother; I will support my mother,' he proudly added, his eyes flashing through the tears with which, notwithstanding his efforts, they began to be filled. The curate was astonished at such a resolution, coming from a child who had not yet reached his tenth year. He uselessly endeavoured, by shewing him the numerous difficulties which must

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attend the execution of his plan, to deter him from the attempt. Jean Vigier remained undaunted; and to all the curate's remonstrances, respectfully but firmly replied: 'I will support my mother.'

Perceiving that his resolve was not to be shaken, the priest brought him home, sorry to see him lose the advantages of a good education, but full of admiration for the filial piety which dictated such conduct.

When it was known in the village that Jean Vigier meant to support his mother and himself by his own unaided exertions, the idea was much laughed at, and turned into ridicule; but Jean, though in years a child, had now the spirit and courage of a man. He did not heed those who, unable to comprehend the nobleness of his motives, could see in them only food for mockery; but, embracing his mother, and bidding her be of good cheer, since, whilst he lived, she should want for nothing, he earnestly set about looking for a trade. To say the truth, he was at first no little embarrassed; he felt that the knowledge he had acquired at the college could be of slight use to him now; and he was somewhat puzzled how to act, when luckily his school reminiscences came to his aid. He recollected, in the walks which he had been in the habit of taking with his companions, to have often met a child of his own age, who used to go about selling cakes, placed on a kind of wooden tray suspended from his neck. The thought was a flash of light. He resolved to imitate him; nothing doubting but that he could thus earn enough to support himself and his parent. He first communicated his resolve to his mother and to the curate. The former, who implicitly trusted in her beloved child, acquiesced; and the latter, with the help of a few friends, furnished Jean with the means of executing his plan. And who was prouder and happier than Jean on the first day that he went about the whole country, with nice tempting cakes symmetrically arranged on the tray which he carried before him, covered with a snow-white cloth!

Jean had confidently expected to realise at least respectable gains by his new calling—the temptation of buying nice hot cakes seeming to him perfectly irresistible; but he unfortunately found that people were more stoically indifferent to the attractions of his wares than could have been reasonably expected. Some thought his hot cakes stale, others dear, and by far a larger number did not care for them good or bad. Alas! how often did poor Jean cry bitterly when, after wandering through a cold wintry day, he did not succeed in procuring even a few halfpence! How often did he seem on the point of losing courage altogether, when the thought of his poor helpless mother, now dependent on him, would come and inspire him with strength and renewed trust in Providence!

Nor was that trust vain. Though after many severe trials, yet through unwearied zeal, perseverance, and labour, which seemed beyond the power of a child, Jean Vigier succeeded—not indeed in

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making a fortune, but in securing for his mother some of the comforts of her former life, and in preserving her from what, as he had rightly conjectured, would have embittered and shortened the rest of her days—namely, becoming the inmate of a hospital. But Jean was not without ambition. Even whilst going about with his cakes, he had conceived a hazardous project, yet which, if it succeeded, might certainly prove profitable. It was not, however, without certain inward misgivings that he was doing a very daring thing, that he determined to execute it. This was neither more nor less than to add to his cakes a small stock of toys. This plan may seem to the reader of very trifling importance, but to Jean it was of the deepest moment. He had for a long time been saving a small sum of money, which he now applied to the purchase of a few toys. The speculation, very fortunately, proved successful; and, in the intoxication of the moment, Jean almost thought of giving up the cakes altogether. Calmer reflection, however, shewed him that this would be mere folly; and he determined, since it was practicable to do so, to sell both cakes and toys. It would be tedious to tell, after how long a space of time, and how many hard trials, Jean succeeded in gradually rising from this precarious position to a better and more lucrative one. He exchanged his toys for more substantial and more profitable wares; and as his strength and years increased, he travelled throughout the country with a pedler's pack, visiting the neighbouring villages, where the honesty of his dealings, and his touching devotedness to his mother, gained him universal esteem, and secured him numerous customers.

Jean Vigier has now grown up to manhood. The child's noble task has also been that of both the youth and the man; and, with the blessing of Providence, which followed him still, Jean has not only been able to support his mother, but, through the most humble means, and in the most unexpected manner, to secure for himself a decent and honest livelihood. The whole tenor of his conduct has been such, that in the year 1837 the French Academy felt itself justified in bestowing on him one of the medals distributed that year, as a slight reward of his honest efforts and industry, and, above all, of his touching behaviour towards his aged and infirm parent, so strongly contrasted by the unfeeling conduct of his elder brothers. Some regret may be entertained that the benevolent intentions of those persons who placed him in the college were frustrated, and that Jean Vigier has been compelled to abandon the search of knowledge for more humble pursuits. But though knowledge is assuredly one of the greatest earthly blessings, it is not the greatest; virtue will ever rank above it; and truly happy are those who, like Jean Vigier, are called upon to sacrifice it to duty and affection.

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HENRIETTE GARDEN.

HENRIETTE GARDEN was only eight years of age when she unfortunately lost her mother. On finding himself a widower, her father confided her to the care of worthy and respectable persons, but who, from their incapacity, could only give her a very imperfect education. She was taught how to sew, and became very expert with her needle; but that, and the usual run of household work, was thought, both by her father and the persons with whom she was, sufficient for her education. When she was fourteen, Monsieur Garden brought her home, and confided to her care the management of his household. In this position she not only behaved with remarkable prudence and discretion for her years, but she also gave her father every proof of the most tender attachment.

As Henriette grew up, she received several advantageous offers of marriage; but she refused them all, having inwardly resolved that no motive should ever induce her to leave her parent. Such were her intentions, when Monsieur Garden abruptly informed her one day that he was going to marry again. Though surprised, and perhaps pained at this announcement, Henriette refrained from making any remark, and cheerfully submitted to an event which, she fervently hoped, might contribute to her father's happiness. The marriage took place; but what was her grief on learning, when it was over, that she was no longer to dwell beneath her father's roof. She was then twenty years of age, and although in affluent circumstances, Monsieur Garden refused to do anything for her, but intimated to her that she was henceforth to depend on her own exertions for her maintenance. Henriette again submitted without a murmur of complaint. She took a small room in an obscure quarter of Paris, and supported herself by needlework. But although she laboured most assiduously from morning till night, she could never by this means earn more than one franc (tenpence) a day. On this slight sum she lived and paid her rent.

Her only happiness, whilst leading this humble mode of life, was in visiting her father, whom, notwithstanding his indifference towards her, she could never refrain from tenderly loving. But she soon perceived, from the marked coldness with which she was treated, that her presence was far from being welcome in his house. Indeed it was not long before she was forbidden, in plain terms, to come any more. She, however, obtained permission to see him at certain epochs of the year; but even this was granted to her on condition that she would never come unless at those hours when no other visitors were received, and that she should enter by the back stairs used by the servants. To these humiliating conditions, Henriette, whose devoted love nothing could conquer, still uncomplainingly submitted. When her father was ill—although it was not without

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great difficulty that even this was granted to her—she attended him with unwearied care, consenting, since on this condition alone she could remain near him, to pass in the presence of strangers, and even in that of the medical attendants, for a hired nurse. The object of this essay is to shew benevolence and virtue in their noblest forms, far more than to expose selfishness and indifference. Yet, when we reflect on the heartlessness with which Henriette Garden was treated, not only by her step-mother, but by her own father, it must be confessed that the touching devotedness of her unwearied love only acquires new lustre, and is truly beyond all praise.

After the recovery of Monsieur Garden, he again told his daughter that her presence was unpleasant, and that she must return to her own home. Henriette meekly retired. She returned to her poor lodging, and continued her labours for her subsistence. Years rolled on: Henriette lost sight of her father's family: they had removed to some distant part of the country. One day she was surprised at seeing her aged and ungrateful parent enter her dwelling. He had lost all his fortune, and his wife had deserted him. He came to seek refuge—to die—in the house of his much-abused daughter. Henriette received him with as much joy as though he had ever been to her the kindest father; and immediately giving up her bed to him, she neglected nothing which could contribute to his comfort. With a delicacy and reserve above all praise, she forbore to question him on his misfortunes, and never did she utter a word of reproach.

Although she was then suffering from a painful illness, Henriette seemed to acquire new strength from the moment that she had her father to support and attend. Notwithstanding her most earnest endeavours, she found that the small sum she earned was wholly insufficient for her increased expenses; and although she carefully refrained from letting her father know this, she was on different occasions compelled to accept the loan of several small sums from kind and charitable persons of her acquaintance. When her father died, at the end of two years, the debt she had thus contracted amounted to a sum of 500 francs (£20). With a view of relieving her in her distress, as well as of publicly honouring such exalted and yet modest virtue, the French Academy included Henriette Garden among those persons who, in the year 1827, received the medals their conduct had so nobly earned.

JEANNE JUGAN.

A GOOD many years ago, a poor peasant-girl of Normandy, named Jeanne Jugan, left her native town of Cancale for the small burgh of Saint-Servan, situated on the coasts of Brittany. She had come to Saint-Servan in the hope of finding a situation, and as she bore an excellent character with her, she was not long without one. The mistress of the last family she entered was a singularly pious

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and benevolent lady, by whose example Jeanne was much benefited, and who was unconsciously the occasion of good, which those who forget the power of faith and charity, even in the most humble instruments, could never have foreseen.

This lady was in the habit of relieving the poor, and of visiting them in their own houses. She was on such occasions frequently accompanied by Jeanne Jugan, on whom the scenes she then witnessed produced a deep and lasting impression. Jeanne naturally possessed a kind and benevolent heart; the sight of poverty or suffering deeply affected her, and immediately inspired her with the wish of administering relief; and in thus going about with her mistress, she not only gratified her benevolent propensities, but also acquired much useful knowledge and experience, by which her after-conduct was regulated. She, moreover, conceived the first idea of a plan, through which she thought that a single individual might effect more good than by the means her mistress adopted, although she could not at the same time conceal from herself that the expense this plan would require was above what her present circumstances would allow. But Jeanne Jugan, who was not of a temper to be deterred by either time or difficulties, resolved to wait patiently for a favourable opportunity of putting her project into execution. This opportunity was not long without offering itself, although it was the source of much grief to Jeanne. She had been living for several years with her mistress, when that excellent person died in 1839.

All those who had known her, and especially the poor, whose benefactress she had been, bewailed her loss; but none, though she said less than any, mourned for her like Jeanne. Her grief, though deep, was not, however, of that nature which incapacitates from exertion; on the contrary, the death of the exalted woman, who had ever set so noble an example to her, inspired her with the courage of which her poverty might have otherwise deprived her. The poor had now lost their best friend; Jeanne felt, therefore, that it was time for her to act. She resolved on the execution of her long-cherished plan; and whilst the heirs of the deceased lady divided her wealth amongst them, she took the noblest legacy her mistress had left—namely, her love of the poor.

Jeanne was too truly charitable to have laid up much money; she, however, owned a small sum, and, by practising rigid economy, she hoped to make it last for some time. For her future support, she relied on her industry and on Providence. Having already resolved to enter no more into service, she began looking out for needlework; and was successful in finding some, although the sum she thus earned was very trifling. It may be seen from this that she was indeed poor, and that in the strictest sense of the word; but she was both patient and unwearied, and, moreover, had a strong will of her own, which was not to be shaken by adversity or worldly considerations. Her plan was this—to take into her own

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house, and maintain some poor helpless creature in need not only of food and shelter, but of proper attendance. If, on trial, she found this plan successful, she meditated taking in another, and, in short, as many as she could afford to keep. This was a bold and hazardous project; but Jeanne's mind was replete with holy faith, and she was not one to allow herself to be deterred from an undertaking because it might possibly fail. And yet what had she to accomplish this? Nothing but the will. What this produced will now be seen.

Her first act was to receive beneath her humble roof a poor old blind woman, who had lately lost, with her aged sister, her only support. Her years and infirmity precluded her from work; a severe winter was drawing on; and she was entirely destitute. What was to become of the poor creature? So everybody said, but none proposed to lend her any assistance, until Jeanne appeared. She had heard of her by chance, and now, seeing her distressed state, she immediately took her home, and cheerfully began her noble task—working for the support of two, as she had hitherto done for that of one. Jeanne could not have chosen a more helpless being to succour than her guest. Not only was the poor woman incapable of the least exertion, but she required to be waited on in a manner which entailed much loss of time, and consequently curtailed Jeanne's slender earnings, besides trying her patience in no slight degree. But these were evils which she had anticipated, and to which, since they were unavoidable, Jeanne submitted without a murmur; and far from relaxing in her charitable endeavours, she only the more eagerly sought out another opportunity of doing good, and worked more assiduously than ever to meet the necessary expenses.

It was not long before she heard of an old servant, whose masters had lately died, leaving her destitute. The history of this poor woman deeply moved Jeanne; and indeed it was of a nature to excite both respect and compassion. After having for many years faithfully served her masters whilst they were in affluent circumstances, she had experienced the grief of seeing them suddenly fall into great distress. She had been with them in their prosperous days, and in their misery she would not forsake them. At first she refused to receive any wages; then, as their poverty increased, she forced them to accept of those slender savings she had made in their service; and when even this last resource was exhausted, she had, notwithstanding her years and growing infirmities, worked for their support. But now they were dead, and she remained old, infirm, and alone in the world, thrown on the charity of strangers. Jeanne did not know her; but such a character was too congenial to her own for her to hesitate long about the line of conduct she had best pursue. Moved with pity and admiration, she offered her an asylum in her humble home. The proposal was gratefully accepted, and she now found herself with another guest. Jeanne

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earned but little, and her house was small enough ; but what of that ? She firmly believed that since it was on her that those two helpless beings were now dependent, the means of supporting them would not be denied her. Nor was she mistaken. She had more work than she could do ; charitable persons assisted her ; and although from that time forward her house became the acknowledged asylum of the poor of Saint-Servan, and the number of her guests constantly increased, yet she found room enough for all ; nor did they ever, whilst beneath her roof, once lack their daily food.

In Saint-Servan, Jeanne was enabled to find ample opportunities of exercising her charitable zeal. Being situated near the sea, this town is chiefly inhabited by fishermen or sailors, and the disastrous accidents so frequent in either mode of life will but too frequently carry off the head and sole support of a family, by whose death not only a wretched wife and children are left destitute, but also those unfortunate parents who, in their old age and infirmities, had trusted to a son for the support of their declining years. To these unhappy beings, Jeanne's house was ever open ; indeed, such was her hospitality, that it soon became too small ; and on the 1st of October 1841, she was obliged to leave it for a larger one. A month afterwards, her second abode was full ; twelve persons had found a shelter in it. But now the whole town began to talk of and praise the poor servant-girl who had taken on herself so heavy a burden, and who, by means that seemed almost miraculous, succeeded in keeping in food and clothing so large a number of persons. Filled with admiration, and desirous of helping Jeanne in her noble task, the townsmen of Saint-Servan raised a subscription, and with its proceeds purchased a larger house. It was solemnly given to Jeanne, but with the express intimation, that the donation of this house was all she had to expect, and that on her alone rested the responsibility of providing for its inmates—the number of whom she was advised not to increase too much.

On such terms, Jeanne accepted of the house, and set about filling it with dependants. To those already on her list, new objects of charity were from time to time added. Jeanne learned one day that an old seaman, seventy-two years of age, had been abandoned by his relations in a damp cellar, where he was lying on a litter of straw, with a few tattered rags for covering, and coarse brown bread for food. She hastened to visit the cellar herself, and found all in the state which had been described. A noisome vapour met her at the entrance ; but not discouraged by this, she advanced, and at last perceived, in the surrounding gloom, a human form stretched on a wretched pallet. This was the seaman—a feeble, emaciated old man, broken down by a life of toil and fatigue. He seemed hardly conscious of her presence, and could but faintly thank her for the provisions which, according to her charitable custom, she had brought with her. Jeanne saw, however, that he was not seriously

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ill, but merely suffering from the want of fresh air and proper food and raiment. She immediately caused him to be removed from the wretched hole in which he was, and conveyed to her own house, where, with proper care, he soon recovered.

A poor lame child, not more than five years of age, suddenly lost her parents, and having no other surviving relations, was left alone on earth. Neither her helplessness, tender years, nor infirmity, could induce any of those around her to receive her, and give her a home to replace that which she had lost. Many of the neighbours were too poor themselves, and already burdened with large families; whilst those who might otherwise have been willing, were deterred by her infirmity. Jeanne alone was moved with compassion for the poor helpless orphan whom all abandoned; she took her home, and adopted her.

Two boys, about nine or ten years of age, had fled from Lower Brittany, where their parents lived in a state of great distress. They reached Saint-Servan on a cold winter-night, and, faint with hunger and fatigue, knocked at the first door they saw, in the hope of finding food and shelter. They were rudely refused, and driven away as thieves and vagabonds, who sought to enter under false pretences. It was in vain that they protested their innocence, relating how misery had compelled them to leave the house of their parents: this statement only procured them everywhere a worse reception. The younger and weaker of the two at length declared that he could go no farther; and although shivering with cold, he sat down on the pavement, and began crying bitterly, whilst his brother vainly endeavoured to comfort him. It was not long before a crowd gathered around them. On learning the cause of their distress, many pitied them; but more blamed them, saying that they had no more than they deserved, for leaving their parents as they had done; but nothing was proposed for their relief; until at last a person, more sensible or humane than the rest, exclaimed: 'Let us take them to Jeanne.' The suggestion was adopted, and the good Jeanne kindly received the fugitives, and kept them until they were taken back to their father and mother.

A poor girl, aged fourteen, had been abandoned by her parents, who were compelled, for some offence they had committed, to leave Saint-Servan precipitately. Unprotected and alone, she was exposed to every temptation which the unprincipled well know how to lay in the path of poverty and distress. Jeanne came to her aid, and rescued her from vice and misery.

In the town of Saint-Servan, a woman, notorious for her bad conduct, had an aged mother, who was afflicted with an ulcer of the worst description. Disgusted with the attendance which this poor woman required, and the expense she occasioned, the unnatural daughter informed her unhappy parent that she would no longer support her; and suiting the action to the words, she immediately

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proceeded to turn her out of doors. Yet, as though to render a tacit homage to Jeanne's well-known benevolence, this wretched creature took her unfortunate mother before the door of Jeanne Jugan's house, and left her there. She was not mistaken in her anticipations. Jeanne received her.

In this way, the number of Jeanne's dependants increased from twelve to twenty, and finally the number of inmates was sixty-five—almost all infirm and aged persons of both sexes, many of them afflicted with incurable illnesses, and all rescued by Jeanne from the vices, degradation, and misery attendant on beggary—the only resource which was left them when she came to their aid, there being neither poor-houses nor poor-law in France.

Such a noble example was not without its effect. Three persons of Saint-Servan joined Jeanne, to assist her in gratuitously attending on the sick, as well as to help her in the necessary business of such a large establishment. A doctor volunteered his services, and furnished the requisite medicines: in short, Jeanne Jugan has founded a real hospital. It is needless to dwell on the immense benefit which Saint-Servan must derive from it; the fact speaks for itself. But this singular hospital is much more simply administered than any official one. Jeanne employs no supercilious overseers; nor is it necessary to go through dilatory forms and petitioning in order to obtain admittance. If she hears of any sick or distressed person, she immediately sees herself into the truth of the case; and on ascertaining it, has the individual forthwith transported to her house.

Such are the wonders achieved in less than six years by the poor servant-girl to whom, on the 11th of December 1845, the French Academy awarded a prize of three thousand francs (£120).

PIERRE BÉCARD.

PIERRE FRANÇOIS JOSEPH BÉCARD was a servant in the household of the Marquis de Stinfourt, a nobleman who lived towards the close of the last century, and resided in the town of Arras, in the north-eastern part of France. Among the many persons of rank who visited the marquis, a gentleman and lady named De Chavilhac were the most assiduous. Madame de Chavilhac, who was of a kind and amiable disposition, found opportunities of noticing Bécards' good conduct and respectful demeanour; she spoke of him with praise to his master, and was the indirect means of ameliorating his condition.

In the year 1793, at the epoch of the Revolution, the Marquis de Stinfourt was imprisoned. Bécards shewed himself a most devoted servant to his master; but this was a misfortune which he had no power of remedying. The atrocious Lebon was then master of Arras, and sent his victims to the guillotine with the sound of music. The marquis was condemned after a mock-trial, and

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perished on the scaffold. In the meantime, Monsieur de Chavilhac had also become a prisoner, and in going to visit his master, Bécard had several times met Madame de Chavilhac. A sort of intimacy had thus sprung up between the lady and the servant, whose poverty and obscurity now proved his greatest blessing, since they insured his safety. Monsieur de Chavilhac was, however, fortunate enough to escape the guillotine ; and although much reduced in fortune, he continued to reside in Arras with his wife, who entertained a grateful recollection of the sympathy Bécard had shewn her. But soon after his master's death and Monsieur de Chavilhac's liberation, Bécard left his native town for Paris, and for many years neither he nor Madame de Chavilhac heard any more of one another.

In 1812 this lady became a widow, and by the death of her husband was left entirely destitute. Several large sums were due to him by government, and she came to Paris in the hope of recovering them. In this she unfortunately proved unsuccessful. The expenses of the journey and of her stay had exhausted her resources, and she was reduced to great misery, when she met Bécard, who was then a hawker in the streets, and nearly as poor as herself. Madame de Chavilhac, who was well acquainted with his honesty and native goodness of heart, did not endeavour to conceal from him the state of distress into which she had fallen ; she, on the contrary, confided to him both the object of her journey and its unfortunate consequences, asking his advice and assistance. Bécard could give her little or no advice by which to regulate her conduct, but assisted her to the utmost extent of his means, and that with a cheerfulness and delicacy which highly enhanced the value of the little he had it in his power to perform.

Grief and misery had impaired the health of Madame de Chavilhac ; she soon fell into a very declining state ; and all her resources being exhausted, she became wholly dependent on the charity of Bécard. Notwithstanding his own poverty, and the very slight claims she had on him, he could not bring himself to abandon her in this distress, but, moved with compassion, resolved to stand by her to the last. Well knowing that her pride would not allow her to do this, he applied, as though for himself, to those charitable establishments open to the Paris poor, and where, their names being inscribed on a register, they each receive either a certain sum monthly or an allowance of food. Bécard, with the delicacy of real charity, guessed that Madame de Chavilhac could never submit to the mortification of having her name thus publicly exposed ; and although he was not without his own share of honest pride, yet, to spare her feelings, and afford her relief, he gladly consented to undergo the humiliation of asking and receiving alms. All that he reaped by this, however, was only a small portion of brown bread ; but unwilling to give this to Madame de Chavilhac, he ate it himself, and purchased some white bread for her. Nor was this all. He soon began to perceive

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that it was in vain to hope to support both her and himself by the little he earned, and which had proved barely sufficient for his own maintenance before he met her. One resource in this extremity alone remained, and this was to solicit alms in the streets. Bécard hesitated long; his very soul revolted from the idea; but the sight of the unhappy lady gave him the courage which might otherwise have failed him—he became a beggar.

But with all his zeal, he found that he could not bear the humiliation for more than a short time. He was obliged to give up the attempt; and as his trade of a hawker had not proved sufficiently profitable, he resolved to try the world under a new aspect. By straining every nerve, he succeeded in setting up as a buyer and seller of old clothes; but although he walked about the streets for this purpose during the whole day, he made but little by this new trade, and that little was expended on Madame de Chavilhac. Yet Bécard, if not satisfied, was resigned to his fate. His hapless friend was not in absolute want; and though he had to endure the severest privations in order to live, he contrived to do so without having again recourse to mendicity.

Several years passed thus, during which Madame de Chavilhac had continued to be in the same precarious state of health, when, in the month of December 1822, she suddenly became much worse, and indeed was so ill, that even Bécard entertained slight hopes of her recovery. Before long, he was obliged to watch by her bedside during the whole of the night, and, notwithstanding his fatigue and want of repose, to go out early in the morning in order to attend to his business; but, unwilling that the sick woman should remain alone during his absence, he prevailed on a female neighbour to attend to her wants in the daytime. Bécard himself would often call in during the course of the day, either to know how the patient was getting on, or to bring in some small sum of money wherewith to purchase the necessary medicines. And yet at this time he was an infirm and asthmatic old man, himself in need of repose, and suffering under privations of every kind in order to relieve the hapless lady. His whole sustenance throughout the day was thin porridge. Yet, although he thus sacrificed everything for Madame de Chavilhac's comfort, he never uttered a murmur of complaint. When he spoke to her, it was always with the deep respect of a servant addressing his mistress. Her least commands he scrupulously obeyed; and notwithstanding that her temper had been considerably soured by her misfortunes and infirmities, he bore her unjust reproofs and caprices with a patience which could only spring from true Christian charity.

Ten days before her death, he found her so much worse, that, notwithstanding his own pressing wants, he resolved to remain entirely with her, and give up the little business by which he had hitherto supported himself. With the most heroic patience and

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devotedness he thus staid with the unfortunate lady, soothing her last moments with the consolations of friendship and religion, until the acute sufferings she endured were terminated by death in the month of May 1823:

He who alone had watched by her in her agony, was also the only one who followed Madame de Chavilhac to the grave; and, faithful even to the dead, he fashioned with his own hands a wooden cross, such as marks every grave in Catholic countries, inscribing on it the name of her who, in the days of her riches and splendour, little deemed that the poor and obscure Bécard should be her last and only friend.

The very same year, Bécard, who was pursuing his trade of seller of old clothes, was surprised by the announcement that the French Academy, having learned his conduct towards Madame de Chavilhac, had voted him one of the medals distributed that year. The sum he thus received was of the greatest use to him, enabling him to begin a small but more lucrative business than that he had hitherto followed, and in which he proved entirely successful.

EUSTACHE.

EUSTACHE, a poor negro slave, was born in the year 1773, on a plantation situated in the northern part of the island of San Domingo, and belonging to a rich proprietor named Monsieur Belin de Villeneuve. This gentleman, who was of a kind and humane disposition, soon noticed the industry and zeal for the accomplishment of his duties by which, even when a child, Eustache was strikingly characterised; and no less to indulge in the natural benevolence of his heart, than to reward the good qualities of his young slave, he treated him with even more than the usual kindness which marked his deportment towards his companions.

This conduct made a deep impression upon Eustache. He became most ardently attached to his master, and persevered in his good behaviour—this being then the only means in his power of shewing his gratitude. As he grew up to manhood, Eustache was intrusted with an important post on his master's plantations of sugar-cane. In this office he not only displayed his usual zeal, but also a considerable degree of acuteness and intelligence. Like other slaves, Eustache was devoid of even the ordinary principles of an elementary education; he knew neither how to read nor write. It does not appear that he endeavoured to supply this deficiency in his instruction; his daily pursuits, doubtless, left him little time to spare; it may also be that knowledge appeared to him in a merely secondary light, and not as the most important basis of all human happiness, and even of virtue. Monsieur Belin seems to have viewed the matter under the same aspect, since, notwithstanding his kindness to Eustache, he did no more for him in this respect

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than for his companions. Little did he then think of what importance, even to him, it might one day be that Eustache the slave should know how to read.

But although Monsieur Belin so far owned the deeply rooted prejudices of caste as to allow Eustache to remain in this state of ignorance, it is but justice to add, that he ever endeavoured to instil into his mind the maxims of virtue, and of a cheerful and simple, but sincere piety. Eustache faithfully adhered to these instructions; and the integrity, as well as the touching earnestness and simplicity of his character, secured to him the merited esteem of all. His disposition, though mild, was thoughtful, and led him carefully to avoid the society of such among his fellow-slaves as were of vicious or intemperate habits, whilst it made him eagerly seek that of white men, in the hope of gathering from their conversation some useful knowledge.

Eustache was not yet twenty, when the insurrection of the blacks broke out in San Domingo.

The great cruelties exercised by the planters on their slaves occasioned the most fearful retaliation, from which the innocent as well as the guilty were to suffer. Notwithstanding his well-known goodness and benevolence of heart, Monsieur Belin would not have escaped from the general massacre but for the heroic exertions of his slave Eustache. He spared neither prayers nor remonstrances with the insurrectionary chiefs until he had attained his object; and such were the influence and esteem which his blameless and upright character had secured him, even with lawless and exasperated men, that, besides the safety of his master, he also succeeded in obtaining that of a large number of proprietors, who but for him must have certainly perished. But although this much had been won, the danger to which Monsieur Belin and his friends were exposed had not vanished; far from this being the case, it became evidently greater every day. Flight, though a hazardous experiment, was at length resolved upon. Eustache, owing to his knowledge of the country, and his influence with the insurgents, was named the guide of the fugitives—no enviable post, if we consider that he had now to lead a band of four hundred men, scarcely armed, and dispirited by fatigue and privations to which they were not inured, through the rocky valleys, narrow defiles, and thick woods of the island, at the imminent risk of meeting on the way a party of blacks, and of being instantly massacred. After almost unexampled toil and suffering, borne with heroic courage, Eustache safely arrived with his companions at Limbè, where they embarked on board an American ship, by which they hoped to reach America, and there find a safe retreat.

But woe seemed to follow the exiles. They had not been long at sea, when the American vessel was attacked by an English corsair of superior strength, and notwithstanding the heroic resistance of all

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on board, among whom Eustache distinguished himself by indomitable bravery, it was captured. But far from despairing, Eustache resolved that one great effort should at least be made for freedom. The conquerors, suspecting no attempt on the part of their captives, had left them comparatively free. Eustache now went amongst them, bearing to every one words of comfort and encouragement, and urging them not to yield to grief, but to do some deed by which they might be freed. His words produced the desired effect, and a plan for overpowering their enemies was agreed upon. The corsairs had gathered together, and were now feasting and rejoicing over their prize, which was very valuable, as many of the captives had carried off with them some of their most precious goods. Eustache, being a negro and a slave, found no difficulty in introducing himself amongst them, under the pretence of amusing them by those feats of agility in which the blacks are acknowledged to be very expert. So successful was he in thus engaging their attention, that they never perceived or heard the approach of his comrades, who gradually surrounded the spot where they were assembled. Seeing that the time for action was now come, Eustache gave the preconcerted signal, and rushed the first of all on the corsairs; his companions followed before they had time to recover from the surprise and confusion occasioned by this unexpected attack. In a few minutes they were all firmly bound, and made prisoners in their turn. Their former captives passed from the deepest despair to the height of joy. They were now free, and yet it was a slave who had won their freedom.

The vessel in which they were safely arrived at Baltimore. Eustache and his master, over whom he had watched throughout with the tenderest care, were once more in safety. But though the chief object of his concern, Monsieur Belin was not the only one. Many of the refugees were devoid of even the ordinary means of subsistence, and found themselves in a foreign land thrown on the charity of strangers. In his exertions towards the support of these unfortunate people, in soliciting others for their sake, and depriving himself of every slight comfort to administer to their wants, the noble and heroic Eustache was unwearied. He was a slave, and therefore owned nothing in this world beyond perseverance and charity; but with these he achieved wonders, and reaped his reward—the blessings of those whom in their misery he had relieved.

In the meantime, the island of San Domingo was regaining comparative tranquillity. The blacks no longer massacred the white residents; and Monsieur Belin, encouraged by this, and, moreover, entertaining hopes of recovering part of his lost property, determined to return to his native country, accompanied by his faithful Eustache and a large number of the exiles. But no sooner had they landed, after a prosperous voyage, than they were attacked by a party of twenty thousand blacks, who massacred a large number of them. In

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this fearful and unequal combat, Eustache once more proved his master's guardian angel. By almost superhuman efforts and bravery, he succeeded in withdrawing him from the scene of carnage, and, through great danger, fled with him to Port-au-Prince, where they fortunately arrived in safety. In this town, Monsieur Belin at last found a home, which, if it had not the splendour of his former dwelling, was still, though humble, not entirely devoid of comfort. Some of his property he had succeeded in rescuing from the general wreck, and he lived on his income, in happy retirement, and in the society of his faithful slave, or—as, after so much devotedness, he might well be called—of his friend Eustache.

Monsieur Belin was now advanced in years; his sight had almost entirely failed him; and Eustache frequently heard him complain that he could no more, as formerly, beguile the tediousness of the evening by reading. Unfortunately, as we have already stated, Eustache could not read. He had long passed that time of life when study is an easy task; but, undeterred by difficulties, which another at his age would have found insuperable, he resolved to spare neither time nor trouble to restore to his master that enjoyment of which age was now depriving him. He secretly found a teacher who undertook to give him lessons; and, without mentioning his project to Monsieur Belin or to any other person, he assiduously devoted to the task every hour he could spare from his other labours. What seemed almost impossible, unwearied perseverance and devotedness achieved. Eustache, though not without many efforts, at length learned to read; and his heart beating with triumph and honest joy, he entered the apartment of Monsieur Belin, a book in his hand, to shew his astonished master all that he could accomplish for his sake.

Many a noble and heroic deed has marked the life of the negro slave, but none more touching in its simplicity than this.

Moved with gratitude for such devotedness, Monsieur Belin resolved that Eustache should be free. He liberated him. But this act, far from dissolving their friendship, seemed to render its ties more close and binding. Eustache still considered himself the slave of his former master, and continued to act as his servant until the period of his death. Monsieur Belin did not shew himself unmindful of his faithful friend. He left him several large legacies, amply sufficient to provide for his old age; and had not Eustache possessed a heart incapable of resisting the call of the wretched and distressed, he might have passed in comfort the remainder of his days. But, in the untutored goodness of his heart, he considered the small fortune of which he was now possessed as merely intrusted to him that it might contribute to the happiness of others. So well was his benevolence known, that all who were in distress appealed to him—and none appealed in vain—until of Monsieur Belin's legacies no more was left for him to give. But though now thrown on his own

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exertions for support, Eustache was not disheartened. He trusted in Providence with a holy and almost child-like simplicity. He left San Domingo, and came to Paris, where, by his industry, intelligence, and energetic endeavours, he contrived to earn a sufficient livelihood. But poverty with him could not breed selfishness. He was still the same noble, disinterested creature as ever; not only relieving the unfortunate whom chance sent in his way, but seeking them out with unwearied care. Of his scanty earnings, he kept for his own support but the smallest share; the rest he distributed amongst poor mothers of large families, men out of work, and sick neighbours. And these things he did, not like one who knows that he does some good action worthy of praise, but with the simple bearing of him who has merely fulfilled his duty. If any one extolled in his presence actions which, however they might strike others with astonishment, were but for him like the occurrences of everyday life, he would seem surprised, and, with that admirable simplicity which marked his character, merely say, as though by these words all were explained: 'It is not for men I do this, but for the Master who dwells above.'

Such an admirable instance of virtue and piety could not remain hidden. Eustache was brought under the notice of the Academy, and in the year 1832 a medal was publicly awarded to him. Of the further fate of Eustache we regret not to be able to say more.

ALEXANDRE MARTIN.

MAXIMILIENNE DE BETHUNE was the daughter of the Duke of Sully, and the last descendant of the celebrated Sully, minister and friend of Henry IV. of France, and whose memory, like his master's, has remained deservedly endeared to the people for the many virtues which adorned his noble character. This lady, who owned an immense fortune, was early married to the Marquis de l'Aubespine, a nobleman of high rank and ancient family, and master of several fine estates. An only son, the Count de l'Aubespine, was the fruit of this union, which, if rank and wealth constituted happiness, must have rendered the marquis and his wife perfectly happy. Whilst the young count was still a child, a man named Martin lived as a servant in the household of his father. After several years had thus elapsed, Martin, whose good behaviour was proverbial in the whole parish, resolved to marry, and resume his original trade of carpenter, which he had left off in order to enter the service of the Marquis de l'Aubespine. His master, though sorry to lose him, raised no objection to so reasonable a plan; but dismissing him with a handsome present, and every assurance of esteem and protection, he facilitated his project, and enabled him to settle and marry according to his wish in the neighbouring village of Champrond-en-Gâtine, not far from the town of Chartres.

Martin was a good and sober workman. The woman he had

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married proved an excellent and industrious wife; and though, in the space of a few years, he had three children besides himself and their mother to maintain, things went on pretty well, and Martin was perfectly satisfied with his humble lot. But a far different fate had in the meantime fallen to the share of his former master. The Marquis de l'Aubespine was a very extravagant man, and though possessor of immense wealth, he had contrived to spend it all. His wife's large fortune had long since been squandered; all his fine estates had disappeared one after the other; and not only did the spendthrift nobleman reduce himself and his wife to beggary, but he also utterly ruined his unfortunate son, the Count de l'Aubespine, who had married, but was now a widower, and father of three young children.

Martin had long heard with grief of the distress into which his former masters had fallen. He had at first refused to credit the report; but the sale of the family estates shewed him but too well that it was founded on truth. From this time forward he could learn but little of their fate. The marquis, it was said, had disappeared entirely; his wife had died of grief; and their son, the count, was residing with his children in a distant part of the country, doubtless in poverty and obscurity, but where, nobody could tell. Although he knew no more than this, Martin's thoughts were almost constantly engrossed with the distressed state of the son and grandchildren of his former master. On a fine evening of the month of June 1830, as he was seated on a wooden bench near the door of his cottage, and meditating as usual on this painful subject, his attention was attracted towards a haggard and wearied-looking man, who, with a child in his arms, and two little girls following him, was advancing towards him. Martin rose to meet him, but could hardly believe his eyes when he recognised in the stranger the son of his old master, the Count de l'Aubespine. The three children who accompanied him were his. Angélique, the eldest, was only five years of age; Josephine, four; and Louis, the youngest, was not more than eighteen months old. The count and his children, who were very tired, entered the carpenter's dwelling; and whilst they were resting from the fatigue they had experienced, their father opened to Martin the object of his visit. He was on the eve, he said, of a short journey, and knowing no one in that part of the country where he resided to whom he could confide his children, he had resolved on asking Martin to take charge of them during his absence. To this proposal the carpenter readily and joyfully assented; and the Count de l'Aubespine, embracing his children, and once more recommending them to the care of Martin, almost immediately departed. The same night he left France, whence his distressed state compelled him to flee, and to which he never returned. It was not long before Martin learned that the last and helpless descendants of the great Sully were now dependants on his charity.

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Although already burdened with a family, and no longer young, he did not repine at the prospect, but cheerfully set about considering by what means he could best accomplish the task which had devolved upon him. Martin earned only thirty sous a day (1s. 3d.); but he received some help from his wife and eldest daughter, who made between them about twenty-four sous a day (1s.): two shillings and threepence a day was therefore the sum by which Martin was to support himself, his wife, and the six children. The carpenter's utmost ingenuity, energy, and perseverance failed to accomplish this mighty feat. It was in vain that he worked from morning till night with unwearied industry, submitting to the severest privations: he was, before long, compelled to borrow several sums of money from a few kind friends. For some time he endeavoured to go on thus; but this resource soon failing him, he found himself under the necessity of parting with the little furniture he possessed, piece by piece, until he at last became reduced to the greatest distress. But in the midst of his poverty the deep devotedness of that worthy man remained unchanged. When he and his family were obliged to eat coarse brown bread, he still found the means of giving white bread to the children of the Count de l'Aubespine; and, with a rare feeling of delicacy and refinement, he would never allow them to take their meals at the same table with himself and his family, but waited on them with the same deep respect he would have shewn had they still been in the enjoyment of all the privileges of rank and fortune in their ancestral castle of Villebon. Several years thus passed away, and Martin never once wearied in the accomplishment of the task he had undertaken; but whilst he thus provided, though not without difficulty, for the physical wants of the three children, he often grieved to think that he could do nothing towards giving them the education required by their name and rank in society. The curate of Champrond had kindly begun to instruct the young Louis; but this was of course wholly insufficient; and the worthy carpenter was no little perplexed as to how he ought to act, when aid came from the most unexpected quarter.

A conduct so noble and so touching in its disinterestedness as his could not for ever remain concealed. The report that the last three descendants of the great Sully, who had long inhabited that district, where his memory was still held in deep veneration, were now dependent on the charity of a poor carpenter, gradually spread throughout the whole country, and it was not long before Martin received from the nuns of the order of Saint-Paul, in the neighbouring town of Chartres, the offer of taking the three children under their care, and properly educating them. Though most reluctant to part from them, Martin consented, influenced by the evident advantages which would result to them from this exchange. They were immediately transferred to the convent, where the kindness and attention with which they were treated amply proved to Martin that

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his precious charge could not have been intrusted to kinder hands. But however well qualified those respectable ladies might be to train up properly the two girls, the education of Louis, the boy, could not long remain with them. The hospital of Nogent-le-Rotrou, founded and endowed by Sully, whose remains are interred within it, sent a sum of money for the purpose of procuring the young Louis de l'Aubespine that instruction which he so much needed. Of the riches left by Sully, a small share of what he had given to the poor was all that his descendant was destined to reap. This sum not being sufficient, however, for the purpose in view, some persons proposed to raise a subscription, and a pious prelate offered to have the boy educated in a religious seminary. But the king, Louis-Philippe, having heard of the case, resolved that, for the sake of his great ancestor Sully, and for that of the faithful Martin, the son of the Count de l'Aubespine should be brought up at the public expense in the College of Henry IV. in Paris.

In the month of August of the year 1838, the worthy carpenter, who still lived in obscure poverty, but happy to think that his master's grandchildren had now partly regained their proper station in society, was surprised by the announcement that the Academy had awarded to him a prize of 3000 francs (£120), not as the reward of his noble conduct, but as a testimonial of esteem and admiration.

MARIANNE FEILLET, OF LANFAINS, CÔTES-DU-NORD.

MADAME LÉCUYER, the widow of a respectable merchant, found herself, at the death of her husband, in consequence of unfortunate speculations, in utter destitution. She had one son, whose abilities had procured him admission into the Polytechnic School, and who gave promise of a brilliant future. She was anxious to join him in Paris, but how get funds to convey her there from the extremity of Bretagne, and to support her in the great city? The savings of a poor servant-girl solved that difficulty. Marianne Feillet placed eighteen hundred francs, her little all, at the disposal of her mistress, and accompanied her to the capital.

Madame Lécuyer, however, had not been long in Paris when she fell a prey to grief and to the change in her mode of life. She died in the arms of Marianne, begging her to take charge of her son—a charge which the heroic girl most nobly discharged. Under the double burden of study and grief, the mind of the young man suddenly gave way, and he was obliged to be sent to an asylum. Marianne, who had nursed him on her knees, could not bear the thoughts of abandoning him to the care of strangers, and was allowed to enter the asylum as nurse. Here she staid two years, watching at his bedside for months together; for it was only the magnetism of her look that could calm the paroxysms of the poor maniac.

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Under this kind treatment, a shade of reason returned, and Jules Lécuyer was able to resume the business of teaching in a provincial lyceum. Marianne went with him, studying to protect that feeble flame of intelligence which she alone had been able to revive. Alas ! Lécuyer was obliged a second time to give up all occupation, and retire to a remote corner of Bretagne, where he lived on a little pension allowed him by the creditors of his family. God only knows, and no one will ever learn from Marianne, what she added to this insufficient allowance by her labour and self-denial. She even sacrificed the expectation of a small fortune which was to come to her, discounting it for the sum of twelve hundred francs. One fatal day, Jules Lécuyer, escaping from her vigilance, took into his head to go to the neighbouring shore and bathe, in spite of the stormy weather. In the evening, Marianne looked for him in vain ; she only learned that a fisherman had heard a loud cry ; and next day a corpse was washed ashore. Though thus deprived of the object of her existence, Marianne continues to live without murmuring at the divine will which detains her here.

To this self-sacrificing woman, the Academy, in 1864, awarded a prize of two thousand francs (£80).

PIERRE GUILLOT AND LOUIS BRUNE.

PIERRE GUILLOT was one of the men employed on board of the river steamboat, the *Vulcain*, when she was going down the river Loire, towards Nantes, on the 15th of September 1837. Amongst the passengers on board was a lady with her five children, and their maid. Whilst he was on deck, Guillot heard some of the children crying below ; and although he has none of his own, Pierre feels a natural fondness for the children of others, and he no sooner heard their cries, than he immediately went down to the cabin to see what was the matter. A childish dispute had occasioned their tears. Guillot endeavoured to comfort them, and began playing with them. Whilst he was thus engaged, a terrible shock was felt throughout the vessel, and he instantly rushed up to learn the cause. On reaching Ingrande, the *Vulcain* had stopped to receive some passengers, but the necessary manœuvre having been unskillfully executed, the wheels of the machinery became entangled, the boiler burst, and the burning steam spread all around. Although he was severely burned, Guillot's first thought was not of escape : he recollected the children, and would have rushed down to save them ; but on endeavouring to retrace his steps through the scalding mist which surrounded him, he found that the stairs which led to their cabin had already disappeared. It was in vain that, by covering his face with his hands, he hoped to advance ; on attempting to do so, he found that it was impossible. And yet, to quote his own words when

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relating this event, 'the idea that five children and their mother were there being burned to death was killing me.'

Through the lower range of windows, Guillot succeeded in observing the mother of the children. Immediately suspending himself from the iron railing which goes round the deck, he succeeded in snatching her up; but the hapless woman was already dead. He next endeavoured to save the servant; but, though almost burned to death, she cried out, with the most touching devotedness: 'No, no—not me; save the children.' But Guillot looked for them in vain; they were nowhere to be seen. Not deterred by the burning atmosphere of the cabin, and the severe injuries he had already received, he entered it, hastily snatched up three of the children, bore them away, and returned for the servant and the other two; but although he succeeded in carrying them to a place of safety, he had the grief to find that, of the five children, two alone survived; the rest, with their mother and the maid, had perished. A prize of 4000 francs (£160) was the reward of this brave action.

The same year, 1838, his relation and friend, Louis Brune, received from the Academy the sum of 3000 francs (£120) for a series of actions no less brave and remarkable.

Louis Brune was by profession a porter on the quays of Rouen; but it might almost be said that his trade consisted in saving lives at the risk of his own. It has been legally attested that he saved the lives of forty-two persons previously to the year 1838. Being constantly near the river-side, he had necessarily numerous occasions of exercising his benevolent propensities; but how many, having the same opportunities, would, like Brune, have risked their own life to save that of others. Who would, like him, have eagerly watched on the shore in the hour of danger for some noble deed to accomplish? One of the most striking instances of this ardour for doing good is to be seen in the following anecdote.

On the 28th of January 1838, the river Seine, which had been frozen for several days, was covered with skaters. It was in vain that they were told of the expected tide, which must certainly break the ice; neither the danger which they ran, nor the warnings and efforts of the local authorities, succeeded in producing any effect upon them. Brune, whose wife and aged mother were then ill, remained all day on the quay, in expectation of the disaster, which he knew to be inevitable. In vain pressing messages to return home came from his family; he firmly refused to leave the spot; and not even for his meals could he be induced to desert the post he had assigned to himself. Nor was it long before a rushing noise was heard; the ice was breaking in every direction; and the precipitate flight of the imprudent crowd increased the disaster. A gentleman and his lady, who were enjoying the pleasures of skating, suddenly disappeared in a large opening which the breaking ice had formed beneath them. Brune, who was eagerly looking out, rushed over

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the ice that bent beneath his tread, plunged into the river, seized the gentleman, and brought him safely to the shore. No sooner had he accomplished this, than he once more precipitated himself into the river, and was fortunate enough in seizing the lady, who had already disappeared under the ice; but, benumbed by the cold, and his strength failing him through this unwonted exertion, he in vain endeavoured to rise to the surface; he laid hold of the masses of ice, but merely cut his hands in the attempt. Notwithstanding the most desperate efforts, he was on the point of perishing with her whom he endeavoured to save, when a rope was thrown to him; he seized it, and, though not without difficulty, reached the shore with his burden amidst the applause of the assembled crowd.

That the heroic Brune was appreciated by his countrymen, may be seen from the fact, that the town of Rouen erected him a house at the public expense, with an inscription simply stating that this house had been offered to Louis Brune by the town of Rouen.

HYACINTHE FORCEL.

HYACINTHE FORCEL is a sailor belonging to the port of Blainville in the department of La Manche, who, living in the midst of constant dangers, with heroic simplicity, sacrifices his own safety to the passion of saving his fellow-creatures. This course he has pursued without interruption since 1841. Trustworthy witnesses from the port of Blainville and the town of Coutances, relate the successful struggles he has had with the sea in disputing its victims. In 1841, he rescued a poor child, and by friction and rolling it on the sand restored it to life. In 1852, the master of a bark and his two sailors were cast on the breakers at the north of Blainville, and to save them, he had to expose himself to the same danger without much chance of success. Forcel did not hesitate, however, and he was fortunate enough to bring them ashore. In 1857, seven men had gathered wreck on the rocks at Chaussey, and made a large raft of it, which they were steering towards the coast; but a sudden squall got up, the fragile raft was carried out three miles from the shore, and the death of those who were on it was almost certain. Forcel saw the danger, threw himself into his boat with two of his comrades, and saved the seven unhappy men, who had given up all hope of human assistance. No one will be surprised to learn that this courageous sailor is also the best of men. Late in life he married a woman who had a son by a former marriage. Hyacinthe was the kindest of fathers to that child, and thought he could not do better than bring him up to the rough and noble occupation in which he himself had spent his life. In 1863, when his son was thirteen years old, they had one day to return from the light-house of Sénequet, while the fog was so thick that they could scarcely see from the one

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end of the boat to the other. Forcel directed his course, partly by chance, towards the entrance to the bay, and was fortunate enough to get in ; when suddenly cries of despair were heard amid the roar of the breakers, and a vessel, it was clear, had just been wrecked. In spite of all remonstrances, he set out with his son. He directed his course through the rocks towards the spot whence the cries came, and where he found a vessel upset, and two men and a woman, tossed by tremendous waves, clinging to the mast and awaiting death. Unable to persuade them to leave hold of the mast and make towards his boat, he was obliged to leap to the perishing vessel, seize one of the doomed creatures, and leap back with him to his own boat. Three times he performed this dangerous feat, and brought them in triumph to Blainville. The admiration excited on this occasion among the whole coast population was such that the government sent him a medal of the first class.

What a man he would have made of his step-son ! But his hopes were cruelly disappointed. On the 6th August 1865, when the boy was bathing in the harbour of Blainville, Forcel suddenly heard cries of distress. Not seeing the lad, he threw off his coat, dived three times without finding him ; and supposing that the current had carried him out, he put off with his boat from the shore, dived again, and found him. But the sea this time had taken its revenge ; the poor old sailor only brought home a corpse. The profoundest sympathy for his misfortune, and the admiration long felt for his conduct, were expressed in the memorandum sent to the Academy, which in 1866 granted him a prize of 3000 francs (£120).*

* In imitation of M. de Montyon, a M. Souriau has founded an annual prize of a thousand francs (£40), for virtuous actions ; and a Madame Marie Lasne has founded six 'medals' of three hundred francs each. The former came into operation in 1866, the latter in 1869. The awards are made by the Academy in the same way as for the Montyon prizes.





THE THREE WAYS OF LIVING.*

LIVING WITHIN THE MEANS.

AND so, Frank, you are really going to be married?" asked Uncle Joshua.

'I really am, sir,' replied Frank.

'And live on broth?'

'Yes, sir; and if I cannot afford that, on water-gruel.'

'And pray, have you persuaded Jane to starve with you?'

'I have persuaded her, sir, that we can be happy on the bare necessities of life; and those my industry will always procure us.'

'How do you know that you will always have health to labour in your profession?'

'I certainly do not; it would be presumption in me to speak securely on that subject.'

'Yet you are going to act as if this were a certainty.'

'And is it wrong, my dear sir, that I should? I have health and strength—these, to me, are positive wealth. I possess them now,

* The present story (a few alterations excepted) formed a small volume of unpretending appearance, and of anonymous authorship, published some years ago at Boston, United States, and which had there gone through several editions. We were so much pleased with the production, as a contribution to good morals, virtuous habits, and domestic and social comfort—in which respects it reminded us of some of the early popular works of Miss Edgeworth—as to feel satisfied that we should be doing a duty to our readers, and a benefit to society, by its republication in our Miscellany.—Ed.

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and I must make the most of them. If the uncertainty of our possessions is to paralyse our exertions, those who have money are nearly as ill off as those who have not. Riches take to themselves wings and fly away; they are at the mercy of fire and water. Uncertainty is written upon all things. I believe my prospects are as stable as most people's.'

'Let me hear what they are.'

'In the first place, sir, I have health; in the next, activity; and then my profession is a pretty sure one. A physician will always find patients, if he is attentive and skilful; and I mean to be both. However, I confess that our greatest security for a living will consist in our moderate desires and simple habits. You know, sir, Jane has no passion for fine dress; and, in short'—

'In short, Frank, you are determined to be married; and there is an end of all argument.'

'I only wait for your consent, sir.'

'You know very well that mine will follow Jane's. And she is willing to live with you on the bare necessities of life?' Jane only answered by an assenting smile. 'Very well, I give up. One thing, however, let me tell you—beyond bread and water, a shelter for one's head, a bag of straw to sleep on, and covering and fuel to guard us from the inclemencies of the weather, there are no positive necessities; all the rest are comparative.' Jane had hitherto sat very quietly at her work, but she now laid it in her lap, and looked up with an air of astonishment. 'You do not agree with me, I perceive,' said Uncle Joshua; 'tell me, then, what you think are the necessities of life.'

'I confess, sir,' said Jane a little contemptuously, 'when I agreed with Frank that we could live on the necessities of life, I did not mean like the beasts of the field or the birds of the air; but graduating our ideas to what is around us, I am sure we shall ask for nothing more than the necessities of life. The luxuries,' added she with a pretty sentimental air, 'we will draw from our own hearts.'

'And I,' said Frank, looking enchanted with her eloquence, 'shall be the happiest of men.'

'Graduating our ideas to what is around us!' exclaimed Uncle Joshua. 'Ah, there it is; you could live on broth or water-gruel, if everybody else did; but the fact is, that nobody does; and so you, like the rest of the world, will live a little beyond your means.'

'No, sir,' said the young people eagerly; 'we are determined to make it a rule never to exceed our means.'

'As long as you keep to that rule, you are safe; you do not know what it is to be beset by temptations. But I have done; advice is of little value where we have nothing else to give—and that is pretty much my case; but a bachelor's wants are few.'

'Yes, dear uncle,' said Jane smiling; 'he wants nothing but the necessities of life—an elbow-chair, a good fire, and a cigar half

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a dozen times a day; and long, long,' added she, affectionately embracing him, 'may you enjoy them, and give to us what is of far more value than money—your affection; and on every other subject, your advice.'

In one fortnight from this conversation Frank and Jane were man and wife. Perhaps a more united or a more rational pair had seldom pronounced the marriage vow. They began with the wise purpose of incurring no debts, and took a small house, at a cheap rate, in an obscure but populous part of the city.

Most young physicians begin life with some degree of patronage, but Frank had none. He came to the city a stranger from the wilds of Vermont, fell in love with Jane Churchwood, the niece of Uncle Joshua, a man whom nobody knew, and whose independence consisted in limiting his wants to his means. What little he could do for Jane, he cheerfully did. But after all necessary expenses were paid, the young people had but just enough between them to secure their first quarter's rent, and place a sign on the corner of the house, with 'Dr Fulton' handsomely inscribed upon it. The sign seemed to excite but little attention—as nobody called to see the owner of it, though he was at home every hour in the day.

After a week of patient expectation, which could not be said to pass heavily—for they worked, read, and talked together—Frank thought it best to add to the sign: 'Practises for the poor gratis.' At the end of a few days another clause was added: 'Furnishes medicines to those who cannot pay for them.' In a very short time the passers-by stopped to spell out the words, and Frank soon began to reap the benefit of this addition. Various applications were made; and though they did not, as yet, promise any increase of revenue, he was willing to pay for the first stepping-stone. What had begun, however, from true New-England calculation, was continued from benevolence. He was introduced to scenes of misery that made him forget all but the desire of relieving the wretchedness he witnessed; and when he related to his young and tender-hearted wife the situation in which he found a mother confined to her bed, with two or three helpless children crying around her for bread, Jane would put on her straw bonnet, and follow him with a light step to the dreary abode. The first quarter's board came round; it was paid, and left them nearly penniless. There is something in benevolent purpose, as well as in industry, that cheers and supports the mind. Never was Jane's step lighter, or her smile gayer, than at present. But this could not last: the next quarter's rent must be provided—and how? Still the work of mercy went on, and did not grow slack. One day taking a small supply of provisions with them, they went to visit a poor sick woman. After ascending a crooked flight of stairs, they entered the forlorn apartment, where lay the sick mother, while the hungry squalid children were gathered round the ashes upon the hearth.

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But an object attracted their attention that might be said to afford all the picturesque relief which a painter would require in such a scene. By the side of the bed sat a lady in the prime of life, redolent with health and beauty, and dressed in the extreme of fashion. After gazing with some surprise at the new-comers, she bent over the sufferer, sweeping her bird-of-paradise feathers in the sick woman's face, and inquired who they were. In the meantime the children gathered round Jane, and, with a true animal instinct, began to scent the provision that the basket contained. It was with difficulty she could restrain their eager appetites. The lady looked on with wonder, and inhaled the odour of the vinaigrette attached to her watch-chain. 'I hope there is nothing infectious?' said she in a low voice to the doctor.

He assured her there was not. 'She has been,' said he, 'too weak to work for several months, and is reduced to this state as much by the want of nourishing food as disease.'

'How shocking!' said the lady, putting her embroidered pocket-handkerchief to her eyes. 'Why did she not go to the almshouse?' The woman's lips moved, but no sound was articulated. 'There is a very foolish prejudice against this institution,' said Mrs Hart—which was the name of the lady. 'I have known many people that had rather beg than go there.'

'It is foolish,' said the doctor, 'if that is the case; but as long as people can earn a living without applying to the town for support, we must commend them for their exertions.'

'I am very sorry,' replied she, 'that Martha did not let me know her situation before. I certainly would have done all I could to relieve her.'

'Then you know her, madam?' said Jane, for the first time speaking to the lady.

'Yes; that is, she has washed in my kitchen for some weeks.'

'Months,' said Martha with exertion.

'She sent to me,' continued the lady, 'a few days ago; and I ordered my coachman this morning to find out where she lived; and I have ventured here, notwithstanding my weak nerves and delicate health.'

'How good of you, madam!' said Jane, who was evidently impressed by the apparent rank of the lady. 'Mrs Barber is very destitute.'

'So I perceive; but I rejoice she has found friends in you, able and willing to assist her.'

'We are more willing than able,' said Jane meekly.

'That is precisely my case,' replied Mrs Hart. Jane glanced at her costly apparel. 'We who are called rich have constant claims; but I will assist you in aiding poor Martha; and she drew from her reticule a splendid crimson purse, and drawing back the gold rings, placed in the woman's emaciated hand a small sum. Strange as it

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may seem, the woman discovered no gratitude, but rather made a rejecting motion.

'She is too sick, madam,' said Jane, springing forward, 'to thank you as she would; but, if you will trust me, I will see that your bounty is properly applied to the wants of the family; they are suffering for almost everything.'

'Certainly,' replied the lady; 'and I should esteem it a kindness if you or Dr Fulton would do me the favour to let me know how Martha goes on; my health does not often permit such exertions as these.'

Jane, who had been maturing a little plan in her own mind for the benefit of the children, promised her she would call in a few days; and Frank, with a native politeness that quite won Mrs Hart, saw her not only to the bottom of the crooked stairs, but to her carriage, where her footman stood holding the door in waiting for his lady.

'How happy,' said Jane when they returned home, 'must Mrs Hart be; so benevolent and so rich!'

'How do you know, my dear, she is so rich?' said her husband.

'Why, did not you observe how costly her dress was?'

'That is no proof,' said Frank; 'you know she said, like us, she was more willing than able.'

'But you know her situation must be very different from ours. Why, her pelisse cost more than all my gowns put together, I will answer for it.'

'If she spends so much upon her pelisse,' said Frank laughing, 'I am afraid she has but little left to give away.'

'That is by no means a candid conclusion,' said Jane, assuming her sentimental air; 'on the contrary, when we see a person richly dressed, it is but just to suppose that they are wealthy.'

'It would be so if everything were governed by justice and right reason, and we were not continually drawing false inferences from appearances. You know Mrs Hart said she was very glad Martha had found friends "able and willing to assist her;" perhaps she thought we were very rich.'

'Oh, I am sure she could not,' said Jane with some vexation, 'if she looked at my old straw bonnet and calico gown.'

'Well, dear,' replied Frank affectionately, 'I suppose she did not; she only looked at your bright blue eyes, and saw you feeding the hungry.'

In a few days things wore a more comfortable appearance at Martha's. By assistance of one kind or other, ostentatious in some, and benevolent in others, the poor woman's house resumed its wonted comfort; the fire blazed in the chimney as formerly, and Martha was able to sit up and employ herself in knitting. How little brings cheerfulness to the hearth of the industrious and deserving poor! In the meantime Dr Fulton pursued his course

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with persevering industry. Martha's return from what her own class styled death's door, gave him celebrity with them; but a new case more convincing soon occurred. He was called to a man who was dying. He hastened to the place, and found the too frequent companions of the poor—superstition and ignorance. The sick man was stretched on his bed of straw; his family huddled round him—groaning, sobbing, and crying aloud; the room crowded by people drawn there from curiosity—for, strange as it may seem, there are those who, much as they dread the agonies of death for themselves, are eager to witness them in others. The doctor's first care was to clear and ventilate the room, and then to administer such restoratives as he thought judicious. The consequence was, that the man began to draw a longer breath; and, in the course of a few days, was spoken of as cured by Dr Fulton, after everybody had given him over!

Frank had now no want of employment from the poor; but, by degrees, those who could afford to pay began to apply; and at length a carriage, but little inferior in elegance to Mrs Hart's, stopped at his lodgings. Jane's heart fluttered as she heard Mr Harrington's name announced, for she knew that he was one of the wealthiest men of the city. His visit was that of a hypochondriac, who, after trying various physicians and various systems, had heard of the fame of Dr Fulton, of his wonderful success, and came hoping to get aid for himself.

Perhaps there never was a fairer chance for quackery; but Dr Fulton, to do him justice, had no tact for such little arts. He frankly told him that his restoration depended much more on himself than on a physician—suggested modes of exercise, of diet, cheerful society, and relaxation from business and care; and when the gentleman insisted on the doctor's success in curing desperate cases, he assured him that his most powerful agents among the poor had been what they could command without his aid—temperance and cleanliness. Mr Harrington was struck with the doctor's honesty and good sense, and felt moved by the apparent poverty of his and his young wife's situation. At parting, he did not confine himself to a regular fee, but said: 'As you practise *gratis* for the poor, it is but just that the rich should pay you double.' He requested Frank to visit him daily; and this he continued to do; and as he had leisure to make long calls, and engage him in cheerful conversation, Mr Harrington rapidly improved under the best of all systems for a hypochondriac.

Thus far we have followed our young couple in their struggle for a living. Not a debt hitherto had been incurred; and besides time and medicines, they had always found something to give. But as their pecuniary prospect brightens, our walks must enlarge. Dr Fulton was daily working his way into the more enlightened orders of society. His day-book and ledger began to be necessary, and

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the gentle-hearted Jane was no longer obliged to beg a pittance for the poor.

We must now make an excursion to another part of the city. In a splendid apartment, ornamented with mirrors and girandoles, whose diamond-cut drops reflected the colours of the rainbow, hung round with paintings, and curtained with damask, in an elegant morning dress, on a cushioned divan, sat Mrs Hart. Twice she rang the bell, and twice a footman made his appearance.

'Have not the shawls come yet?' both times she inquired.

'No, madam.'

'Are you sure you made no mistake?'

'Yes, madam.'

'Give me my Cologne bottle. Not that—the porcelain;' and she poured the perfume over her handkerchief. 'So provoking!'

At that moment a man was ushered into the room with a box under his arm. The footman was ordered out, and the treasures of the box displayed. There were camel-hair shawls of different prices, from one hundred to three hundred dollars. The first were thrown scornfully aside. One for two hundred was elegant. It was, however, too dear. She could not afford it; but she must have some kind of a shawl. She was *suffering* for one. The man assured her that she never would repent taking one of them; and she began to think so herself. At length she decided to keep the one for two hundred, if there was no hurry for payment. 'Not the least,' the man assured her; 'but, perhaps, she had better look at another she had.' Another was displayed; but the cost of it was three hundred dollars. 'It was elegant—it was superb; but it was wholly out of her power to buy it; and yet, really, the one she had selected looked positively ordinary by the side of it;' and she cast a glance of indignation towards the two hundred dollar shawl. The man urged the merits of the three hundred one, and at length threw it over her shoulders. It hung gracefully to the hem of her garment. She surveyed herself before—turned—and, with her head over her shoulder, surveyed herself behind; she wrapped it round, and she flung it open; she disposed it over one arm in folds. This last effect was irresistible—it was truly Grecian drapery—it decided the matter. 'Very well,' said she; 'the shawl is mine. I must have one; and I suppose, in the end, this will be as cheap as any.'

At that moment Mrs Fulton was announced. The man was hurried out, and the shawl thrown gracefully over the arm of the sofa. 'My dear Mrs Fulton,' said the lady, 'I have been expecting you to call and see me; I remembered your promise.'

Jane was delighted with her reception, and proceeded at once to mention her plan. It was to get up a subscription to supply clothing as well as schooling for a certain number of poor children, including Martha's.

'I thought,' said Jane, 'that you would approve of my plan. I

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would not set it agoing till I was able to contribute my part by money as well as time. My husband has been successful beyond his expectations, and I have now a feeling of independence in asking.'

'How benevolent you are, my dear Mrs Fulton! I should be thankful to have the means of being equally so! But my time is wholly engrossed, and the claims upon my purse are constant. Perhaps none are so heavily taxed as the rich, or have less right to be called affluent. I declare to you,' said she, drawing forth her elegant crimson silk purse, and holding it suspended on her jewelled finger, 'I cannot command a farthing: you see how empty it is. But I approve of your plan. Perhaps you will be so kind as to advance the same sum for me that you pay for yourself. We will settle it when we next meet.'

Jane cheerfully assented, and took her leave; and Mrs Hart, with her three hundred dollar shawl, became the debtor of Jane.

'How strange it is,' said Mrs Fulton, as she related the circumstance to her husband, 'that, in the midst of such luxury, she had not five dollars to give in charity; for that was all I wanted!'

'You do not understand this thing, my dear Jane,' said Frank smiling; 'it seems to you incredible that Mrs Hart can be poor. I will demonstrate the matter to you. You admit that we are rich now compared to what we were two months ago. We have our next quarter's rent secure, are able to buy books, and have something left to give away. But if I were to make expensive purchases that would consume nearly all we have accumulated, and you took it into your head that you would have a pelisse as costly as Mrs Hart's, then you would be as poor as she was to-day, and could not afford to give anything away, instead of becoming her creditor.'

'According to your definition,' said Jane, 'those who live within their means are the only wealthy people.'

'They certainly are to all the purposes of present comfort; and so you must be thankful that you have married a man who has found out the philosopher's stone.'

'Better than that,' said Jane; 'who has the art of being rich with a very little money.'

The next day Jane went to see Mrs Barber, and propose to her the plan of clothing her children and providing a school for them. The woman expressed her gratitude; and Jane thought it but just to mention her benefactors. When she named Mrs Hart among them, Mrs Barber said: 'Indeed, madam, I do not ask her to give me anything, if she will only pay me what is justly my due.' Jane now learned with astonishment that the poor woman had washed 'in her kitchen' for nearly a year without being able to obtain payment.

'It was for that, ma'am, I sent to entreat her to come and see me, hoping she might be moved by my distress; and she did, you know,

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pay me a small sum. I have credited her for that ; but it is a small part of what she owes me.'

'I hope,' said Jane, after a long pause, in which her countenance discovered the workings of her mind—'I hope there are few such instances as this?'

'I never met with such a one—not exactly,' added she hesitatingly ; 'but indeed, ma'am, the rich little consider how important our wages for a day's work are to us. It would be bad manners in us to insist upon being paid immediately ; and yet many is the time when I have depended upon one day's wages for my children's food for the next.'

'It must be such a trifle to the rich, that if you only let them know you are going away, they will pay you.'

'It is because it is such a trifle to them, I suppose,' said the woman, 'that they cannot understand how important it is to us. Somehow or other, rich ladies never have anything they call change ; and they are very apt to say, "They will remember it," and "Another time will do as well ;" and so it is as well for them, but not for us.' Mrs Barber's heart seemed to be quite opened by Jane's sympathy, and she went on. 'Indeed, ma'am, I sometimes think that there is more kindness than justice towards the poor. The ladies are very good in getting up societies and fairs to help us, but they very often seem unwilling to pay us the full price of our labour. If they would pay us well, and give us less, it would be better for us.'

'Perhaps you are right,' said Jane, 'about paying for work ; but only think how much good has been done by fairs !'

'Yes, ma'am ; good has been done to some, and injury to others. I know of a poor woman who was born a lady, and who was reduced in her circumstances. Her health was very feeble, but still she was able to earn a living by making those curious little things they sell at fairs ; but since the ladies have taken to making them, it is hard times with her ; for she says the market is overrun.'

'The right way,' said Jane, 'would be to employ these people to work for others ; and instead of the ladies making pincushions and emery-bags, to buy them ready made, and sell them again. Then charity would operate equally among the poor ; for what one class could not make, another could, and labour would be exchanged.'

'I don't know how it ought to be settled. Perhaps it is all right as it is ; but we poor folks think we have our wrongs. For instance, ma'am, I sometimes do washing for people at boarding-houses. They will appoint me to come *about* nine o'clock in the morning to get their clothes. When I go, very likely they are not up. Then I must wait till they are—sometimes an hour or more. All this is lost time to me ; and time, to daily labourers, is money. My husband was a carpenter ; and he used to say that he gave the rich a great deal more than he got from them ; for he gave them *time*. One fine lady and another would send for him, and ask him if he could

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not put a shelf up here, or make a closet there; and after he had measured and calculated, perhaps they would come to the conclusion not to have anything done, and he had his trouble for his pains.'

'All the wrongs you have mentioned,' said Jane, 'seem to arise from want of consideration, not want of benevolence.'

'That's pretty much what I said, ma'am, at first—that now-a-days there was more kindness than justice to the poor. If I were paid for all the time I have wasted in waiting upon the rich, sometimes for clothes, sometimes for *pay*—for I often have to go two or three times before I can find a lady at home—I should be better off than I am now. To be sure it is but small sums that are due to us; but my husband used to say these ought to be paid right away, because they don't go upon interest, like larger ones.'

'How true was your remark,' said Jane, when she related the poor woman's conversation to her husband, 'that if Mrs Hart spent so much upon her pelisse, she probably had little to give away! I am sure I never shall see a very costly dress again that I shall not think of poor Martha.'

Dr Fulton's business increased with his reputation, and his reputation with his business. Now, indeed, our young couple felt happy. There is something in home that gives dignity to life. The man who can say my home and my family, and who has a pride in them, possesses the strongest influence that can operate on character. As a mother, Jane was exemplary in her duties; and as the number of her children increased, she might be truly said to share the laborious toil of the family. At first she had but one female domestic, and then Mrs Barber's little daughter was occasionally called in. Many a weary day and night did Jane cheerfully go through: sometimes she had to watch by a sick child till the morning dawn; and then came washing-day, and she must hold her infant in her arms till night came round again. The comforts of life gradually increased, though they did not lose sight of the principle with which they set out—of living within their means. The close of every year left them a small overplus, which was scrupulously invested as capital.

We fear there are few who sincerely repeat: 'Give me neither poverty nor riches.' This was the situation to which Frank had attained. Blest with health, a promising family, respected as a physician, and cherished as a friend—with the wife of his youth, the partner and lightener of his cares—it seemed as if there was little more to desire. We talk of the blessing of an amiable disposition; what is it but the serenity of a mind at peace with itself—of a mind that is contented with its own lot, and which covets not another's? They sometimes made a morning call at the houses of the rich and fashionable; but Jane looked at the splendid apartments with vacant admiration. It never for a moment entered her head that she should like such herself. She returned home to take her seat

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by the side of the cradle, to caress one child, and provide for the wants of another, with a feeling that nobody was so rich as herself.

It would be pleasant to dwell longer on this period of Dr Fulton's life. It was one of honest independence. Their pleasures were home pleasures—the purest and the most satisfactory that this world affords. We cannot but admit that they might have been elevated and increased by deeper and more fervent principle. Nature had been bountiful in giving them kind and gentle dispositions and generous emotions; but the bark, with its swelling sails and gay streamers, that moves so gallantly over the rippling waters, struggles feebly against the rushing wind and foaming wave. Prosperous as Frank might be considered, he had attained no success beyond what every industrious, capable young man may attain, who, from his first setting out in life, scrupulously limits his expenses within his means. No one could appreciate the amiable qualities of Dr Fulton more highly than *poor, rich* Mr Harrington, who had been laughed at by his enemies, scolded by his friends, blistered by one physician, dieted by a second, and steamed by a third, till he was an epitome of human hypochondriacism. Frank soon saw that his case was an incurable one, and sought only to soothe and alleviate his sufferings. Perhaps Mr Harrington learned to appreciate some of the blessings of his own affluence, by witnessing the exertions that Frank and Jane were obliged to make. At anyrate he entertained much respect and regard for them, and was often heard to say that there was more happiness in their 'little bird's-nest' than in a palace. At length, worn out by nervous disease, his emaciated frame found refuge in its mother earth, and he quietly slept with his fathers. After his death, it was found that he had bequeathed to Dr and Mrs Fulton, 'as a mark of his regard,' five thousand dollars. This sum was immediately invested as capital, and both resolutely declared that they would consider the principal a sacred deposit, and not encroach upon it.

We have alluded to the increase of their family. The 'little bird's-nest' had become quite too small for the number of its inhabitants. Before Mr Harrington's legacy, they had determined to take another house. Perhaps the bequest might influence them in getting one in a more agreeable part of the city, though they only gave as a reason the health and advantage of their children.

LIVING UP TO THE MEANS.

Dr Fulton and his amiable wife, whom we have described as rising by slow but sure degrees to a state of comfort and respectability in the city of New York, were now placed in that happy medium condition in which it has been acknowledged the greatest earthly enjoyment consists. Had they foreseen their present degree of

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affluence when they first set out in life, they would have considered it little less than a miracle. But, like everything else that is gradually attained, it now excited no wonder in their minds. There was still a striking simplicity in Jane's manners and appearance, a consciousness of happiness, and a refinement of feeling, that intercourse with the world too often blunts. When her children were fairly in bed, and the domestic duties of the day over—when her husband laid aside his day-book and ledger—when the fire burned bright, and her little work-table stood by her side—when Frank ventured to pull off his boots, and lay half-reclined on the sofa—then came the hour of conversation. Then Jane loved to talk over the past and the present, and sum up their stores of happiness. Sometimes she requested her husband to read aloud; but he never got through a page without her interrupting him, to point out something congenial, or something in contrast with their situation; and the book was soon thrown aside, as far less interesting than their own conversation. 'I do positively believe,' said Jane, 'we are the happiest people in the world. I can say with truth that I have scarcely a wish ungratified. I am sure I envy nobody.'

'Yes, we are happy,' said Frank. 'Our condition is not what it once was. You remember when I paid our first quarter's rent that I had but three-and-ninepence in my pocket to pay the second.'

It was by reminiscences like these that their present enjoyment was heightened. Uncle Joshua often called on his young relatives; but their removal had increased the distance, and he began to feel the infirmities of advancing life. Jane had observed that he often pressed his hand upon his heart; and to her inquiries, he said: 'A pain—but it is gone.'

The house they rented was larger than they thought necessary; yet, as the rent was reasonable, and the situation good, they concluded it was best to take it. The whole of it need not be furnished. A large room might be left for the children's play-room, and another over it for a store-room. A little experience, however, convinced them that they wanted all of it; and, as Jane said, 'they could furnish these two rooms from the interest of their legacy.' They soon found that the size of the house required an additional domestic. Indeed, they seemed to have attained new importance by its size and situation. Mrs Hart, on this occasion, acknowledged Jane as an acquaintance, and made a morning visit, sporting her camel-hair shawl, which, to use her own phrase, 'looked still fresh and lovely.' She had never remembered to reimburse Jane for her subscription.

It was really astonishing how fast the Fultons became known. People in the first society, as it is termed, began to ask who they were. Those who called, professed themselves delighted with Jane's 'sweet, humble manner,' and determined to 'patronise her.' As yet, however, they had only reached the magic circle of genteel

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society; they had not stepped over it. ⁴ They had no heart-burnings when their opposite neighbour gave a splendid ball, and did not invite them; and yet Jane said: 'On her children's account, she was glad to have a different circle of *friends* from what she formerly had.'

Poor Jane! The enemy had begun to sow his tares, and pride and ambition were springing up in her heart. Dr Fulton undoubtedly derived some advantage from their change of residence; and while Jane exulted for her children, he exulted for his profession: his patients were more able to pay, and he began to be employed by the opulent. Mr Bradish, with his millions, had the good fortune, for Frank, to be taken dangerously ill of a fever when Dr R—— was absent, and Dr Fulton was sent for. From this time he became one of their family physicians.

With all this increase of consequence, their habits were much the same. The happiness and improvement of the children was the great object. If they were extravagant, it was in schools. Even Mr Bradish could not be more particular than Dr Fulton in the excellence of the schools to which he sent his children. Accordingly, they were sent to those which had the highest reputation—as their improvement was the first wish of their parents. The neighbourhood into which they had moved was a fashionable one; and our city has not yet attained the happy eminence of not knowing who lives in the same mass of buildings with us. Most of these left a card; and now and then a wandering invitation reached them for a ball; but it was subject to no discussion. Frank wrote a regret when a leisure moment came, for Jane was little in the habit of using her pen; and to those who are not, even answering a note is a work of magnitude. Their next-door neighbours were the Reeds; and Mrs Reed and Jane soon became familiar friends. It was the first really stylish family into which Jane had become initiated. It certainly opened a new world to her. She saw forms and ceremonies used of which she had no conception. She learned that napkins and silver forks were essential to her dinner-table—that Mrs Reed could not use a steel fork; consequently other people could not. In these and various other things, Jane became an apt scholar; and the consequence was, that their expenses gradually increased. Yet there were luxuries for which Jane could only sigh, for she felt that they were far beyond her; for instance, Brussels carpets and pier-glasses, and, above all, a centre-lamp.

'How rich the Reeds must be!' said she one evening, when they returned from a visit they had been making there.

'You are mistaken,' said Frank; 'Mr Reed's income is but very little more than ours.'

'Not more than ours!' said Jane; 'then how can he afford to furnish his house so elegantly?'

'I protest I don't know,' said Frank; 'but he says his wife is an

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excellent manager. I wish, Jane, you would find out how they contrive the matter, and perhaps we can take a leaf out of their book.'

Mrs Reed had all the little vanity of being able to make a show on small means; and when Jane humbly asked advice and direction, willingly granted it. 'In the first place,' said she, 'I set it down as a rule, from the first, that the only way we could get forward in the world was to live in genteel style, and put the best foot foremost. You would be astonished, between ourselves, to know how little we have to spend; but then I have a great deal of contrivance. What wages do you give your servants?' To Jane's information she replied: 'You give too much. By the by, I can recommend an excellent seamstress to you, who will sew for twelve cents a day. But, my dear Mrs Fulton, you must not wear that shabby bonnet; and, excuse me, you do want a new pelisse tremendously. It really is not doing justice to your husband, when he has such a run of business, and such a handsome income, to dress in this manner.'

'I do not know how it is,' said Jane; 'but we spend a great deal more than we used to do; we send our children to expensive schools.'

'That is entirely a mistake. I don't send mine to any; it is my system. They get such vulgar habits associating with the lower classes! I educate them myself.'

'But do they learn as well as at school?'

'How can a woman of your sense ask that question? As if a mother could not teach her children better than strangers! Take my advice, and save all the money you are paying for them; it is just throwing it away. Educate them yourself. Rousseau approves of it.'

Though Jane did not entirely adopt Mrs Reed's ideas, she thought, with her, that they were paying an enormous sum for schools; and both she and Frank agreed, as demands for money increased, that they might just as well go to cheaper schools. The penalties of living beyond the means most generally fall upon the children of the family; not that parents love them less than other appurtenances, but because deficiencies here are more easily kept out of sight. We speak not of dress or food, but of education.

Many declaim on the expense of schools, who forget that teachers are qualified by devoting the best part of their lives to the subject; that the education of children cannot be taken up all at once merely for a living; but that, to be successful, it must be founded upon higher and nobler motives, and deserves a compensation equivalent to the preparation and importance of the object. Mrs Reed thought otherwise when she found how little trouble it was to educate her children, with a girl hired for an assistant. Those who saw not the interior, spoke of her as a most wonderful woman.

Perhaps there is no class of men less liable to extravagance than physicians. Their gains are slow and laborious, and they toil for

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daily bread from hour to hour. No large sum comes in, like a lawyer's fee, for a few words of advice; and no lucky speculations in coffee, indigo, or cotton, raise them, like merchants, from moderate means to sudden affluence. But the seeds of luxury and extravagance may be scattered everywhere; and even the very security that Frank felt in his profession and in his own moderate desires, had perhaps made him less vigilant.

Though Jane did not entirely trust to Mrs Reed's opinions as to teachers and schools, on many other subjects she yielded implicit deference. The consequence was, that, from a simple-dressed woman, she soon became a fashionable lady, bonneted and blonDED in the extreme of fashion, and, even to her own surprise, a fine stylish-looking woman. Frank, who had hitherto only appreciated his wife's virtues and amiable qualities, began now to pride himself on her elegance. The moment this sort of pride takes possession of a husband, he delights to hang his idol with finery and trinkets. How much of honest, faithful affection and esteem mingles with this tribute, depends on the character; in the present instance there was an uncommon degree of affection. For many years they had been all the world to each other—had struggled through a degree of penury—had enjoyed comparative affluence meekly and thankfully—and even now, Jane sometimes doubted whether their enlarged income had increased their happiness. She still, however, continued her charities; and one day, when she applied to her husband for a sum to give away, was surprised when he replied: 'Really, Jane, I cannot afford such a donation.'

'Not afford it!' exclaimed she; 'why, it is no more than we have given for several years.'

'But our expenses have greatly increased.'

'And so has our income,' said Jane triumphantly. Frank looked thoughtful, and shook his head. 'Well,' said Jane cheerfully, 'we have been talking about getting a centre-table; now suppose we give that up, and devote the money to charity?'

'As you please,' said Frank coldly.

Jane was silent for a moment, and then said: 'No, dear; it is not as I please, but as you please.'

'A centre-table was your own proposal,' said Frank.

'I know it; but I should not have thought of it if Mrs Reed had not said it was necessary.'

'Mrs Reed seems to have become your oracle, with all her folly. Then it was only because she said so that we were to have a centre-table?'

'No, Frank; not entirely. I thought it would be very convenient; and then it gives a room such a sociable look; besides, as we had a centre-lamp'—

'I don't see how that helps your argument; the table doesn't hang to the lamp, does it?'

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'No; and I begin to think it is of no consequence. Indeed I should never have thought of it, if it had not been for Mrs Reed.'

'Mrs Reed again !' exclaimed Frank peevishly. 'I really think that woman's acquaintance is a curse.' Jane made no reply, but her eyes filled with tears. 'Since you are so unwilling to give up either the centre-table or your donation, you shall have both,' said Frank; 'so pray go and select one with your friend.'

'Can you think me so unreasonable?' replied Jane. There was a pathos in her voice that restored her husband to his good-nature.

Frank had set Jane a task beyond her strength. The centre-table was purchased, and then an elegant centre-vase. Mrs Reed was not the only fashionable lady that had taken up Jane. There was Mrs. Bradish, whose husband was said to be worth a million, and who had a right to spend what she pleased. Nothing could be more flattering than her attentions. It would seem as if wealth diffused some of its golden glare among the onlookers; else why is so much deference paid to it? In vain we say, philosophically, it is dross; or, experimentally, it benefits not us. Still, the rich have their humble imitators, and mammon its worshippers. Frank became the companion of the wealthy; and it was necessary that he should not disgrace his intimates by a penurious style of living. He and Jane were invited to dinners and soirées. Such constant invitations must be returned, and they began to give entertainments. Hitherto, the little Misses Fulton had kept their seats at the dinner-table; but their dinner was at a most inconvenient hour to accommodate them. It interfered with morning calls; and it was determined the children should dine wholly in the nursery.

Jane thought it a singular piece of good fortune that she should be taken up by three such friends as Mrs Reed, Mrs Bradish, and Mrs Hart. The first knew everything and everybody; the second was rich enough to make ducks and drakes of her money; and the last was the mirror of fashion and dress. It might be rationally asked, what benefit she derived from this triple alliance. But it was a question she never asked herself. With all this, however, she was obliged unwillingly to feel that neither her happiness nor her comfort was increased.

As the appearance of property had become necessary, economy must be practised somewhere, to bring out the year. This of course fell upon the interior. Jane had been in the habit of superintending her own affairs, and seeing that nothing was wasted, and nothing used superfluously. This system, while it extended to each and to all, was cheerfully received; but when the domestics found that the luxuries of the kitchen were not proportionate to the parlour, they became discontented, and left the family. Those mistresses who have ever experienced the harassing labour of keeping up a showy appearance in the parlour, with strict economy in the kitchen, will sympathise with poor Jane in her arduous task. Sometimes she

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looked back with a sigh to her first experiment in housekeeping—when, with her woman of all work, and Martha's little girl, everything went smoothly on in harmony and confidence. But this was a trifle compared to the apparent change in her husband's temper. From frank-hearted, open confidence in all around him, he began to be tenacious of civility; thought such a one looked coldly; it must be because they had not returned their call, or some other reason as important. Then he sometimes repeated his jests, which Jane felt were sarcasms.

'How long it is,' said Jane one morning, 'since Uncle Joshua has been here!'

'I suppose,' said Frank, 'he feels an awkwardness on account of our different rank in life.'

'O no; that is wholly unlike him. Suppose we send and ask him to dine to-day?'

'Not to-day. I have invited Professor R—— and Dr B——. You know they are both intellectual men. He would not enjoy his dinner.'

'Besides,' said Jane, 'when he comes, we must let all the children dine at the table. We will ask him to-morrow, and appoint dinner at two.'

'With all my heart,' said Frank, as he went out to pay a visit to the market, followed by his servant with the market-basket.

Jane began her preparations for dinner. Her constant change of servants, and increasing trouble with them, often made this an arduous task. She was soon in the midst of glass and china; and, assisted by her chambermaid, began to lay the table. They had got it nearly completed, with its plates, wine-glasses, and tumblers all in a row, when she was alarmed by a loud ringing at the door. The chambermaid was despatched, with strict injunctions to let nobody in, but say she was not at home. There was evidently a parley, and the step of a person was heard approaching. With a sudden feeling of mortification at being caught, Jane rushed into the closet, and closed the door. The sound of Uncle Joshua's voice struck her ear as he entered.

'Are you sure she is not at home?' said he to the girl.

'O yes, sir; quite sure. I saw her put on her things and go out.'

'How long has she been gone?'

'Fully an hour,' said the girl; who, as these kind of people often do, overacted her part.

'Then, probably, she will be back soon, and I will wait for her.'

'O no, sir; she said she would not be back till near dinner-time.'

'Why, you look as if you were going to have a company of aldermen to dine.'

The girl answered in a simpering tone: 'No, sir; only two or three friends.'

Jane, during this conversation, felt a consternation that disabled

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her from acting judiciously—which would have been to have come out from her hiding-place, and tell the simple truth. But she knew her uncle's straightforward mind, and she was sure he would not make the distinction which custom and fashion warrant—of not at home, as meaning engaged. The girl, too, had so positively implicated her in a falsehood, had shewn so completely that she understood no qualification, that Jane felt the utmost horror at being detected. She actually looked out of the window, to see if there was no possibility of escape. In the meantime Uncle Joshua laid down his hat and cane, seated himself by the open window, and asked for a glass of water.

Jane at length came to the conclusion that she had better remain perfectly quiet; that his calls were never very long; and she would send for him the next day, and should escape all unpleasant feeling. To her dismay, however, she presently heard him call for the morning's paper. She knew he was one of those inveterate newspaper readers that go through the whole, and she tried to be resigned to at least an hour's imprisonment. Alas, what a situation! The dinner at a stand, the marketing would be back, and ducks and geese in waiting! At length, however, Uncle Joshua got to the end of the everlasting newspaper; and, as he folded it up, told the girl, who had entered the room every five minutes, to say to his niece that 'he was sorry not to see her, but could not wait any longer.' Then turning suddenly upon the closet door, he grasped the handle.

'Sir, sir!' exclaimed the girl, 'that is the wrong door.' It was too late. He had turned the lock, and the door came open! There stood Jane in one corner, not pale as a lily, but the colour of a full-blown peony. His surprise for a moment was extreme. But he was not slow of comprehension; and the truth rushed upon him greatly exaggerated; for he believed it was a contrivance to avoid seeing him. He stood silent, with his eye fixed upon her.

'Dear uncle,' said she, 'I thought it was a stranger. I did not know it was you when I ran into the closet.'

'Silence!' said he; 'no more falsehoods.—Begone!' turning to the chambermaid. 'And you have taught that poor, ignorant girl to peril her soul by falsehoods! Jane, Jane, I have loved you like my own child, but I shall trouble you no more. You shall not be obliged to send word to your old uncle that you are not at home.' And he turned to go.

'You must not go, my dear, dear uncle,' said Jane, throwing her arms round him. 'You must hear my explanation.'

'I tell you I will not be the cause of any more falsehoods.'

'And you will give me up? Your sister's only child, who was left an orphan to your care—whom you have carried in your arms—whom you have held upon your knee—whom you have cherished in your bosom, when there was no other bosom to receive her!'

'Then,' said the old man in a faltering voice—'then you were my

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comfort, my own true-hearted Jane. Then I had nothing but you to love; and now I have nothing—nothing.' And he threw himself upon a chair, and put his handkerchief to his eyes.

'My dear uncle, only hear me. I told the girl to say that I was not at home if *anybody* called.'

'And yet you were at home!' said he indignantly.

'But everybody says so; it is not any falsehood. It only means they are not at home to company. It is understood.'

'Understood they are hid in the closet!' His anger evidently began to yield, for he laughed out. 'O Jane, what a ridiculous figure you cut when I stumbled upon the wrong door! I am glad I did it; it is a good lesson for you.'

'It is indeed, uncle. I promise you I will never say I am not at home again when I am.'

'Cooped up,' continued he, again laughing, 'in one corner, like a mouse in a cheese; and there you had been shut up a whole hour, like a naughty child.'

'I shall blush to think of it as long as I live.'

'And so you ought—to tell a downright falsehood.'

'Dear uncle, nobody calls it a falsehood; it only means you are very busy, and cannot see company.'

'Then why not say so at once? But the girl said you were out; that you would not be home till near dinner.'

'That was entirely her own addition. She had no right to say so; she was not told to say anything but that I was not at home.'

'You allow, then, that she told an untruth?'

'Certainly I do.'

'Now tell me, Jane, if you think she thought it more of an untruth to say you were out, than that you were not at home? It is all the same thing.'

Jane found it was in vain to try to convince her uncle; and she only hung upon him, and begged of him to love her as he used to do. The old man could not long retain his resentment, and he said with a serious air: 'I willingly forgive you for your offence to me; but I am no priest: I cannot forgive your telling a falsehood. You must ask pardon of a higher Power.'

When he made a motion to go, Jane entreated him to stay to dinner. 'It is such a long walk,' said she; 'you must not go. We were going to send for you to-morrow. I shall not think you have forgiven me if you refuse.'

Uncle Joshua at length consented, and she felt as if a load were taken from her heart—for she loved him affectionately. She carried him into another room, got him all the newspapers she could collect, and went cheerfully on with her preparations. When Frank returned, he expressed his pleasure at seeing Uncle Joshua; for however unfashionable and inelegant he might deem him, he could not refuse him his tribute of respect. The guests were men of good sense and

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intelligence ; they were struck with the independence and originality of Uncle Joshua's character. He conversed without timidity or affectation, and felt no mortification at not knowing what never came within the sphere of his observation. All this Jane would have highly enjoyed, could she have spared any time from her dinner. The servant was a raw country lad, who required being told when to take a plate and where to put one. The boiled turkey was underdone, and the ducks overdone ; the oyster-sauce spoiled before it reached the table ; and by the time dinner was over, she looked as red as if she had been cooking it herself. When Jane rose to leave the table, her uncle said he would go with her to see the children. They repaired to the nursery, and found them with empty plates, greased to the ears, loudly vociferating for Sally, the chamber-maid, who was assisting below, to bring them more dinner. Jane at last succeeded in quieting them, and told her uncle that the nursery-maid left them the day before. The Misses Fulton, with one voice, said : ' Hurrah ! it was a good day for them ; for she was so cross, they hated her.' After Uncle Joshua had made his visit to them, he said : ' Now, Jane, I want to see you alone.' Jane led the way with fearful misgivings, for she saw a shade of melancholy on his countenance. ' My dear,' said he, ' sit down by me, and take everything kindly as I mean it. You know I first opposed your marriage, because I thought your husband could not make enough to support you ; but afterwards I saw I was mistaken. I saw you not only comfortable, but possessing all that seemed necessary ; for then you were moderate in your desires and expenses. I have since felt misgivings when I saw you increasing your manner of living. But I said, they know best their own means, and I believed that you were at least happier ; but indeed, Jane, I must say I find it otherwise. When I last dined with you, your dinner was simple, and well cooked ; your little, smiling children round you, well behaved, and patiently waiting for their turn to be helped. How was it to-day ? A costly and more than abundant dinner spoiled in the cooking ; a change of plates, knives, and forks, with difficulty to be procured ; the children shut up in a chamber, noisy and half-fed ; and their mother looking feverish, anxious, and unhappy, and unable to attend to the conversation at the table, hardly to give answers to her guests, so necessarily was she engrossed with the dinner.'

' O uncle, what a picture !'

' I daresay, Jane, you want to tell me everybody does so ; but I know better than that. It is very well for people to live in what is called style, if they have all things in agreement—if they can afford to have the best of attendance, of cooks, &c. ; but there is no gentility in doing things by halves.'

' Indeed, uncle,' said Jane, rallying her spirits, ' we were very unfortunate to-day. Our servants are all bad. I hope to get better ; and I have a very good nursery-governess engaged.'

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'A nursery-governess! Take care of your children yourself; don't make them over to a governess; and let them have their seats at your table. I feel indignation when I see these little men and women turned over to servants. And now, Jane, I know I have made this day an uncomfortable one for you; and God knows it has been so for me. I should be sorry if I had not meant, by all my advice, to do you the greatest kindness I have ever done you yet; and I close with one remark—that no style of living is good, or, to use your own phrase, genteel, that is not thorough, consistent, and well carried through. God bless you!' And he hurried away.

A tribute of tears followed his departure. In the midst of them, Frank entered. His friends had taken their leave.

'What is the matter, Jane?' said he. 'Oh, I understand; Uncle Joshua has been reading you a lecture upon extravagance. I suppose he never saw such a dinner! He knows nothing of fashionable life; and I daresay he thinks we are on the road to ruin. Come, tell me what he said about it.'

'He said,' replied Jane sobbing, 'it was badly served and badly cooked.'

Frank looked rather crest-fallen. 'Extremely polite, I must confess.'

'It was all true,' said Jane. 'I am mortified about it.'

'Never mind,' said Frank; 'I told them what wretched servants we had.'

From this time Uncle Joshua's visits were less and less frequent; and even Jane began to think that it was hardly worth while for him to take the trouble of coming.

When the year was drawing to a close, Frank found, with some dismay, that instead of adding to his little capital, it was with difficulty that he could get through without diminishing it. This conviction harassed him, and he began to be anxious about the future. He could not conceal from himself that his business had decreased, probably by inattention. Still, Jane was his confidante, and to her he communicated his anxieties. She proposed that they should retrench their expenses. But, after various calculations, there seemed to be nothing they could give up, except what was too *trifling* to make any difference. As if domestic economy did not consist in trifles!

'At anyrate,' said Jane one day, with some twinges of conscience, 'we have made out much better than we had any right to expect, considering we had nothing to begin with. We have, till this year, always lived within our means.'

We must take great pains to shut our eyes upon truth. There is a radiance about it that makes the outline of its form perceptible, even amongst the clouds of dust and rubbish that are sometimes heaped upon it. Error does not so often arise from ignorance of

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truth, as unwillingness to receive it. Many a wandering thought had entered both Dr and Mrs Fulton's minds, that they were departing from the principle on which they first set out—of limiting their desires to their means. But they consoled themselves with the idea that the Reeds, and twenty others, lived more expensively than they did, with no larger income; therefore it was all right and proper.

When Dr Fulton closed his account for the year, his expenses exactly met his income.

LIVING BEYOND THE MEANS.

A new era now opens on the married life of Frank Fulton and his wife. The first period of economical living **WITHIN THEIR MEANS** had been for some time past; so also had the second, during which they had lived **UP TO THEIR MEANS**; and we now find them, with a greatly increased family, living in a lesser or greater degree **BEYOND THEIR MEANS**. The various acts in this drama of real life had been quite progressive. There had been a gradual rise, little by little, from a condition of comparative poverty to one of considerable opulence. There had been no violent movement forward; all had been easy, and apparently the result of ordinary circumstances. Frank's professional engagements had greatly increased; he was now employed as a physician by families of the first consequence, and was enabled to live in a style of elegance which he at one period could not possibly have anticipated. Now was the time, then, when he was reaping the reward of his skill and perseverance, and when, without any difficulty, he might have realised such a competence as the prudent under such circumstances would by all means have secured. Whether he did so or not, we shall immediately learn.

Mrs Fulton, during the rise in her husband's circumstances, acted as many women do in like situations. She yielded to the pleasing current of prosperity, and considered that to be a fine lady was incompatible with being an attentive mother. Involving herself in an extensive circle of acquaintance, hardly one of whom cared anything at all about her, she was incessantly occupied in the most frivolous amusements and visitings; and instead of staying at home to bestow a motherly regard on her children, now grown up, and requiring more attention than ever, she was never so happy as when engaged in exchanging smiles and bows, and trifling words of course, with the class of friends with whom she had become involved. All was sunshine, gladness, and smiles abroad; while at home, the house was left very much to itself, or went on under the supreme government of servants. Could all this last? We shall see.

In the midst of Frank's heedless career, he bought a large and

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magnificent mansion. It stood next door to that of one of the best friends of the family, Mr Bradish, and was hence in a particularly fashionable quarter of the city. What a dear, delightful idea! How we shall be envied! Such were the feelings of Dr and Mrs Fulton as they prepared for the occupation of their new abode. As it was a thing for a considerable period, it was worth while to strain every nerve to furnish and lay it out in the best manner. Mrs Bradish had very kindly dropped a hint that, when a ball was given by either family, a door might be cut through, and both houses thrown into one. It became, therefore, almost indispensable that one house should be furnished nearly as elegantly as the other. The same cabinetmaker and upholsterer was employed; and when completed, it certainly was not much inferior to Mr Bradish's.

Jane was not behind Mrs Bradish in costume or figure. Every morning, at the hour for calls, she was elegantly attired for visitors. Many came from curiosity. Mrs Hart congratulated her dear friend on seeing her moving in a sphere for which it was evident nature intended her. Mrs Reed cautioned her against any false shame, that might remind one of former times. Others admired her furniture and arrangements without any sly allusions. On one of these galamornings Uncle Joshua was ushered into the room. Jane was fortunately alone, and she went forward and offered two fingers with a cordial air, but whispered to the servant: 'If any one else called while he was there, to say she was engaged.' She had scrupulously observed her promise, of never sending word she was not at home. There was a mock kind of deference in his air and manner that embarrassed Jane.

'So,' said he, looking round him, 'we have a palace here!'

'The house we were in was quite too small, now that our children are growing so large,' replied Jane.

'They must be greatly beyond the common size,' said Uncle Joshua, 'if that house could not hold them.'

'It was a very inconvenient one; and we thought, as it was a monstrous rent, that it would be better to take another. Then, after we had bought this, it certainly was best to furnish it comfortably, as it was for life.'

'Is it paid for?' asked Uncle Joshua drily.

Jane hesitated. This was a point she was not exactly versed in. 'Paid for!' she replied; 'why, of course—that is'—

'Oh, very well,' answered the old man; 'I am glad to hear it; otherwise I should doubt if it is taken for life.'

Jane was silent for a moment. She felt abashed; but at length said, in as soothing a tone as possible: 'You do not know, dear uncle, that Frank has been very successful in some speculations lately. He does not now altogether depend on his profession for a living; indeed he thinks it his duty to live as other people do, and place his wife and children upon an equality with others.'

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'And what do you call an equality—living as luxuriously, and wasting as much time, as they do?—dwelling in as costly apartments, and forgetting there is any other world than this? When you were left to my care, and your dear mother was gone from us, how often I lamented that I could not supply her place—that I could not better talk to you of another world, to which she had gone; but then, Jane, I comforted myself that I knew something of the duties that belonged to this world, and that, if I faithfully instructed you in these, I should be preparing you for another. When I saw you growing up dutiful and humble, charitable and self-denying, sincere, and a conscientious disciple of truth, then I felt satisfied that all was well. But I begin now to fear that it was a short-sighted kind of instruction—that it had not power enough to enable us to hold fast to what is right. I begin now to see that we must have motives that do not depend on the praise or censure of this world—motives that must have nothing to do with it.' And so saying, he hurriedly took his leave, and departed.

Jane's feelings immediately after this interview with her venerable relative were anything but agreeable. She could impose upon others, but not upon herself. Frank, on returning home, found her more dull than usual; and upon being informed of the cause, remarked, that 'really Uncle Joshua was becoming a very tiresome old man—always croaking about something.' This, however, did not pacify Jane's conscience. 'I might,' thought she, 'have sent him home in the carriage, or persuaded him to stay and dine, and he would have recovered from his fatigue. I did, however, as I thought was best, and that is all we *can do*. We can only do as seems to us right for the present.'

How many deceive themselves with this opiate! The indolent, the selfish, and the worldly, lay this flattering unction to their consciences, as if doing what seems to us right for the present did not require reflection, judgment, and often all the self-denying as well as energetic qualities of our nature.

That evening Jane was engaged at a large party. She was still young and handsome, and, surrounded by the gay and frivolous, she danced quadrilles and cotillons, and returned at one o'clock. As they entered the door on their return, one of the women met them, and told Frank that there had been a message from Uncle Joshua, requesting him to come immediately to see him, as he was very sick.

Jane was alarmed. 'His walk was too much for him, I am afraid,' she exclaimed.

Frank looked at his watch. 'Half-past one! Do you think I had better go?'

'O certainly. I will go with you.'

'Nonsense! With that dress?' Jane was resolute, and Frank ceased to oppose her. They drove through the unfashionable parts

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of the town, stopped at Uncle Joshua's little green door, and knocked softly. A strange woman came to the door.

'How is my uncle?' said Jane.

'He is dead!' said the woman in an indifferent tone. They rushed in. It was true. The old man lay motionless—his features retaining the first benign expression of death. With what agony did Jane lean over him, and press with her parched lips his cold forehead!

'My more than uncle—my father!' she exclaimed, while torrents of tears fell from her eyes. Then recollecting the scene of the day before, she felt as if she was his murderer. 'Tell me,' said she, 'how it all happened? Did he live to get home? Tell me the worst, while I have power to hear it. My poor, dear uncle! But yesterday I could have folded my arms around you, and you would have smiled upon me, and loved me; but I was ungrateful and cold-hearted, and I let you go. O that I could buy back those precious moments!—that yesterday would again return!'

Frank strove to soothe her grief. But she constantly recurred to his long walk, which a word of hers might have prevented. They found, upon inquiry, that his death was without warning. He had returned home, and passed the afternoon as usual. In the evening, at about nine, he complained of a pain at his heart, and desired Dr Fulton might be sent for. Before the message could have reached him, his breath had departed. 'You see, Jane,' said Frank, 'that if I had been at home, it would have been too late.'

But what reasoning can stifle self-reproach? Jane would have given worlds to have recalled the last few years of worldly engrossment and alienation towards her uncle. But now it was all too late. He was insensible alike to her indifference or her affection. That sorrow which is excited merely by circumstances soon passes away; but there is a deep and holy grief, that raises and sublimates the character after its bitterness is gone. It is health and strength to the mind. It were to be wished that Jane's had been of this nature; but it was made up of sensation.

When Uncle Joshua's will was opened, it was found that the little property he left was secured to Jane's children, with this clause: 'At present, it does not appear that my beloved niece wants any part of it. But if, by any change of circumstances—and life is full of change—she should require assistance, she is to receive the annual income of the whole, quarterly, during her life.' He had appointed as executor and guardian of his will Samuel Watson, a respectable mechanic in his own walk of life.

'After all,' said Frank with an ironical air, 'I don't see, Jane, but you turn out an heiress.'

'My dear uncle,' returned she in a faltering voice, 'has left us all he had. I am unworthy of his kindness.'

'For Heaven's sake, Jane, don't keep for ever harping upon that

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string. What could you have done more? You say you asked him to come and live with us?

'Yes; but now I feel how much more daily and constant attention would have been to him, than any such displays that I occasionally made. I earnestly hope he did not perceive my neglect.'

There are no lessons of kindness and good-will that come so home to the heart as those which are enforced by sudden death. Who has ever lost a beloved friend, that would not give worlds for one hour of the intercourse for ever gone—one hour to pour forth the swelling affection of the heart, to make atonement for errors and mistakes, to solicit forgiveness, to become perfect in self-sacrifice and disinterested devotion? This is one of the wise and evident uses of sudden death—that we may so live with our friends, that come when and how it will, we may not add to the grievous loss the self-reproach of unkindness or neglected duties.

Jane's heart was bleeding under a feeling of remorse; it wanted soothing and kindness; but Frank seemed vexed and out of humour. 'There could not,' he said, 'be anything more consistent with Uncle Joshua's narrow views than his last will and testament. To make such a man as Samuel Watson his executor and trustee for *my* children!'

'He was his particular friend; and I have often heard my uncle say he was "honesty and uprightness to the backbone,"' replied Jane.

'Yes; I know that was a chosen expression of the old gentleman's. However, thank fortune! I need have no association with him. If he had left the property to my care, who am the natural guardian of my children, I could have made something handsome of it by the time they wanted it; but he has so completely tied it up, that it will never get much beyond the paltry sum it is now.'

Samuel Watson, the guardian and executor, was a man much resembling Uncle Joshua in the honest good sense of his character; but he was a husband and a father. His sympathies had been called forth by these strong ties, and by the faithful affection of an excellent wife. They had lived to bury all their children but one, and that one seemed to exist only as a link between this world and another. He had been from infancy an invalid. They had hung over him, with prayers and anguish, through many a year of sickness, spending upon him a watchfulness and anxiety that the other two children did not seem to demand, for they were strong in health and activity. The blooming and beautiful had been called in the dawn of life, and the invalid still lingered on. But that health which had been denied to his material structure, seemed doubly bestowed on his mind. He was no longer the feeble object of his mother's solicitude; he was her friend—her counsellor. By degrees he obtained the influence of superior virtue over every one around him; and, from his couch of sickness and pain, afforded a striking proof that there is no

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situation in life which may not shew forth the goodness and power of the Creator. Such were the friends that Uncle Joshua meant to secure to Jane and her children.

The morning that Mr and Mrs Watson came to pay Mrs Fulton a visit, they found her in a becoming mourning dress, every curl and every fold in place. But their own feelings of kindness supplied the want of hers, and aroused something like sympathy in her mind. 'We must be friends,' said Mr Watson as he shook her hand with cordiality, 'or we shall not fulfil the last request of our excellent friend. You must fix on an afternoon to pass with us, and bring all your children.' Jane could not refuse, and the day was appointed; and as Mrs Watson left the room, she said: 'Don't make it later than four.'

'Impossible,' said Frank. 'Go at four! What Goths and Vandals! You will expire before you can get away. I will call and pass half an hour after tea, and I hope this will finish off the intercourse for a year at least. By the by, Jane, put down the day of the month, and next year we will return the invitation the same day.'

When the afternoon arrived, a new obstacle presented itself. Elinor, the eldest daughter, who had attained her sixteenth year, and was to *come out* the next winter, had her engagements and pursuits; and learned, with a feeling of disappointment, that a long afternoon was to be spent in a scene of domestic dulness and ennui. The sacrifice, however, was to be made; and, with a naturally amiable disposition, and much energy of character, she determined it should be made cheerfully; with a secret hope, however, that they should not see the sick young man.

The sick young man was the first to receive them—to welcome them, with a gay and cheerful expression, to his father's house. Mrs Watson lost at home all the constraint of forms, to which she was unused. She was kind, maternal, and affectionate. The table was loaded with prints, and works of fancy and taste. Everything was refined, and in good keeping; and, to the astonishment of the Fultons, Oliver, in fashionable phrase, was 'the life of the party.' Instead of allusions to his feeble health, and a list of his infirmities, which the visitors had anticipated, not a word was hinted on the subject. A new treat was prepared for the evening—his electrical machine, with its curious experiments; his magic lantern, with its grave and gay scenes, its passing characters, so true a picture of human life. When the carriage came to convey Elinor to the cotillon party, strange as it may seem, she preferred staying the evening, and the carriage was dismissed.

Dr Fulton did not come. Business undoubtedly prevented him. The family returned, delighted with their visit, and perfectly convinced that, though Oliver looked sick and emaciated, and his hands were so white and almost transparent, he could not *suffer much*. Mrs Fulton said: 'Suffering was not only marked upon the

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countenance, but it destroyed the force and resolution of the character.' In most cases she was undoubtedly right, but in the present one she was wrong. Sickness and suffering had nerved, not destroyed, the energy of his character; and he had learned to look upon his frame as a machine, which the mind was to control.

About a year passed on after this introductory visit, and during this period Elinor frequently visited Mrs Watson's family, but was at no time accompanied either by her father or mother. Both were engaged with society which they considered more exalted and more creditable. Yet both had not exactly the same ideas of spending time and money. Each followed a separate course in some respects. Frank had wholly ceased his communications to Jane with regard to his pecuniary affairs; consequently, this mutual source of interest was gone; and as she saw no restraint laid on anything, she presumed very naturally that, as long as his business was so flourishing, it was of little consequence what they expended. Sometimes, when her benevolent feelings were interested, and she gave lavishly and injudiciously, Frank accused her of extravagance. Then came retaliation, and hints that she had always heard that with increase of means came a greater tenacity of money; for her own part she considered it as dross, if it was not circulating.

Extravagance seems to be a slight fault. In youth we are indulgent to it. We say if there must be wrong, *that* extreme is better than the opposite; we had rather see it than sordid calculation. But is this all? Does it stop here? A little reflection will convince any one that, to support extravagance, it must bring a host of allies. There must be injustice—selfishness; and the last auxiliary is fraud. Extravagance is, in truth, living beyond our honest means. It is a word used so lightly, that we almost forget its import.

The time was approaching when a very important event in the family was to take place. This was Elinor's *coming out*—a thing which the fond mother had greatly set her heart upon, and which was to be signalised by a ball of inconceivable grandeur.

'My dear Elinor,' said Mrs Fulton as they both sat at work one morning, 'your father and I have fixed upon the first evening in November for the ball. It is now the second week in October, and we shall not have much more than time to get ready. We must make out a list. Take your pen, and we will begin.'

Elinor did as her mother directed. 'The right way,' said Mrs Fulton, 'is to arrange the names alphabetically.' It was soon found, however, that this was impossible. A string of Ps or Qs, &c. obtruded. Then Mrs Fulton said: 'Streets were the best way to begin with. R Street; then go to C or E Street; and so on.' But here numbers were forgotten; and at last she thought of the Directory.

Elinor continued writing the list in silence, with her head bent over the paper. 'The next thing will be to fix upon waiters and

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entertainments. We are to have the use of Mrs Bradish's two rooms, just as she had ours last winter. But how moping you are, Elinor! I really think, as we are taking all this trouble for you, you might shew a little interest in it.'

Elinor attempted to answer; but her emotions seemed to be irrepressible, and she laid down her pen, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. 'You are not well, dear?' said her mother tenderly.

'Yes, I am,' said Elinor. 'But, mother, do you know how sick Oliver is?'

'I know he has been sick for a great many years; I believe ever since he was born.'

'But he is much more so now. The doctor says he cannot live long.'

'It will be a mercy when he is taken,' said Mrs Fulton.

'He is everything to his mother,' said Elinor in a faltering voice.

'Yes; his father and mother will feel it at first, no doubt. Have you put down the Wilkineses on the list?'

'Mother,' said Elinor solemnly, 'perhaps Oliver may die the very evening you have fixed on for the ball.'

'Well, if he should, it would be unlucky; but we cannot help it, you know.'

'They were such friends of Uncle Joshua's!' said Elinor.

'They are so out of the world, they will never know it.'

'But *we* should, mother.'

'There is nothing so unwise as to torment ourselves about possibilities. I am sure things could not happen so unlucky.'

Jane was right in one point at least. There is nothing so unwise as to trouble ourselves about possibilities. We may lay a thousand plans, waste time in revolving consequent events, even go on to imaginary conversations, and, after all, the occasion for them never occurs, and our plans are swept away like chaff before the wind.

Elinor made out the list; the cards were written and sent; and the day before the ball arrived. The young, and those who remember the days of their youth, will not be severe on Elinor that her thoughts took a brighter hue as she busied herself in the splendid preparations; or that, when her ball-dress came home, her eye sparkled with pleasure as she gazed on it. Winters of sorrow and time must pass over the young head before its germs of anticipation, of hope, and of self-complacency can be blighted.

'It is a beautiful dress,' said Mrs Fulton. 'I will just run down and see if your father has come. He was to bring your ear-rings.' Down Mrs Fulton ran.

As she approached his room, which was on the basement story, she heard loud voices. She stopped at the door; and at that moment her husband said, in a deprecating voice: 'I assure you this is only a trifling embarrassment. Wait a few days, and everything will go right.'

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'I know better,' was the ungracious reply; 'and I will wait no longer.' Jane turned away with a feeling of apprehension. Something of undefined evil took possession of her mind; and instead of returning to Elinor, she impatiently waited at the head of the stairs till the men were gone. When the door closed upon them, she again sought her husband. He was flushed and agitated.

'What do you want?' said he roughly as she entered.

'I came to see if you had got Elinor's ear-rings.'

'Don't torment me about such nonsense,' replied he; 'you worry my life out!'

Jane had caught his retaliating spirit. 'Something worries you, it is evident. Who were those men that have just gone?'

'That is my affair,' said he.

She was silent for a moment, and then affectionately exclaimed: 'My dear Frank, how can you say so? Are not your affairs and mine the same? If anything makes you unhappy, ought I not to know it?'

How true it is that a 'soft answer turneth away wrath.' He evidently felt the forbearance of his wife, and replied more gently: 'Indeed, Jane, if I had anything pleasant to tell you, I should be glad to tell it. But the truth is, it is from kindness to you that I do not speak.'

'Then there is something unpleasant to be communicated?'

'Yes; but wait till this horrid ball is over, and then I will tell you all. Here,' said he, taking a little box from his pocket; 'carry these to Elinor, and tell her—— No; tell her nothing.'

'Indeed, Frank, it is cruel in you to leave me in this state of suspense. Tell me the worst.'

'We are ruined! Now, Jane, go and finish your preparations for the ball. You would know all, and you have got it.'

What a day was this for poor Jane! Earnestly she entreated that the ball might be given up. But Frank said if anything could increase their misery, it would be making it so public; and, after seas of tears on the part of Jane, it was finally settled that everything should proceed the same.

Amidst the preparations for the evening, Mrs Fulton's depression was not observed. The only hope that remained to Frank was, that his affairs might be arranged with some degree of secrecy; and for this the ball, he conceived, was actually necessary. When the evening arrived, and Elinor came to shew herself, all equipped for her first appearance, any mother might have been proud of such a daughter, with her bright happy face, her sunny blue eyes, and a figure set off by her white satin bodice, and splendid necklace and ear-rings—the last present of her father. 'Does she not look like a queen, ma'am?' said the chambermaid, following her, and holding the light high above her head. Mrs Fulton cast upon her a look of anguish.

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The company came. Everybody congratulated Jane on the beauty and elegance of her daughter. Everybody prophesied she would be the belle of the winter. Then came the supper; and at last the visitors departed. Elinor retired to bed, full of happy dreams; and her parents were left alone.

Jane attempted to converse with her husband; but he had done the honours of the whisky-punch and champagne till he had not a clear idea left; and broken slumbers and sad thoughts followed her through the night.

The next morning came, with bitter consciousness of what was before them. Frank had not the consolation of feeling that misfortune had reduced him; he had not lost any large amount by the sudden changes to which mercantile speculations are subject. He had been extravagant in his amusements; had thrown away a great deal of money in pictures and other works of art beyond his means; had lavished not a little on horses and an equipage; but, above all, he had allowed his wife to pursue a system of reckless extravagance both in her domestic concerns and expenditure on herself and children. All the money which could be commanded had been thus expended, and, to supply the deficiency of ready money, credit had been got, and bills signed to a ruinous amount.

When the circumstances of his somewhat disgraceful insolvency became known, they formed a tale which enlivened many an evening circle and morning gossip. The sagacity of the world was truly astonishing. It was incredible how many 'had expected such a crash.' Nearly all were loud in condemning Mrs Fulton's extravagance. Among their former friends, a few appeared to sympathise, but none to take the responsibility of counselling. Yet such a one appeared; and this was Samuel Watson—Uncle Joshua's 'vulgar friend.'

It was necessary that Frank should disappear from the scene of action; and Mr Watson was indefatigable in seeing that everything was transacted in the best possible manner, and in shielding Frank's conduct from reproach, as far as that was compatible with truth. His house was an asylum for Mrs Fulton and her children till something more eligible could be thought of. Among these early friends of her uncle, Jane's former impressions revived. She remembered his kind and judicious counsel, and wondered that she could so far have strayed from it. She spoke with perfect candour to Mr and Mrs Watson, and, in return, received counsel and consolation.

Uncle Joshua's legacy was a blessed resource for Mrs Fulton and her children. His house was a home to them; and to take possession of it was retiring as completely from the circle in which she had moved, as if she had followed her husband to the western country, where he went to begin life anew, and once more put up his sign—'Dr Fulton practises gratis.'

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Elinor was at an age to feel the change that had taken place with poignancy ; but she was also at an age when the mind opens to new impressions, and when virtuous principles are easily stamped upon it. Her intercourse with the Watson family had been a real blessing. This was still left to her ; and she soon found, in constant employment, and the necessary labour of her own industry, a tranquillity that was new to her. Poor Jane !—her task was the hardest. She had much to unlearn—habits of self-indulgence, feelings of mortification, of pride, and even of envy, to struggle against.

In their dreary lot, the family had one thing to cheer them. The accounts they received from Dr Fulton and of him were on the whole encouraging ; and his wife was anxious to join him with her family. But he was wise enough to forbid it, as premature. The last letter he wrote to Elinor contained the following passages, which may appropriately conclude the narrative :

‘I begin to hope we may all again be gathered into one family, even in this world. My business is prosperous ; and I have reasonable expectations of being able, in the course of a few years, to convince my creditors that however wide I have travelled from the right course, it is not irrecoverable. I willingly submit to every privation in this blessed hope. In the meantime, I daily thank God for my domestic relations—that He has preserved to me my wife and children—has given me such a child as you have proved yourself—and taught us all that real independence consists in *living within the means.*’





THE CHILD OF ELLE, AND OTHER BALLADS.

THE CHILD OF ELLE.



N yonder hill a castle stands
 With walls and towers bedight,
 And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
 A young and lovely knight.

The Child of Elle to his garden went,
 And stood at his garden pale,
 When lo ! he beheld fair Emmeline's page
 Come tripping down the dale.

The Child of Elle he hied him hence,
 I wis he stood not still,
 And soon he met fair Emmeline's page
 Come climbing up the hill.

' Now rest ye here, thou little foot-page,
 Now rest thee here with me ;
 O tell me how does thy lady gay,
 And what may thy tidings be ?'

' My lady she is all wobegone,
 And the tears they fill her een ;
 And aye she laments the deadly feud
 Between her house and thine.

THE CHILD OF ELLE.

And here she sends thee a silken scarf,
Bedewed with many a tear,
And bids thee sometimes think on her
Who loved thee so dear.

And here she sends thee a ring of gold—
The last boon thou mayst have—
And bids thee wear it for her sake
When she is laid in grave.

For ah ! her gentle heart is broke,
And in grave soon must she be ;
Since her father hath chose her a new, new love,
And forbid her to think of thee.

Her father hath brought her a carlish knight—
Sir John of the north country ;
And within three days she must him wed,
Or he vows he will her slay.'

'Now hie thee back, thou little foot-page,
And greet thy lady from me,
And tell her that I, her own true love,
Will die, or set her free.

Now hie thee back, thou little foot-page,
And let thy fair lady know
This night will I be at her bower window,
Betide me weal or woe.'

The boy he tripped, the boy he ran,
He neither stint nor stayed
Until he came to fair Emmeline's bower,
When, kneeling down, he said :

'O lady, I've been with thy own true love,
And he greets thee well by me ;
This night will he be at thy bower window,
And die, or set thee free.'

Now day was gone, and night was come,
And all were fast asleep,
All save the Lady Emmeline,
Who sat in her bower to weep.

And soon she heard her true love's voice,
Low whispering at the wall :
'Awake, awake, my dear lady ;
'Tis I, thy true love, call

THE CHILD OF ELLE.

Awake, awake, my lady dear ;
Come, mount this fair palfrey ;
This ladder of ropes will let thee down ;
I'll carry thee hence away.'

'Now nay, now nay, thou gentle knight ;
Now nay, this may not be ;
For aye should I tint my maiden fame,
If alone I should wend with thee.'

'O lady, thou with knight so true
Mayst safely wend alone ;
To my lady mother I will thee bring,
Where marriage shall make us one.'

'My father he is a baron bold,
Of lineage proud and high ;
And what would he say if his daughter
Away with a knight should fly ?

Ah, well I wot he never would rest,
Nor his meat should do him no good,
Until he had slain thee, Child of Elle,
And seen thy dear heart's blood.'

'O lady, wert thou in saddle set,
And a little space him fro,
I would not care for thy cruel father,
Nor the worst that might befall.'

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart did rue ;
At length he seized her lily-white hand,
And down the ladder he drew ;

And thrice he clasped her to his breast,
And kissed her tenderly ;
The tears that fell from her fair eyes
Ran like the fountain free.

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,
And her on a fair palfrey,
And slung his bugle about his neck,
And roundly they rode away.

All this beheard her own damsel,
In her bed whereas she lay ;
Quoth she : 'My lord shall know of this,
So I shall have gold and fee.'

THE CHILD OF ELLE.

Awake, awake, thou baron bold !
Awake, my noble dame !
Your daughter is fled with the Child of Elle,
To do thee deed of shame.'

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
And called his merry men all :
'And come thou forth, Sir John the knight ;
Thy lady is carried to thrall.'

Fair Emmeline scarce had ridden a mile,
A mile forth of the town,
When she o'erheard her father's men
Come galloping o'er the down ;

And foremost came the carlish knight—
Sir John of the north country :
'Now stop, now stop, thou false traitor,
Nor carry that lady away ;

For she is come of high lineage,
And was of a lady born,
And ill it beseems thee, a false churl's son,
To carry her hence to scorn.'

'Now loud thou liest, Sir John the knight,
Now thou doest lie of me ;
A knight me bred, and a lady me bore ;
So never did none by thee.

But light now down, my lady fair—
Light down, and hold my steed,
While I and this discourteous knight
Do try this arduous deed.

But light now down, my dear lady—
Light down, and hold my horse,
While I and this discourteous knight
Do try our valour's force.'

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe ;
While 'twixt her love and the carlish knight
Passed many a baneful blow.

The Child of Elle he fought so well,
As his weapon he waved amain,
That soon he had slain the carlish knight,
And laid him on the plain.

THE CHILD OF ELLE.

And now the baron and all his men
Full fast approachèd nigh ;
Ah ! what may Lady Emmeline do !
'Twere now no boot to fly.

Her lover he put his horn to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill ;
And soon he saw his own merry men
Come riding o'er the hill.

' Now hold thy hand, thou bold baron ;
I pray thee hold thy hand ;
Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts
Fast knit in true love's band.

Thy daughter I have dearly loved
Full long and many a day,
But with such love as holy kirk
Hath freely said we may.

O give consent she may be mine,
And bless a faithful pair ;
My lands and livings are not small,
My house and lineage fair.

My mother she was an earl's daughter,
And a noble knight my sire.'
The baron he frowned, and turned away
With meikle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And did all trembling stand :
At length she sprang upon her knee,
And held his lifted hand.

' Pardon, my lord and father dear,
This fair young knight and me ;
Trust me, but for the carlish knight
I never had fled from thee.

Oft have you called your Emmeline
Your darling and your joy ;
O let not then your harsh resolves
Your Emmeline destroy !'

The baron he stroked his dark-brown cheek,
And turned his head aside,
To wipe away the starting tear
He proudly strove to hide.

JOCK O' THE SYDE.

In deep revolving thought he stood,
And mused a little space ;
Then raised fair Emmeline from the ground,
With many a fond embrace.

'Here, take her, Child of Elle,' he said,
And gave her lily-white hand ;
'Here, take my dear and only child,
And with her half my land.

Thy father once mine honour wronged,
In days of youthful pride ;
Do thou the injury repair,
In fondness for thy bride.

And as thou love her, and hold her dear,
Heaven prosper thee and thine.
And now my blessing wend wi' thee,
My lovely Emmeline !'

JOCK O' THE SYDE.*

NOW Liddesdale has ridden a raid,
But I wat they had better hae stayed at hame ;
For Michael o' Wingfield he is dead,
And Jock o' the Syde he is prisoner ta'en.

* Jock o' the Syde was a noted Border moss-trooper in the reign of Mary Queen of Scots. The site of his residence, the Syde, is pointed out on a heathy upland about two miles to the west of Newcastleton, in Liddesdale (the southern district of Roxburghshire) ; while Mangerton Tower, the seat of his maternal uncle, is still visible, in a ruined state, on the haugh below. The fame of Jock o' the Syde as a Border reiver seems to have reached even to the court of his sovereign at Edinburgh, as Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, in a poetical 'Complaint' which he wrote 'aganis the Thievis of Liddisdail,' thus speaks of him in particular :

He is weel kenned, Johnne of the Syde ;
A greater thief did never ryde ;
He never tyres
For to break byres ;
Owre muir and myres,
Owre gude ane guyde.

His real name was Armstrong, as was that of the Laird of Mangerton also. There is no historical certainty in the event of the ballad, though, when we consider the condition of the Border previously to the union of the crowns, there is not the least reason to doubt what is so strongly countenanced both by song and tradition. The ballad is here given directly from the *Border Minstrelsy* ; but it was originally published in a little volume, printed at Hawick in 1784 (the *Hawick Museum*), having been communicated to the proprietors of that miscellany by John Elliot, Esq. of Reidheugh, a gentleman from whom Sir Walter Scott afterwards derived many of the best ballads which went to the composition of his own excellent collection. The air to which the ballad is usually sung is of a slow and melancholy kind, full of high romantic notes and pathetic cadences.

JOCK O' THE SYDE.

For Mangerton House Lady Downie has gane ;
Her coats she has kilted up to her knee ;
And down the water wi' speed she rins,
While tears in spates fa' fast frae her ee.

Then up and spoke our guid auld lord :
'What news, what news, sister Downie, to me ?'
'Bad news, bad news, my Lord Mangerton ;
Michael is killed, and they hae ta'en my son' Johnnie.'

'Ne'er fear, sister Downie,' quo' Mangerton ;
'I have yokes of owsen eighty and three ;
My barns, my byres, and my faulds a' weel filled ;
I'll part wi' them a' ere Johnnie shall dee.

Three men I'll send to set him free,
A' harness wi' the best o' steel ;
The English loons may hear, and dree
The weight o' their braidswords to feel.

The Laird's Jock ane, the Laird's Wat twa ;
O Hobbie Noble, thou ane maun be !
Thy coat is blue ; thou hast been true
Since England banished thee to me.'

Now Hobbie was an Englishman,
In Bewcastle dale was bred and born ;
But his misdeeds they were so great,
They banished him ne'er to return.

Lord Mangerton then orders gave :
'Your horses the wrang way maun be shod ;
Like gentlemen ye maunna seem,
But look like corn-caugers gaun the road.

Your armour guid ye maunna shew,
Nor yet appear like men o' weir ;
As country-lads be a' arrayed,
Wi' branks and brecham on each mare.'

Sae now their horses are the wrang way shod,
And Hobbie has mounted his gray sae fine ;
Jock his lively bay, Wat's on his white horse behind,
And on they rode for the water o' Tyne.

At the Cholerford they a' light down,
And there, wi' the help o' the light o' the moon,
A tree they cut, wi' fifteen nogs on each side,
To climb up the wa' o' Newcastle town.

JOCK O' THE SYDE.

But when they came to Newcastle town,
And were alighted at the wa',
They fand their tree three ells owre laigh ;
They fand their stick baith short and sma'.

Then up and spoke the Laird's ain Jock :
'There's naething for't ; the gates we maun force.'
But when they came the gate until,
A proud porter withstood baith men and horse.

His neck in twa the Armstrongs wrang ;
Wi' foot or hand he ne'er played pa !
His life and his keys at ance they hae ta'en,
And cast the body ahint the wa'.

Now soon they reach Newcastle jail,
And to the prisoner thus they call :
'Sleeps thou, or wakes thou, Jock o' the Syde,
Or art thou weary of thy thrall?'

Jock answers thus, wi' dolefu' tone :
'Aft, aft I wake—I seldom sleep.
But wha's this kens my name sae weel,
And thus to soothe my woes does seek?'

Then out and spoke the guid Laird's Jock :
'Now fear ye na, my billie,' quo' he ;
'For here are the Laird's Jock, the Laird's Wat,
And Hobbie Noble, come to set ye free.'

'Now haud thy tongue, my guid Laird's Jock ;
For ever, alas ! this canna be ;
For if a' Liddesdale were here the night,
The morn's the day that I maun dee.

Full fifteen stane o' Spanish iron
They hae laid a' right sair on me ;
Wi' locks and keys I am fast bound
Into this dungeon dark and dreary.'

'Fear ye na that,' quo' the Laird's Jock ;
'A faint heart ne'er won a fair lady ;
Work thou within, we'll work without,
And I'll be sworn we'll set thee free.'

The first strong door that they came at,
They loosèd it without a key ;
The next chained door that they came at,
They gar'd it a' to flinders flee.

JOCK O' THE SYDE.

The prisoner now upon his back
The Laird's Jock has got up fu' hie ;
And down the stair, him, irons and a',
Wi' nae sma' speed and joy brings he.

'Now, Jock, my man,' quo' Hobbie Noble,
'Some o' his weight ye may lay on me.'
'I wat weel no,' quo' the Laird's ain Jock ;
'I count him lighter than a flee.'

Sae out at the gates they a' are gane,
The prisoner's set on horseback high ;
And now wi' speed they've ta'en the gate,
While ilk ane jokes fu' wantonly.

'O Jock ! sae winsomely's ye ride,
Wi' baith your feet upon ae side !
Sae weel ye're harness, and sae trig !
In troth ye sit like ony bride !'

The night, though wat, they didna mind,
But hied them on fu' merrily,
Until they came to Cholerford brae,*
Where the water runs like mountains high.

But when they came to Cholerford,
There they met wi' an auld gray man ;
Says : 'Honest man, will the water ride ?
Tell us in haste, if that ye can.'

'I wat weel no,' quo' the guid auld man ;
'I hae lived here thretty years and three,
And I never yet saw the Tyne sae big,
Nor running ance sae like a sea.'

Then out and spoke the Laird's saft Wat,
The greatest coward in the company ;
'Now halt ! now halt ! we needna try't—
The day is come we a' maun dee !'

'Puir faint-hearted thief !' quo' the Laird's ain Jock :
'There'll nae man dee but him that's fie.†
I'll guide ye a' right safely through :
Lift ye the prisoner on ahint me.'

* A ford upon the Tyne, a little above Hexham.

† Predestined.

THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

Wi' that the water they hae ta'en ;
By anes and twas they a' swam through.
'Here are we a' safe,' quo' the Laird's Jock ;
'And, puir faint Wat, what think ye noo?'

They scarce the other brae had won,
When twenty men they saw pursue ;
Frae Newcastle town they had been sent,
A' English lads baith stout and true.

But when the land-sergeant the water saw,
'It winna ride, my lads,' says he ;
Then cried aloud : 'The prisoner take,
But leave the fetters, I pray, to me.'

'I wat weel no,' quo' the Laird's ain Jock ;
'I'll keep them a' ; shoon to my mare they'll be ;
My guid bay mare—for I am sure
She has bought them a' right dear frae thee.'

Sae now they are on to Liddesdale,
E'en as fast as they could hie ;
The prisoner is brought to his ain fireside,
And there o' his irons they make him free.

'Now, Jock, my billie,' quo' a' the three,
'The day is come thou was to dee ;
But thou's as weel at thy ain ingle-side,
Now sitting, I think, 'twixt thee and me !'

THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

'O BILLIE, billie, bonnie billie,
Will ye gae to the wood wi' me ?
We'll ca' our horse hame masterless,
And gar them trow slain men are we.'

'O no, O no !' says Earlstoun,
'For that's the thing that maunna be ;
For I am sworn to Bothwell Hill,
Where I maun either gae or dee.'

So Earlstoun rose in the morn,
And mounted by the break o' day ;
And he has joined our Scottish lads
As they were marching out the way.

THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

'Now fareweel, father, and fareweel, mother,
And fare-ye-weel, my sisters three;
And fare-ye-weel, my Earlstoun,
For thee again I'll never see!'

And they're awa to Bothwell Hill,
And, waly, they rade bonnily!
When the Duke o' Monmouth saw them coming,
He went to view their company.

'Ye're welcome, lads,' then Monmouth said;
'Ye're welcome, brave Scots lads, to me;
And sae are ye, brave Earlstoun,
The foremost o' your company.

But yield your weapons, ane and a',
O yield your weapons, lads, to me;
For gin ye yield your weapons up,
Ye'se a' gae hame to your country.'

But up there spoke a Lennox lad,
And, waly, he spoke bonnily;
'I winna yield my weapons up
To you nor nae man that I see.'

Then he set up the flag o' red,
A' set about wi' bonny blue;
'Since ye'll no cease, and be at peace,
See that ye stand by other true.'

They settled their cannons on the height,
And showered their shot down in the howe;
And beat our Scots lads evendown—
Thick they lay slain on every knowe.

As e'er ye saw the rain down fa',
Or yet the arrow frae the bow,
Sae our Scots lads fell evendown,
And they lay slain on every knowe.

'O hold your hand,' then Monmouth cried;
'Gie quarters to yon men for me!'
But wicked Claverse swore an oath,
His cornet's death revenged should be.

'O hold your hand,' then Monmouth cried,
'If anything you'll do for me;
Hold up your hand, you cursed Graham,
Else a rebel to our king ye'll be.'

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.

Then wicked Claverse turned about,
I wot an angry man was he ;
And he has lifted up his hat,
And cried : ' God bless his majesty !'

Then he 's awa to London town,
Ay, e'en as fast as he can drie ;
False witnesses he has wi' him ta'en,
And ta'en Monmouth's head frae his body.

Along the brae, beyond the brig,
Many brave men lie cauld and still ;
But lang we 'll mind, and sair we 'll rue,
The bloody battle o' Bothwell Hill.

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.

' RISE up, rise up, Lord Douglas,' she says,
' And put on your armour so bright ;
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine
Was married to a lord under night.

Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour so bright ;
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest 's awa the last night.'

He 's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
Himself on a dapple gray,
With a buglet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit owre his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And he spied her father and seven brethren bold
Come riding owre the lee.

' Light down, light down, Lady Margaret,' he said,
' And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your father, I make a stand.'

Sometimes she rode, and sometimes she gaed,
Till again that place she did near,
And there she saw her seven brethren slain,
And her father still fighting sae dear.

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.

'O hold your hand, sweet William !' she said,
'For your strokes they are wondrous sair ;
True lovers I may get mony a ane,
But a father I can never get mair.'

And she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
That was o' the holland sae fine,
And aye she dightit her father's bloody wounds,
Where the blood ran red as the wine.

'O choose, O choose, Lady Margaret,' he said ;
'O whether will ye gang or bide ?'
'I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William,' she said,
'For ye've left me no other guide.'

He lifted her on the milk-white steed,
Himself upon the gray,
With a buglet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they rode away.

He lifted her on the milk-white steed,
Himself upon the brown,
With a buglet horn hung down by his side,
And they both went weeping along.

O they rode on, and on they rode,
And a' by the light o' the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to take a drink
Of the spring that ran so clear ;
And down the stream ran his guid heart's blood,
And sair she 'gan to fear.

'Hold up, hold up, Lord William,' she says ;
'For I fear that you are slain !'
'Tis nothing but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,
That shines in the water so plain.'

O they rode on, and on they rode,
And a' by the light o' the moon,
Until they came to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lighted down.

'Get up, get up, lady mother,' he says ;
'Get up, and let me in !'
Get up, get up, lady mother,' he says ;
'For this night my fair lady I've won.'

THE MARCHIONESS OF DOUGLAS.

O make my bed, lady mother,' he says ;
'O make it broad and deep ;
And lay Lady Margaret at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep.'

Lord William was dead long ere midnight,
Lady Margaret long ere day ;
And all true lovers that go together,
May they hae mair luck than they !

Lord William was buried in St Mary's kirk,
Lady Margaret in St Mary's quier :
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o' the knight's a brier.

And they twa met, and they twa plet,
And fain they would be near ;
And a' the world might ken right weel
They were twa lovers dear.

THE MARCHIONESS OF DOUGLAS.

PART FIRST.

'O WALY, waly up yon bank,
And waly, waly down yon brae,
And waly, waly by yon burn-side,*
Where I and my love wont to gae !

Hey, nonnie, nonnie, but love is bonnie,
A little while, when it is new ;
But when it's auld, it waxes cauld,
And fades away like morning dew.

I leant my back unto an aik ;
I thought it was a trusty tree ;
But first it bowed, and syne it brak,
And so did my false love to me.

My mother told me, when I was young,
That young men's love was ill to trow ;
But unto her I would give no ear,
And alas, my ain wand dings me now !

O had I wist, before I kist,
That love had been so ill to win,
I had locked my heart wi' a key o' gowd,
And pinned it wi' a siller pin.

* 'Waly, waly !' is a Scottish interjection of bewailment.

THE MARCHIONESS OF DOUGLAS.

O wherefore should I busk my head,
O wherefore should I kame my hair,
Since my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair?

As we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in black velvet,
And I myself in cramasie.

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be pressed by me;
St Anton's Well shall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.

O Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come,
And take a life that wearies me?

It's not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor driftin' snaw's inclemency;
It's not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.

And O an my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee;
And I myself were dead and gone,
And the green grass growing over me!

When lords and lairds came to this town,
And gentlemen o' high degree,
I took my auld son in my arms,
And went to my chamber pleasantly.

But when lords and lairds come next to the town,
And gentlemen o' high degree,
O I maun sit in the dark alane,
Wi' my young son on the nurse's knee!
O I maun sit in the dark alane,
And ne'er a ane to comfort me.'

PART SECOND.

'When I was sick, and very sick,
When I was sick, and like to dee,
As I drew near to my stair-head,
I heard my ain lord lightly me.

THE MARCHIONESS OF DOUGLAS.

"Gae, little page, and tell your lord,
Gin he'll come down and dine wi' me,
I'll set him on a chair o' gowd,
And serve him on my bended knee."

The little page gaed up the stair :
"Lord Douglas, dine wi' your lady ;
She'll set ye on a chair o' gowd,
And serve ye on her bended knee."

"When cockle-shells turn silver-bells,
When wine dreeps red frae ilka tree,
When frost and snaw will warm us a',
Then I'll come down and dine wi' thee."

What ails you at your youngest son,
That sits upon the nurse's knee ?
I'm sure that he has done nae harm,
Unless to his ain nurse and me.

If I had kent what I ken now,
That love it was so ill to win,
I should ne'er hae wet my cherry cheek
For ony man or mother's son.

But when my father got word o' this,
O what an angry man was he !
He sent four-score o' his archers bold
To bring me safe to his ain country.

When I rose up then in the morn,
My goodly palace for to lea',
I knocked at my lord's chamber door,
But ne'er a word would he speak to me.

"Fare-ye-weel, then, Jamie Douglas ;
I need care as little as ye care for me ;
The Earl of Mar is my father dear,
And I soon will see my ain country.

Ye thought that I was like yourself,
And loving ilk ane I did see ;
But here I swear by the heavens clear,
I never loved a man but thee."

Slowly, slowly rose he up,
And slowly, slowly came he down ;
And when he saw me set on his horse,
He garred his drums and trumpets sound.

THE MARCHIONESS OF DOUGLAS.

When I upon my horse was set,
My tenants all were with me ta'en ;
They set them down upon their knees,
And they begged me to come back again.

"It's fare-ye-weel, my bonnie palace ;
And fare-ye-weel, my children three !
God grant your father may get mair grace,
And love ye better than he has loved me.

It's fare-ye-weel, my servants all ;
And you, my bonnie children three !
God grant your father grace to be kind,
Till I see you safe in my ain country."

Now woe be to you, false Blackwood ;
Ay, and an ill death may you dee !
Ye was the first and foremost man
That parted my true love and me.'

PART THIRD.

'As on we came to Edinburgh town,
My guid father he welcomed me.
He caused his minstrels meet to sound :
It was nae music at a' to me ;
For nae mirth nor music sounds in my ear,
Since my true love's forsaken me.

"Now hold your tongue, my daughter dear,
And of your weeping let me be ;
For a bill of divorce I'll gar write for him,
And I'll get as guid a lord to thee."

"O hold your tongue, my father dear,
And of such talking let me be ;
I wadna gie ae look o' my guid lord's face
For a' the lords in the north country.

O I'll cast off my robes o' red,
And I'll put on my robes o' blue,
And I will travel to some other land,
To see gin my love will on me rue.

There shall nae wash come on my face,
There shall nae kame come in my hair,
There shall neither coal nor candle light
Be seen intil my bower mair."

THE MARCHIONESS OF DOUGLAS.

When she came to her father's land,
The tenants a' came her to see ;
Never a word she could speak to them,
But the buttons off her claes would flee.

'The lintie is a bonnie bird,
And often flies far frae its nest ;
Sae a' the world may plainly see
They're far awa' that I love best.'

PART FOURTH.

As she was sitting at her bower window,
Looking afar owre hill and glen,
Wha did she see but four-score soldiers,
That came to take her back again !

Out bespak the foremost man,
And whaten a weel-spoken man was he !
'If the Lady Douglas be within,
Ye'll bid her come down and speak to me.'

But out bespak her father then ;
I wat an angry man was he !
'Ye may gang back the gate ye came,
For her face again ye'll never see.'

'Now hold your tongue, my father,' she says,
'And of your folly let me be ;
For I'll go back to my guid lord,
Since his love has come back to me.'

So she has dressed herself fu' braw,
And mounted on her dapple gray,
And, like a queen, wi' her men behind,
She has ridden gaily out the way.

She laughed like any new-made bride
When she took farewell o' her father's towers ;
But the tear, I wat, stood in her ee,
When she came in sight o' her lover's bowers.

As she came by the Orange gate,
Whaten a blithe sight did she see—
Her guid lord coming her to meet,
And in his hand her bairnies three !

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

'Go, fetch to me a pint of wine,
That I may drink to my lady.'
She took the cup into her hand,
But her bonnie heart it broke in three.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

[MODERN BALLAD.]

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR, ESQ.

- A. 'BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
And think nae mair of the Braes of Yarrow.'
- B. 'Where got ye that bonnie, bonnie bride?
Where got ye that winsome marrow?'
- A. 'I got her where I daurna weel be seen,
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.
- Weep not, weep not, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.'
- B. 'Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why daur ye nae mair weel be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?'
- A. 'Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep wi' dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.
- For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.
- Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds
Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow?
- What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flood?
What's yonder floats?—Oh, dule and sorrow!
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the dulefu' Braes of Yarrow.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears o' dule and sorrow ;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the banks of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb wi' sorrow ;
And weep around, in waeful wise,
His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow !

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
The arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow !

Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
And warn from fight ? But, to my sorrow,
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm thou met'st,
Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk ; green grows, green grows the
grass ;
Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan ;
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock ;
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowing !

Flows Yarrow sweet ? As sweet, as sweet flows Tweed ;
As green its grass ; its gowan as yellow ;
As sweet smells on its braes the birk ;
The apple from its rocks as mellow !

Fair was thy love ! fair, fair indeed thy love !
In flowery bands thou didst him fetter ;
Though he was fair, and well beloved again,
Than I, he never loved thee better.

Busk ye, then, busk, my bonnie, bonnie bride !
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow !
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.'

- C. 'How can I busk a bonnie, bonnie bride ?
How can I busk a winsome marrow ?
How can I lo'e him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow ?

O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
Nor dew, thy tender blossoms cover !
For there was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest—'twas my ain sewing;
Ah, wretched me! I little, little kenned
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unmindful of my dule and sorrow:
But ere the too fa' of the night,
He lay a corpse on the banks of Yarrow!

Much I rejoiced that waefu', waefu' day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning;
But lang ere night the spear was flown
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear—
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud;
With cruel and ungentle scoffing
May bid me seek, on Yarrow Braes,
My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive, with threatening words, to move me;
My lover's blood is on thy spear—
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love!
With bridal sheets my body cover!
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door!
Let in the expected husband-lover!

But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter!
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down;
O lay his cold head on my pillow!
Take off, take off these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lie all night within my arms—
No youth lay ever there before thee!

THE CLERK'S TWA SONS O' OWSENFORD.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth ;
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night within my arms—
No youth shall ever lie there after !

- A. 'Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride !
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow !
Thy lover heeds not of thy sighs ;
He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.'

THE TWA CORBIES.

As I gaed down by yon house-end,
Twa corbies there were sitting their lane ;
The tane unto the t'other did say,
'O where shall we gae dine to-day ?'

'O down beside yon new-fa'n birk,
There, there lies a new-slain knight ;
Nae living kens that he lies there,
But his horse, his hounds, and his lady fair.

His horse is to the hunting gane,
His hounds to bring the wild deer hame ;
His lady's ta'en another mate ;
So we may make our dinner sweet.

O we'll sit on his bonnie breast-bane,
And we'll pike out his bonnie gray een ;
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair,
We'll theek our nest when it blows bare.

Mony a ane for him makes mane,
But nane shall ken where he is gane.
Owre his banes, when they are bare,
The wind shall blaw for evermair !

THE CLERK'S TWA SONS O' OWSENFORD.

[The early verses of this wild old ballad recite how the two sons of the clerk of OwseNFord, having been sent to Paris for their education, were there murdered. Their father having gone to seek them, returns to his lady with the doleful intelligence.]

HIS lady sat on her castle-wa'
Beholding dale and down ;
And there she saw her ain guid lord
Come walking to the town.

THE CLERK'S TWA SONS O' OWSENFORD.

'Ye're welcome, ye're welcome, my ain guid lord,
Ye're welcome hame to me ;
But whereaway are my twa sons ?
Ye should hae brought them wi' ye.'

'O they are putten to a deeper lair,
And to a higher school ;
Your ain twa sons will no be hame
Till the hallow days o' Yule.'

'O sorrow, sorrow, come make my bed ;
And, dule, come lay me down ;
For I will neither eat nor drink,
Nor set a foot on ground !'

The hallow days o' Yule were come,
And the nights were lang and mirk,
When in and came her ain twa sons,
And their hats made o' the birk.

It neither grew in sike nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh ;
But at the gates o' Paradise
That birk grew fair enuegh.

'Blow up the fire now, maidens mine ;
Bring water from the well ;
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my twa sons are well.

O eat and drink, my merry men a',
The better shall ye fare ;
For my twa sons they are come hame
To me for evermair.'

And she has gane and made their bed,
She's made it saft and fine ;
And she's happit them wi' her gay mantle,
Because they were her ain.

But the young cock crew in the merry Linknou,
And the wild-fowl chirped for day ;
And the older to the younger said :
'Brother, we maun away.

The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin'* worm doth chide ;
Gin we be missed out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

* Fretting.

THE LAIRD O' LOGIE.

'Lie still, lie still a little wee while ;
Lie still but if we may ;
Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes,
She'll gae mad ere it be day.'

* * *

O it's they've ta'en up their mother's mantle,
And they've hung it on a pin :
'O lang may ye hing, my mother's mantle,
Ere ye hap us again.'

THE LAIRD O' LOGIE.

O I will sing, if ye will hearken,
If ye will hearken unto me ;
The king has ta'en a poor prisoner—
The wanton young Laird o' Logie.

Young Logie's laid in Edinburgh chapel,
Carmichael's keeper o' the key ;
And May Margaret's lamenting sair,
A' for the love o' young Logie.

When news came to our guidly queen,
She sighed, and said right mournfully :
'O what will come o' Lady Margaret,
Wha bears sic love to young Logie?'

May Margaret tore her yellow hair,
When as the queen told her the same :
'I wish that I had ne'er been born,
Or ne'er had known young Logie's name!'

'Lament, lament na, May Margaret,
And of your weeping let me be ;
For ye maun to the king himsel',
To seek the life o' young Logie.'

May Margaret has kilted her green cleiding,
And curled back her yellow hair :
'If I canna get young Logie's life,
Fareweel to Scotland evermair.'

When that she came before the king,
She kneelèd lowly on her knee :
'O what's the matter, May Margaret?
And what needs a' this courtesy?'

THE LAIRD O' LOGIE.

'A boon, a boon, my noble liege;
A boon, a boon I beg of thee;
And the first boon that I come to crave,
Is to grant me the life o' young Logie.'

'O na, O na, May Margaret;
Forsooth, and so it maunna be;
For a' the gowd in fair Scotland
Shall not save the life o' young Logie.'

May Margaret she gaed down the stair,
I wat she gaed right mournfully:
'O a' the money in fair Scotland
Wadna save the life o' young Logie.'

And sae she tore her yellow hair,
Wringing her fingers ane by ane;
And cursed the day that she was born,
Or that she heard o' Logie's name!

'Lament, lament na, Margaret,
And of your weeping let me be;
And I will to the king mysel',
To seek the life o' young Logie.'

The queen she trippèd up the stair,
And lowly knelt upon her knee:
'A boon, a boon I crave, my liege;
Grant me the life o' young Logie.'

'If ye had asked me castles and towers,
I wad hae gien them, twa or three;
But a' the money in fair Scotland
Wadna buy the life o' young Logie.'

The queen she trippèd down the stair,
And down she gaed right mournfully:
'O a' the money in fair Scotland
Wadna buy the life o' young Logie.'

Lady Margaret tore her yellow hair,
When as the queen told her the same:
'I'll take a knife and end my life,
And be in the grave as soon as him.'

'O fie; na, na!' then spoke the queen;
'Fie, na; fie, na! this maunna be!
I'll set ye on another way
To win the life o' young Logie.'

THE LAIRD O' LOGIE.

May Margaret has ta'en the king's redding-kame,
Likewise the queen her wedding-knife,
And sent the tokens to Carmichael,
To cause young Logie get his life.

She sent him a purse o' the red gowd,
Another o' the white money;
She sent him a pistol for each hand,
And bade him shoot when he got free.

When he came to the tolbooth stair,
There he let his volley flee;
It made the king in his chamber start,
E'en in the bed where he might be.

And when he came to the queen's window,
Whaten a joyful shout ga'e he;
Saying: 'Peace be to our royal queen,
And peace be in her company.'

'O whaten a voice is that?' quo' the king;
'Whaten a voice is that?' quo' he.
'Whaten a voice is that?' quo' the king;
'I think it's the voice o' young Logie.'

Gae out, gae out, my merry men a',
And bid Carmichael come speak to me;
For I'll lay my life the pledge o' that,
That yon's the voice o' young Logie.'

When Carmichael came before the king,
He fell down low upon his knee;
The very first word that the king spoke
Was: 'Where's the young Laird o' Logie?'

Carmichael turned him round about
(I wat the tear blinded his ee),
'There came a token frae your grace,
Has ta'en the laird away frae me.'

'Hast thou played me that, Carmichael?' he said;
'And hast thou played me that?' quo' he;
'The morn, therefore, at twelve o'clock,
Your men and you shall hang'd be.'

'O na; fie, na!' then quoth the queen;
'Fie, my dear love, this canna be;
If ye be gaun to hang them a',
Indeed ye maun begin wi' me.'

CHILDE ETHER.

Carmichael is gane to Margaret's bower,
Even as fast as he might drie:

O if young Logie be within,
Tell him to come and speak wi' me!

May Margaret turned her round about;
I wot a loud laugh laughèd she:

'The egg is chipped; the bird is flown;
Ye'll see nae mair o' young Logie.'

The tane is shipped at the pier o' Leith,
The t'other at the Queen's Ferrie;
And now the lady has gotten her love,
The winsome young Laird o' Logie.

CHILDE ETHER.

CHILDE ETHER and Lady Maisry
Were born baith at ae birth;
They loved each other tenderly,
'Bune everything on earth.

'The lee likes na the summer shower,
Nor grass the morning dew,
Better, dear Lady Maisry,
Than Childe Ether loves you.'

'The bonnie doo likes na its mate,
Nor the babe at breast its mother,
Better, my dearest Childe Ether,
Than Maisry loves her brother.'

But he needs go to gain renown
Into some far country;
And Childe Ether has gone abroad
To fight in Paynimie.

And he has been in Paynimie
A twelvemonth and a day,
But never did any tidings come
Of his welfare to say.

Then she's ta'en ship, awa' to sail
Out owre the roaring faem,
A' for to find him, Childe Ether,
And for to bring him hame.

She hadna sailed the sea a month,
A month but barely three,

CHILDE ETHER.

Until she landed on Cypress' shore,
By the moonlight sae lee.

Lady Maisry put on her green mantle,
Took her purse in her hand;
And called to her her mariners,
Syne walked up through the land.

She walkèd up, she walkèd down,
Till she came to a castle high;
There she sat down on the door-stane,
And weepèd bitterly.

Then out and spoke a sweet, sweet voice,
' Out owre the castle-wa':
' Now is na that Lady Maisry,
That makes sic a dolefu' fa'?

But gin that be Lady Maisry,
Let her make mirth and glee;
For I'm her brother Childe Ether,
That loves her tenderly.

But gin that be Lady Maisry,
Let her take purse in hand,
And gang to yonder castle-wa'—
They call it Gorinand.

Speer for the lord of that castle;
Give him dollars thirty-three;
Tell him to ransom Childe Ether,
That loves you tenderly.'

She's gone her up to that castle,
Paid down her guid money;
And sae she's ransomed Childe Ether,
And brought him hame her wi'.



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